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HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

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CHAPTER I.

SHOWING HOW WRATH BEGAN.

WHEN Louis Trevelyan was twenty-four years old he had all the world before him where to choose; and, among other things, he chose to go to the Mandarin Islands, and there fell in love with Emily Rowley, the daughter of Sir Marmaduke Rowley, at this period of his life, was a respectable middle-aged public servant, in good repute, who had, however, as yet achieved for himself neither an exalted position nor a large fortune. He had been governor of many islands, and had never lacked employment; and now, at the age of fifty, found himself at the Mandarins, with a salary of £3,000 a year, living in a temperature at which 80° in the shade is considered to be cool, with eight daughters, and not a shilling saved. A governor at the Mandarins who is social by nature and hospitable

on principle cannot save money in the islands, even on £3,000 a year, when he has eight daughters. And at the Mandarins, though hospitality is a duty, the gentlemen who ate Sir Rowley's dinners were not exactly the men whom he or Lady Rowley desired to welcome to their bosoms as sons-in-law. Nor when Mr. Trevelyan came that way, desirous of seeing everything in the somewhat indefinite course of his travels, had Emily Rowley, the eldest of the flock, then twenty years of age, seen as yet any Mandarin who exactly came up to her fancy. And, as Louis Trevelyan was a remarkably handsome young man, who was well connected, who had been ninth wrangler at Cambridge, who had already published a volume of poems, and who possessed £3,000 a year of his own, arising from various perfectly secure investments, he was not forced to sigh long in vain. Indeed, the Rowleys, one and all, felt that Providence had been very good to them in sending young Trevelyan on his travels in that direction, for he seemed to be a very pearl among men. Both Sir Marma

duke and Lady Rowley felt that there might be objections to such a marriage as that proposed to them raised by the Trevelyan family. Lady Rowley would not have liked her daughter to go to England to be received with cold looks by strangers. But it soon appeared that there was no one to make objections. Louis, the lover, had no living relative nearer than cousins. His father, a barrister of repute, had died a widower, and had left the money which he had made to an only child. The head of the family was a first cousin who lived in Cornwall on a moderate property,—a very good sort of stupid fellow, as Louis said, who would be quite indifferent as to any marriage that his cousin might make. No man could be more independent or more clearly justified in pleasing himself than was this lover. And then he himself proposed that the second daughter, Nora, should come and live with them in London. What a lover to fall suddenly from the heavens into such a dove-cote!

"I haven't a penny-piece to give to either of them," said Sir Rowley.

"It is my idea that girls should not have fortunes," said Trevelyan. "At any rate, I am quite sure that men should never look for money. A man must be more comfortable, and, I think, is likely to be more affectionate, when the money has belonged to himself."

Sir Rowley was a high-minded gentleman, who would have liked to have handed over a few thousand pounds on giving up his daughters; but, having no thousands of pounds to hand over, he could not but admire the principles of his proposed son-in-law. As it was about time for him to have his leave of absence, he and sundry of the girls went to England with Mr. Trevelyan, and the wedding was celebrated in London by the Rev. Oliphant Outhouse, of Saint Diddulph-in-the-East, who had married Sir Rowley's sister. Then a small house was taken and furnished in Curzon Street, Mayfair; and the Rowleys went back to the seat of their government, leaving Nora, the second girl, in charge of her elder sister.

The Rowleys had found, on reaching London, that they had lighted upon a pearl indeed. Louis Trevelyan was a man of whom all people said all good things. He might have been a fellow of

his college had he not been a man of fortune. He might already—so Sir Rowley was told—have been in Parliament had he not thought it to be wiser to wait awhile. Indeed, he was very wise in many things. He had gone out on his travels thus young,—not in search of excitement, to kill beasts, or to encounter he knew not what novelty and amusement,—but that he might see men and know the world. He had been on his travels for more than a year when the winds blew him to the Mandarins. O, how blessed were the winds! And, moreover, Sir Rowley found that his son-in-law was well spoken of at the clubs by those who had known him during his university career as a man popular as well as wise, not a book-worm, or a dry philosopher, or a prig. He could talk on all subjects, was very generous, a man sure to be honored and respected; and then such a handsome, manly fellow, with short brown hair, a nose divinely chiselled, an Apollo's month, six feet high, with shoulders and legs and arms in proportion,—a pearl of pearls! Only, as Lady Rowley was the first to find out, he liked to have his own way.

"But his way is such a good way," said Sir Marmaduke. "He will be such a good guide for the girls!"

"But Emily likes her way too," said Lady Rowley.

Sir Marmaduke argued the matter no further, but thought, no doubt, that such a husband as Louis Trevelyan was entitled to have his own way. He probably had not observed his daughter's temper so accurately as his wife had done. With eight of them coming up around him, how should he have observed their tempers? At any rate, if there were anything amiss with Emily's temper, it would be well that she should find her master in such a husband as Louis Trevelyan.

For nearly two years the little household in Curzon Street went on well, or, if anything was the matter, no one outside of the little household was aware of it. And there was a baby, a boy, a young Louis, and a baby in such a household is apt to make things go sweetly. The marriage had taken place in July, and after the wedding tour there had been a winter and a spring in London; and then they passed a month or two at

the seaside, after which the baby had been born. And then there came another winter and another spring. Nora Rowley was with them in London, and by this time Mr. Trevelyan had begun to think that he should like to have his own way completely. His baby was very nice, and his wife was clever, pretty, and attractive. Nora was all that an unmarried sister should be. But — but there had come to be trouble and bitter words. Lady Rowley had been right when she said that her daughter Emily also liked to have her own way.

"If I am suspected," said Mrs. Trevelyan to her sister one morning, as they sat together in the little back drawing-room, "life will not be worth having."

"How can you talk of being suspected, Emily?"

"What does he mean, then, by saying that he would rather not have Colonel Osborne here? — a man older than my own father, who has known me since I was a baby!"

"He didn't mean anything of that kind, Emily. You know he did not, and you should not say so. It would be too horrible to think of."

"It was a great deal too horrible to be spoken, I know. If he does not beg my pardon, I shall — I shall continue to live with him, of course, as a sort of upper servant, because of baby. But he shall know what I think and feel."

"If I were you I would forget it."

"How can I forget it? Nothing that I can do pleases him. He is civil and kind to you because he is not your master; but you don't know what things he says to me. Am I to tell Colonel Osborne not to come? Heavens and earth! How should I ever hold up my head again if I were driven to do that? He will be here to-day, I have no doubt; and Louis will sit there below in the library, and hear his step, and will not come up."

"Tell Richard to say you are not at home."

"Yes; and everybody will understand why. And for what am I to deny myself in that way to the best and oldest friend I have? If any such orders are to be given, let him give them, and then see what will come of it."

Mrs. Trevelyan had described Colonel Osborne truly, as far as words went, in

saying that he had known her since she was a baby, and that he was an older man than her father. Colonel Osborne's age exceeded her father's by about a month, and as he was now past fifty, he might be considered, perhaps, in that respect, to be a safe friend for a young married woman. But he was in every respect a man very different from Sir Marmaduke.

Sir Marmaduke, blessed, and at the same time burdened, as he was with a wife and eight daughters, and condemned as he had been to pass a large portion of his life within the tropics, had become at fifty what many people call quite a middle-aged man. That is to say, he was one from whom the effervescence and elasticity and salt of youth had altogether passed away. He was fat and slow, thinking much of his wife and eight daughters, thinking much also of his dinner. Now Colonel Osborne was a bachelor, with no burdens but those imposed upon him by his position as a member of Parliament, — a man of fortune to whom the world had been very easy. It was not therefore said so decidedly of him as of Sir Marmaduke, that he was a middle-aged man, although he had probably already lived more than two-thirds of his life. And he was a good-looking man of his age, — bald, indeed, at the top of his head, and with a considerable sprinkling of gray hair through his bushy beard; but upright in his carriage, active, and quick in his step, who dressed well, and was clearly determined to make the most he could of what remained to him of the advantages of youth. Colonel Osborne was always so dressed that no one ever observed the nature of his garments, being, no doubt, well aware that no man after twenty-five can afford to call special attention to his coat, his hat, his cravat, or his trousers; but nevertheless the matter was one to which he paid much attention, and he was by no means lax in ascertaining what his tailor did for him. He always rode a pretty horse, and mounted his groom on one at any rate as pretty. He was known to have an excellent stud down in the shires, and had the reputation of going well with hounds. Poor Sir Marmaduke could not have ridden a hunt to save either his government or his credit. When, there-

fore, Mrs. Trevelyan declared to her sister that Colonel Osborne was a man whom she was entitled to regard with semi-parental feelings of veneration because he was older than her father, she made a comparison which was more true in the letter than in the spirit. And when she asserted that Colonel Osborne had known her since she was a baby, she fell again into the same mistake. Colonel Osborne had indeed known her when she was a baby, and had in old days been the very intimate friend of her father; but of herself he had seen little or nothing since those baby days, till he had met her just as she was about to become Mrs. Trevelyan; and though it was natural that so old a friend should come to her, and congratulate her, and renew his friendship, nevertheless it was not true that he made his appearance in her husband's house in the guise of the useful old family friend, who gives silver cups to the children, and kisses the little girls for the sake of the old affection which he has borne for the parents. We all know the appearances of that old gentleman, how pleasant and dear a fellow he is, how welcome is his face within the gate, how free he makes with our wine, generally abusing it, how he tells our eldest daughter to light his candle for him, how he gave silver cups when the girls were born, and now bestows tea-services as they get married—a most useful, safe, and charming fellow, not a year younger-looking or more nimble than ourselves, without whom life would be very blank. We all know that man; but such a man was not Colonel Osborne in the house of Mr. Trevelyan's young bride.

Emily Rowley, when she was brought home from the Mandarin Islands to be the wife of Louis Trevelyan, was a very handsome young woman, tall, with a bust rather full for her age, with dark eyes—eyes that looked to be dark because her eyebrows and eyelashes were nearly black, but which were in truth so varying in color that you could not tell their hue. Her brown hair was very dark and very soft; and the tint of her complexion was brown also, though the color of her cheeks was often so bright as to induce her enemies to say falsely of her that she painted them. And she was very strong, as are some

girls who come from the tropics, and whom a tropical climate has suited. She could sit on her horse the whole day long, and would never be weary with dancing at the Government House balls. When Colonel Osborne was introduced to her as the baby whom he had known, he thought it would be very pleasant to be intimate with so pleasant a friend—meaning no harm, indeed, as but few men do mean harm on such occasions—but still, not regarding the beautiful young woman whom he had seen as one of a generation succeeding to that of his own, to whom it would be his duty to make himself useful on account of the old friendship which he bore to her father.

It was, moreover, well known in London—though not known at all to Mrs. Trevelyan—that this ancient Lothario had before this made himself troublesome in more than one family. He was fond of intimacies with married ladies, and perhaps was not averse to the excitement of marital hostility. It must be remembered, however, that the hostility to which allusion is here made was not the hostility of the pistol or the horse-whip, nor, indeed, was it generally the hostility of a word of spoken anger.

A young husband may dislike the too friendly bearing of a friend, and may yet abstain from that outrage on his own dignity and on his wife which is conveyed by a word of suspicion. Louis Trevelyan having taken a strong dislike to Colonel Osborne, and having failed to make his wife understand that this dislike should have induced her to throw cold water upon the Colonel's friendship, had allowed himself to speak a word which probably he would have willingly recalled as soon as spoken. But words spoken cannot be recalled, and many a man and many a woman who has spoken a word at once regretted are far too proud to express that regret. So it was with Louis Trevelyan when he told his wife that he did not wish Colonel Osborne to come so often to his house. He had said it with a flashing eye and an angry tone; and though she had seen the eye flash before, and was familiar with the angry tone, she had never before felt herself to be insulted by her husband. As soon as the word had been spoken, Trevelyan had left the room and had gone down among

his books. But when he was alone he knew that he had insulted his wife. He was quite aware that he should have spoken to her gently, and have explained to her, with his arm round her waist, that it would be better for both of them that this friend's friendship should be limited. There is so much in a turn of the eye and in the tone given to a word when such things have to be said—so much more of importance than in the words themselves. As Trevelyan thought of this, and remembered what his manner had been, how much anger he had expressed, how far he had been from having his arm round his wife's waist as he spoke to her, he almost made up his mind to go up stairs and to apologize. But he was one to whose nature the giving of any apology was repulsive. He could not bear to have to own himself to have been wrong. And then his wife had been most provoking in her manner to him. When he had endeavored to make her understand his wishes by certain disparaging hints which he had thrown out as to Colonel Osborne, saying that he was a dangerous man, one who did not show his true character, a snake in the grass, a man without settled principles, and such like—his wife had taken up the cudgels for her friend, and had openly declared that she did not believe a word of the things that were alleged against him. "But still, for all that, it is true," the husband had said. "I have no doubt that you think so," the wife had replied. "Men do believe evil of one another very often. But you must excuse me if I say that I think you are mistaken. I have known Colonel Osborne much longer than you have done, Louis, and papa has always had the highest opinion of him." Then Mr. Trevelyan had become very angry, and had spoken those words which he could not recall. As he walked to and fro among his books down stairs, he almost felt that he ought to beg his wife's pardon. He knew his wife well enough to be sure that she would not forgive him unless he did so. He would do so, he thought, but not exactly now. The moment would come in which it might be easier than at present. He would be able to assure her, when he went up to dress for dinner, that he had meant no harm. They were

going out to dine at the house of a lady of rank, the Countess Dowager of Milborough, a lady standing high in the world's esteem, of whom his wife stood a little in awe; and he calculated that this feeling, if it did not make his task easy, would yet take from it some of its difficulty. Emily would be, not exactly cowed, by the prospect of Lady Milborough's dinner, but perhaps a little reduced from her usual self-assertion. He would say a word to her when he was dressing, assuring her that he had not intended to animadvert in the slightest degree upon her own conduct.

Luncheon was served, and the two ladies went down into the dining-room. Mr. Trevelyan did not appear. There was nothing in itself singular in that, as he was accustomed to declare that luncheon was a meal too much in the day, and that a man should eat nothing beyond a biscuit between breakfast and dinner. But he would sometimes come in and eat his biscuit standing on the hearth-rug, and drink what he would call half a quarter of a glass of sherry. It would probably have been well that he should have done so now; but he remained in his library behind the dining-room, and when his wife and his sister-in-law had gone up stairs, he became anxious to learn whether Colonel Osborne would come on that day, and, if so, whether he would be admitted. He had been told that Nora Rowley was to be called for by another lady, a Mrs. Fairfax, to go out and look at pictures. His wife had declined to join Mrs. Fairfax's party, having declared that, as she was going to dine out, she would not leave her baby all the afternoon. Louis Trevelyan, though he strove to apply his mind to an article which he was writing for a scientific quarterly review, could not keep himself from anxiety as to this expected visit from Colonel Osborne. He was not in the least jealous. He swore to himself fifty times over that any such feeling on his part would be a monstrous injury to his wife. Nevertheless, he knew that he would be gratified if on that special day Colonel Osborne should be informed that his wife was not at home. Whether the man were admitted or not, he would beg his wife's pardon; but he could, he thought, do so with more thorough efficacy and

affection if she should have shown a disposition to comply with his wishes on this day.

"Do say a word to Richard," said Nora to her sister in a whisper, as they were going up stairs after luncheon.

"I will not," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"May I do it?"

"Certainly not, Nora. I should feel that I were demeaning myself were I to allow what was said to me in such a manner to have any effect upon me."

"I think you are so wrong, Emily. I do, indeed."

"You must allow me to be the best judge what to do in my own house, and with my own husband."

"O yes; certainly."

"If he gives me any command, I will obey it. Or if he had expressed his wish in any other words I would have complied. But to be told that he would rather not have Colonel Osborne here! If you had seen his manner and heard his words, you would not have been surprised that I should feel it as I do. It was a gross insult—and it was not the first."

As she spoke the fire flashed from her eye, and the bright red color of her cheek told a tale of her anger which her sister well knew how to read. Then there was a knock at the door, and they both knew that Colonel Osborne was there. Louis Trevelyan, sitting in his library, also knew of whose coming that knock gave notice.

CHAPTER II.

COLONEL OSBORNE.

It has been already said that Colonel Osborne was a bachelor, a man of fortune, a member of Parliament, and one who carried his half-century of years lightly on his shoulders. It will only be necessary to say further of him, that he was a man popular with those among whom he lived, as a politician, as a sportsman, and as a member of society. He could speak well in the House, though he spoke but seldom, and it was generally thought of him that he might have been something considerable, had it not suited him better to be nothing at all. He was supposed to be a conservative, and generally voted with the conservative party; but he could boast that he was altogether independent, and on an oc-

casional would take the trouble of proving himself to be so. He was in possession of excellent health; had all that the world could give; was fond of books, pictures, architecture, and china; had various tastes, and the means of indulging them, and was one of those few men on whom it seems that every pleasant thing has been lavished. There was that little slur on his good name to which allusion has been made; but those who knew Colonel Osborne best were generally willing to declare that no harm was intended, and that the evils which arose were always to be attributed to mistaken jealousy. He had, his friends said, a free and pleasant way with women which women like—a pleasant way of free friendship; that there was no more, and that the harm which had come had always come from false suspicion. But there were certain ladies about the town—good, motherly, discreet women—who hated the name of Colonel Osborne, who would not admit him within their doors, who would not bow to him in other people's houses, who would always speak of him as a serpent, a hyena, a kite, or a shark. Old Lady Milborough was one of these, a daughter of a friend of hers having once admitted the serpent to her intimacy.

"Augustus Poole was wise enough to take his wife abroad," said old Lady Milborough, discussing about this time with a gossip of hers the danger of Mrs. Trevelyan's position, "or there would have been a break up there; and yet there never was a better girl in the world than Jane Marriott."

The reader may be quite certain that Colonel Osborne had no premeditated evil intention when he allowed himself to become the intimate friend of his old friend's daughter. There was nothing fiendish in his nature. He was not a man who boasted of his conquests. He was not a ravening wolf, going about seeking whom he might devour; but he liked that which was pleasant; and of all pleasant things the company of a pretty clever woman was to him the pleasantest. At this exact period of his life no woman was so pleasantly pretty to him, and so agreeably clever, as Mrs. Trevelyan.

When Louis Trevelyan heard on the stairs the step of the dangerous man, he got up from his chair as though he too

would have gone into the drawing-room, and it would perhaps have been well had he done so. Could he have done this, and kept his temper with the man, he would have paved the way for an easy reconciliation with his wife. But when he reached the door of his room, and had placed his hand upon the lock, he withdrew again.

He told himself he withdrew because he would not allow himself to be jealous; but in truth he did so because he knew he could not have brought himself to be civil to the man he hated. So he sat down and took up his pen, and began to cudgel his brain about the scientific article. He was intent on raising a dispute with some learned pundit about the waves of sound,—but he could think of no other sound than that of the light steps of Colonel Osborne as he had gone up stairs. He put down his pen, and clenched his fist, and allowed a black frown to settle upon his brow. What right had the man to come there, unasked by him, and disturb his happiness? And then this poor wife of his, who knew so little of English life, who had lived in the Mandarin Islands almost since she had been a child, who had lived in one colony or another almost since she had been born, who had had so few of those advantages for which he should have looked in marrying a wife, how was the poor girl to conduct herself properly when subjected to the arts and practised villanies of this viper? And yet the poor girl was so stiff in her temper, had picked up such a trick of obstinacy in those tropical regions, that Louis Trevelyan felt that he did not know how to manage her. He too had heard how Jane Marriott had been carried off to Naples after she had become Mrs. Poole. Must he too carry off his wife to Naples in order to place her out of the reach of this hyena? It was terrible to him to think that he must pack up everything and run away from such a one as Colonel Osborne. And even were he to consent to do this, how could he explain it all to that very wife for whose sake he would do it? If she got a hint of the reason she would, he did not doubt, refuse to go. As he thought of it, and as that visit up stairs prolonged itself, he almost thought it would be best for him to be round with

her! We all know what a husband means when he resolves to be round with his wife. He began to think that he would not apologize at all for the words he had spoken—but would speak them again somewhat more sharply than before. She would be very wrathful with him; there would be a silent enduring indignation, which, as he understood well, would be infinitely worse than any torrent of words. But was he, a man, to abstain from doing that which he believed to be his duty because he was afraid of his wife's anger? Should he be deterred from saying that which he conceived it would be right that he should say, because she was stiff-necked? No. He would not apologize, but would tell her again that it was necessary, both for his happiness and for hers, that all intimacy with Colonel Osborne should be discontinued.

He was brought to this strongly marital resolution by the length of the man's present visit; by that, and by the fact that, during the latter portion of it, his wife was alone with Colonel Osborne. Nora had been there when the man came, but Mrs. Fairfax had called, not getting out of her carriage, and Nora had been constrained to go down to her. She had hesitated a moment, and Colonel Osborne had observed and partly understood the hesitation. When he saw it, had he been perfectly well minded in the matter he would have gone too. But he probably told himself that Nora Rowley was a fool, and that in such matters it was quite enough for a man to know that he did not intend any harm.

"You had better go down, Nora," said Mrs. Trevelyan; "Mrs. Fairfax will be ever so angry if you keep her waiting."

Then Nora had gone and the two were alone together. Nora had gone, and Trevelyan had heard her as she was going, and knew that Colonel Osborne was alone with his wife.

"If you can manage that it will be so nice," said Mrs. Trevelyan, continuing the conversation.

"My dear Emily," he said, "you must not talk of my managing it, or you will spoil it all."

He had called them both Emily and Nora when Sir Marmaduke and Lady

Rowley were with them before the marriage, and, taking the liberty of a very old family friend, had continued the practice. Mrs. Trevelyan was quite aware that she had been so called by him in the presence of her husband,—and that her husband had not objected. But that was now some months ago, before baby was born; and she was aware also that he had not called her so latterly in presence of her husband. She thoroughly wished that she knew how to ask him not to do so again; but the matter was very difficult, as she could not make such a request without betraying some fear on her husband's part. The subject which they were now discussing was too important to her to allow her to dwell upon this trouble at the moment, and so she permitted him to go on with his speech.

"If I were to manage it, as you call it,—which I can't do at all,—it would be a gross job."

"That's all nonsense to us, Colonel Osborne. Ladies always like political jobs, and think that they—and they only—make politics bearable. But this would not be a job at all. Papa could do it better than anybody else. Think how long he has been at it!"

The matter in discussion was the chance of an order being sent out to Sir Marmaduke to come home from his islands at the public expense, to give evidence, respecting colonial government in general, to a committee of the House of Commons which was about to sit on the subject. The committee had been voted, and two governors were to be brought home for the purpose of giving evidence. What arrangement could be so pleasant to a governor living in the Mandarin Islands, who had had a holiday lately, and who could but ill afford to take any holidays at his own expense? Colonel Osborne was on this committee, and, moreover, was on good terms at the Colonial Office. There were men in office who would be glad to do Colonel Osborne a service, and then, if this were a job, it would be so very little of a job! Perhaps Sir Marmaduke might not be the very best man for the purpose. Perhaps the government of the Mandarins did not afford the best specimen of that colonial lore which it was the business of the committee to

master. But then two governors were to come, and it might be as well to have one of the best sort, and one of the second-best. No one supposed that excellent old Sir Marmaduke was a paragon of a governor, but then he had an infinity of experience! For over twenty years he had been from island to island, and had at least steered clear of great scrapes.

"We'll try it, at any rate," said the Colonel.

"Do, Colonel Osborne. Mamma would come with him, of course?"

"We should leave him to manage all that. It's not very likely that he would leave Lady Rowley behind."

"He never has. I know he thinks more of mamma than he ever does of himself. Fancy having them here in the autumn! I suppose, if he came for the end of the session, they wouldn't send him back quite at once?"

"I rather fancy that our foreign and colonial servants know how to stretch a point when they find themselves in England."

"Of course they do, Colonel Osborne; and why shouldn't they? Think of all that they have to endure out in those horrible places. How would you like to live in the Mandarins?"

"I should prefer London, certainly."

"Of course you would; and you mustn't begrudge papa a month or two when he comes. I never cared about your being in Parliament before, but I shall think so much of you now if you can manage to get papa home."

There could be nothing more innocent than this,—nothing more innocent, at any rate, as regarded any offence against Mr. Trevelyan. But just then there came a word which a little startled Mrs. Trevelyan, and made her feel afraid that she was doing wrong.

"I must make one stipulation with you, Emily," said the Colonel.

"What is that?"

"You must not tell your husband."

"O, dear! and why not?"

"I am sure you are sharp enough to see why you should not. A word of this repeated at any club would put an end at once to your project, and would be very damaging to me. And, beyond that, I wouldn't wish him to know that I had meddled with it at all. I am very

chary of having my name connected with anything of the kind; and, upon my word, I wouldn't do it for any living human being but yourself. You'll promise me, Emily?"

She gave the promise, but there were two things in the matter, as it stood at present, which she did not at all like. She was very averse to having any secret from her husband with Colonel Osborne; and she was not at all pleased at being told that he was doing for her a favor that he would not have done for any other living human being. Had he said so to her yesterday, before those offensive words had been spoken by her husband, she would not have thought much about it. She would have connected the man's friendship for herself with his very old friendship for her father, and she would have regarded the assurance as made to the Rowleys in general, and not to herself in particular. But now, after what had occurred, it pained her to be told by Colonel Osborne that he would make, specially on her behalf, a sacrifice of his political pride which he would make for no other person living. And then, as he had called her by her Christian name, as he had exacted the promise, there had been a tone of affection in his voice that she had almost felt to be too warm. But she gave the promise; and when he pressed her hand at parting, she pressed his again, in token of gratitude for the kindness to be done to her father and mother.

Immediately afterwards Colonel Osborne went away, and Mrs. Trevelyan was left alone in her drawing-room. She knew that her husband was still down stairs, and listened for a moment to hear whether he would now come up to her. And he, too, had heard the Colonel's step as he went, and for a few moments had doubted whether or no he would at once go to his wife. Though he believed himself to be a man very firm of purpose, his mind had oscillated backwards and forwards within the last quarter of an hour between those two purposes of being round with his wife, and of begging her pardon for the words which he had already spoken.

He believed that he would best do his duty by that plan of being round with her; but then it would be so much

pleasanter,—at any rate, so much easier, to beg her pardon. But of one thing he was quite certain, he must by some means exclude Colonel Osborne from his house. He could not live and continue to endure the feelings which he had suffered while sitting down stairs at his desk, with the knowledge that Colonel Osborne was closeted with his wife up stairs. It might be that there was nothing in it. That his wife was innocent he was quite sure. But, nevertheless, he was himself so much affected by some feeling which pervaded him in reference to this man, that all his energy was destroyed, and his powers of mind and body were paralyzed. He could not and would not stand it. Rather than that he would follow Mr. Poole, and take his wife to Naples. So resolving he put his hat on his head, and walked out of the house. He would have the advantage of the afternoon's consideration before he took either the one step or the other.

As soon as he was gone, Emily Trevelyan went up stairs to her baby. She would not stir as long as there had been a chance of his coming to her. She very much wished that he would come, and had made up her mind, in spite of the fierceness of her assertion to her sister, to accept any slightest hint at an apology which her husband might offer to her. To this state of mind she was brought by the consciousness of having a secret from him, and by a sense, not of impropriety on her own part, but of conduct which some people might have called improper in her mode of parting from the man against whom her husband had warned her. The warmth of that hand-pressing, and the affectionate tone in which her name had been pronounced, and the promise made to her, softened her heart towards her husband. Had he gone to her now, and said a word to her in gentleness, all might have been made right. But he did not go to her.

"If he chooses to be cross and sulky, he may be cross and sulky," said Mrs. Trevelyan to herself, as she went up to her baby.

"Has Louis been with you?" Nora asked, as soon as Mrs. Fairfax had brought her home.

"I have not seen him since you left me," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"I suppose he went out before Colonel Osborne?"

"No, indeed. He waited till Colonel Osborne had gone, and then he went himself; but he did not come near me. It is for him to judge of his own conduct, but I must say that I think he is very foolish."

This the young wife said in a tone which clearly indicated that she had judged her husband's conduct, and had found it to be very foolish indeed.

"Do you think that papa and mamma will really come?" said Nora, changing the subject of conversation.

"How can I tell? How am I to know? After all that has passed I am afraid to say a word, lest I should be accused of doing wrong. But remember this, Nora, you are not to speak of it to any one."

"You will tell Louis?"

"No; I will tell no one."

"Dear, dear Emily; pray do not keep anything secret from him."

"What do you mean by secret? There isn't any secret. Only in such matters as that—about politics—no gentleman likes to have his name talked about!"

A look of great distress came upon Nora's face as she heard this. To her it seemed to be very bad that there should be a secret between her sister and Colonel Osborne to be kept from her brother-in-law.

"I suppose you will suspect me next?" said Mrs. Trevelyan, angrily.

"Emily, how can you say anything so cruel?"

"You look as if you did."

"I only mean that I think it would be wiser to tell all this to Louis."

"How can I tell him Colonel Osborne's private business, when Colonel Osborne has desired me not to do so? For whose sake is Colonel Osborne doing this? For papa's and mamma's! I suppose Louis won't be—jealous, because I want to have papa and mamma home. It would not be a bit less unreasonable than the other."

CHAPTER III.

LADY MILBOROUGH'S DINNER-PARTY.

LOUIS TREVELYAN went down to his club in Pall Mall, the Acrobats, and there heard a rumor that added to his

anger against Colonel Osborne. The Acrobats was a very distinguished club, into which it was now difficult for a young man to find his way, and almost impossible for a man who was no longer young and therefore known to many. It had been founded some twenty years since, with the idea of promoting muscular exercise and gymnastic amusements; but the promoters had become fat and lethargic, and the Acrobats spent their time mostly in playing whist and in ordering and eating their dinners. There were supposed to be in some out-of-the-way part of the building certain poles and sticks and parallel bars with which feats of activity might be practised, but no one ever asked for them nowadays, and a man, when he became an Acrobat, did so with a view either to the whist or the cook, or possibly to the social excellences of the club. Louis Trevelyan was an Acrobat; as was also Colonel Osborne.

"So old Rowley is coming home," said one distinguished Acrobat to another in Trevelyan's hearing.

"How the deuce is he managing that? He was here a year ago?"

"Osborne is getting it done. He is to come as a witness for this committee. It must be no end of a lounge for him. It doesn't count as leave, and he has every shilling paid for him, down to his cab-fares when he goes out to dinner. There's nothing like having a friend at Court."

Such was the secrecy of Colonel Osborne's secret! He had been so chary of having his name mentioned in connection with a political job, that he had found it necessary to impose on his young friend the burden of a secret from her husband, and yet the husband heard the whole story told openly at his club on the same day! There was nothing in the story to anger Trevelyan, had he not immediately felt that there must be some plan in the matter between his wife and Colonel Osborne of which he had been kept ignorant. Hitherto, indeed, his wife, as the reader knows, could not have told him. He had not seen her since the matter had been discussed between her and her friend. But he was angry because he first learned at his club that which he thought he ought to have learned at home.

As soon as he reached his house, he went at once to his wife's room; but her maid was with her, and nothing could be said at that moment. He then dressed himself, intending to go to Emily as soon as the girl had left her; but the girl remained,—was, as he believed, kept in the room purposely by his wife, so that he should have no moment of private conversation. He went down stairs, therefore, and found Nora standing by the drawing-room fire.

"So you are dressed first to-day?" he said. "I thought your turn always came last."

"Emily sent Jenny to me first to-day, because she thought you would be home, and she didn't go up to dress till the last minute."

This was intended well by Nora, but it did not have the desired effect. Trevelyan, who had no command over his own features, frowned, and showed that he was displeased. He hesitated a moment, thinking whether he would ask Nora any question as to this report about her father and mother; but before he had spoken his wife was in the room.

"We are all late, I fear," said Emily.

"You, at any rate, are the last," said her husband.

"About half a minute," said the wife.

Then they got into the hired brougham which was standing at the door.

Trevelyan, in the sweet days of his early confidence with his wife, had offered to keep a carriage for her, explaining to her that the luxury, though costly, would not be beyond his reach. But she had persuaded him against the carriage, and there had come to be an agreement that, instead of the carriage, there should always be an autumn tour. "One learns something from going about; but one learns nothing from keeping a carriage," Emily had said. Those had been happy days, in which it had been intended that everything should always be rose-colored. Now he was meditating whether, in lieu of that autumn tour, it would not be necessary to take his wife away to Naples altogether, so that she might be removed from the influence of—of—of—no, not even to himself would he think of Colonel Osborne as his wife's lover. The idea was too horrible! And yet, how dreadful was it that he should have,

for any reason, to withdraw her from the influence of any man!

Lady Milborough lived ever so far away, in Eccleston Square, but Trevelyan did not say a single word to either of his companions during the journey. He was cross and vexed, and was conscious that they knew that he was cross and vexed. Mrs. Trevelyan and her sister talked to each other the whole way, but they did so in that tone which clearly indicates that the conversation is made up, not for any interest attached to the questions asked or the answers given, but because it is expedient that there should not be silence. Nora said something about Marshall and Snellgrove, and tried to make believe that she was very anxious for her sister's answer. And Emily said something about the opera at Covent Garden, which was intended to show that her mind was quite at ease. But both of them failed altogether, and knew that they failed. Once or twice Trevelyan thought that he would say a word in token, as it were, of repentance. Like the naughty child who knew that he was naughty, he was trying to be good. But he could not do it. The fiend was too strong within him. She must have known that there was a proposition for her father's return through Colonel Osborne's influence. As that man at the club had heard it, how could she not have known it? When they got out at Lady Milborough's door he had spoken to neither of them.

There was a large dull party, made up mostly of old people. Lady Milborough and Trevelyan's mother had been bosom-friends, and Lady Milborough had on this account taken upon herself to be much interested in Trevelyan's wife. But Louis Trevelyan himself, in discussing Lady Milborough with Emily, had rather turned his mother's old friend into ridicule, and Emily had, of course, followed her husband's mode of thinking. Lady Milborough had once or twice given her some advice on small matters, telling her that this or that air would be good for her baby, and explaining that a mother, during a certain interesting portion of her life, should refresh herself with a certain kind of malt liquor. Of all counsel on such domestic subjects Mrs. Trevelyan was impatient,—as in-

deed it was her nature to be in all matters, and consequently, authorized as she had been by her husband's manner of speaking of his mother's friend, she had taken a habit of quizzing Lady Milborough behind her back, and almost of continuing the practice before the old lady's face. Lady Milborough, who was the most affectionate old soul alive, and good-tempered with her friends to a fault, had never resented this, but had come to fear that Mrs. Trevelyan was perhaps a little flighty. She had never as yet allowed herself to say anything worse of her young friend's wife than that. And she would always add that that kind of thing would cure itself as the nursery became full. It must be understood, therefore, that Mrs. Trevelyan was not anticipating much pleasure from Lady Milborough's party, and that she had accepted the invitation as a matter of duty.

There was present among the guests a certain Honorable Charles Glascock, the eldest son of Lord Peterborough, who made the affair more interesting to Nora than it was to her sister. It had been whispered into Nora's ears, by more than one person,—and among others by Lady Milborough, whose own daughters were all married,—that she might, if she thought fit, become the Honorable Mrs. Charles Glascock. Now, whether she might think fit, or whether she might not, the presence of the gentleman under such circumstances, as far as she was concerned, gave an interest to the evening. And as Lady Milborough took care that Mr. Glascock should take Nora down to dinner, the interest was very great. Mr. Glascock was a good-looking man, just under forty, in Parliament, heir to a peerage, and known to be well off in respect to income. Lady Milborough and Mrs. Trevelyan had told Nora Rowley that, should encouragement in that direction come in her way, she ought to allow herself to fall in love with Mr. Glascock. A certain amount of encouragement had come in her way, but she had not as yet allowed herself to fall in love with Mr. Glascock. It seemed to her that Mr. Glascock was quite conscious of the advantages of his own position, and that his powers of talking about other matters than those with which he was immediately connected were limited. She did believe that he

had in truth paid her the compliment of falling in love with her, and this is a compliment to which few girls are indifferent. Nora might perhaps have tried to fall in love with Mr. Glascock, had she not been forced to make comparisons between him and another. This other one had not fallen in love with her, as she well knew; and she certainly had not fallen in love with him. But still the comparison was forced upon her, and it did not result in favor of Mr. Glascock. On the present occasion Mr. Glascock, as he sat next to her, almost proposed to her.

"You have never seen Monkham's?" he said. Monkham's was his father's seat,—a very grand place in Worcestershire. Of course he knew very well that she had never seen Monkham's. How should she have seen it?

"I have never been in that part of England at all," she replied.

"I should so like to show you Monkham's. The oaks there are the finest in the kingdom. Do you like oaks?"

"Who does not like oaks? But we have none in the islands, and nobody has ever seen so few as I have."

"I'll show you Monkham's some day. Shall I? Indeed I hope that some day I may really show you Monkham's."

Now when an unmarried man talks to a young lady of really showing her the house in which it will be his destiny to live, he can hardly mean other than to invite her to live there with him. It must at least be his purpose to signify that, if duly encouraged, he will so invite her. But Nora Rowley did not give Mr. Glascock much encouragement on this occasion.

"I am afraid that it is not likely that anything will ever take me into that part of the country," she said. There was something perhaps in her tone which checked Mr. Glascock, so that he did not then press the invitation.

When the ladies were up stairs in the drawing-room, Lady Milborough contrived to seat herself on a couch intended for two persons only, close to Mrs. Trevelyan. Emily, thinking that she might perhaps hear some advice about Guinness's stout, prepared herself to be saucy. But the matter in hand was graver than that. Lady Milborough's mind was uneasy about Colonel Osborne.

"My dear," said she, "was not your father very intimate with that Colonel Osborne?"

"He is very intimate with him, Lady Milborough."

"Ah, yes; I thought I had heard so. That makes it, of course, natural that you should know him."

"We have known him all our lives," said Emily, forgetting probably that, out of the twenty-three years and some months which she had hitherto lived, there had been a consecutive period of more than twenty years in which she had never seen this man whom she had known all her life.

"That makes a difference, of course; and I don't mean to say anything against him."

"I hope not, Lady Milborough, because we are all especially fond of him." This was said with so much of purpose that poor dear old Lady Milborough was stopped in her good work. She knew well the terrible strait to which Augustus Poole had been brought with his wife, although nobody supposed that Poole's wife had ever entertained a wrong thought in her pretty little heart. Nevertheless, he had been compelled to break up his establishment and take his wife to Naples, because this horrid Colonel would make himself at home in Mrs. Poole's drawing-room in Knightsbridge. Augustus Poole, with courage enough to take any man by the beard, had taking by the beard been possible, had found it impossible to dislodge the Colonel. He could not do so without making a row which would have been disgraceful to himself and injurious to his wife; and therefore he had taken Mrs. Poole to Naples. Lady Milborough knew the whole story, and thought that she foresaw that the same thing was about to happen in the drawing-room in Curzon Street. When she attempted to say a word to the wife, she found herself stopped. She could not go on in that quarter after the reception with which the beginning of her word had been met. But perhaps she might succeed better with the husband. After all, her friendship was with the Trevelyan side, and not with the Rowleys.

"My dear Louis," she said, "I want to speak a word to you. Come here." And then she led him into a distant cor-

ner, Mrs. Trevelyan watching her all the while, and guessing why her husband was thus carried away. "I just want to give you a little hint, which I am sure I believe is quite unnecessary," continued Lady Milborough. Then she paused, but Trevelyan would not speak. She looked into his face and saw that it was black. But the man was the only child of her dearest friend, and she persevered. "Do you know I don't quite like that Colonel Osborne coming so much to your house." The face before her became still blacker, but still the man said nothing. "I dare say it is a prejudice on my part, but I have always disliked him. I think he is a dangerous friend;—what I call a snake in the grass. And though Emily's high good sense, and love for you, and general feelings on such a subject, are just what a husband must desire.—Indeed, I am quite sure that the possibility of anything wrong has never entered into her head. But it is the very purity of her innocence which makes the danger. He is a bad man, and I would just say a word to her, if I were you, to make her understand that his coming to her of a morning is not desirable. Upon my word I believe there is nothing he likes so much as going about and making mischief between men and their wives."

Thus she delivered herself; and Louis Trevelyan, though he was sore and angry, could not but feel that she had taken the part of a friend. All that she had said had been true; all that she had said to him he had said to himself more than once. He too hated the man. He believed him to be a snake in the grass. But it was intolerably bitter to him that he should be warned about his wife's conduct by any living human being; that he, to whom the world had been so full of good fortune,—that he, who had in truth taught himself to think that he deserved so much good fortune, should be made the subject of care on behalf of his friend, because of danger between himself and his wife! On the spur of the moment he did not know what answer to make. "He is not a man whom I like myself," he said.

"Just be careful, Louis, that is all," said Lady Milborough, and then she was gone.

To be cautioned about his wife's con-

duct cannot be pleasant to any man, and it was very unpleasant to Louis Trevelyan. He, too, had been asked a question about Sir Marmaduke's expected visit to England after the ladies had left the room. All the town had heard of it except himself. He hardly spoke another word that evening till the brougham was announced; and his wife had observed his silence. When they were seated in the carriage, he together with his wife and Nora Rowley, he immediately asked a question about Sir Marmaduke. "Emily," he said, "is there any truth in a report I hear that your father is coming home?" No answer was made, and for a moment or two there was silence. "You must have heard of it, then?" he said. "Perhaps you can tell me, Nora, as Emily will not reply. Have you heard anything of your father's coming?"

"Yes; I have heard of it," said Nora, slowly.

"And why have I not been told?"

"It was to be kept a secret," said Mrs. Trevelyan, boldly.

"A secret from me; and everybody else knows it! And why was it to be a secret?"

"Colonel Osborne did not wish that it should be known," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"And what has Colonel Osborne to do between you and your father in any matter which I may not be made acquainted? I will have nothing more between you and Colonel Osborne. You shall not see Colonel Osborne. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you, Louis."

"And do you mean to obey me? By G—, you shall obey me! Remember this, that I lay my positive order upon you that you shall not see Colonel Osborne again. You do not know it, perhaps, but you are already forfeiting your reputation as an honest woman, and bringing disgrace upon me, by your familiarity with Colonel Osborne."

"O Louis, do not say that!" said Nora.

"You had better let him speak it all at once," said Emily.

"I have said what I have got to say. It is now only necessary that you should give me your solemn assurance that you will obey me."

"If you have said all that you have to say, perhaps you will listen to me," said his wife.

"I will listen to nothing till you have given me your promise."

"Then I certainly shall not give it you."

"Dear Emily, pray, pray do what he tells you," said Nora.

"She has yet to learn that it is her duty to do as I tell her," said Trevelyan.

"And because she is obstinate, and will not learn from those who know better than herself what a woman may do, and what she may not, she will ruin herself, and destroy my happiness."

"I know that you have destroyed my happiness by your unreasonable jealousy," said the wife. "Have you considered what I must feel in having such words addressed to me by my husband? If I am fit to be told that I must promise not to see any man living, I cannot be fit to be any man's wife." Then she burst into a hysterical fit of tears, and in this condition she got out of the carriage, entered her house, and hurried up to her own room.

"Indeed, she has not been to blame," said Nora to Trevelyan on the staircase.

"Why has there been a secret kept from me between her and this man; and that, too, after I had cautioned her against being intimate with him? I am sorry that she should suffer; but it is better that she should suffer a little now than that we should both suffer much by and by."

Nora endeavored to explain to him the truth about the committee, and Colonel Osborne's promised influence, and the reason why there was to be a secret. But she was too much in a hurry to get to her sister to make the matter plain, and he was too much angered to listen to her. He shook his head when she spoke of Colonel Osborne's dislike to have his name mentioned in connection with the matter. "All the world knows it," he said with scornful laughter.

It was in vain that Nora endeavored to explain to him that, though all the world might know it, Emily herself had only heard of the proposition as a thing quite unsettled, as to which nothing at present should be spoken openly. It was in vain to endeavor to make peace on

that night. Nora hurried up to her sister, and found that the hysterical tears had again given place to anger. She would not see her husband, unless he would beg her pardon; and he would not see her unless she would give the promise he demanded. And the husband and wife did not see each other again on that night.

CHAPTER IV.

HUGH STANBURY.

It has been already stated that Nora Rowley was not quite so well disposed as perhaps she ought to have been to fall in love with the Honorable Charles Glascock, there having come upon her the habit of comparing him with another gentleman whenever this duty of falling in love with Mr. Glascock was exacted from her. That other gentleman was one with whom she knew that it was quite out of the question that she should fall in love, because he had not a shilling in the world; and the other gentleman was equally aware that it was not open to him to fall in love with Nora Rowley,—for the same reason. In regard to such matters Nora Rowley had been properly brought up, having been made to understand by the best and most cautious of mothers, that in that matter of falling in love it was absolutely necessary that bread and cheese should be considered. "Romance is a very pretty thing," Lady Rowley had been wont to say to her daughters, "and I don't think life would be worth having without a little of it. I should be very sorry to think that either of my girls would marry a man only because he had money. But you can't even be romantic without something to eat and drink." Nora thoroughly understood all this, and being well aware that her fortune in the world, if it was ever to be made at all, could only be made by marriage, had laid down for herself certain hard lines,—lines intended to be as fast as they were hard. Let what might come to her in the way of likings and dislikings, let the temptation to her be ever so strong, she would never allow her heart to rest on a man who, if he should ask her to be his wife, would not have the means of supporting her. There were many, she knew, who would condemn such a reso-

lution as cold, selfish, and heartless. She heard people saying so daily. She read in books that it ought to be so regarded. But she declared to herself that she would respect the judgment neither of the people nor of the books. To be poor alone, to have to live without a husband, to look forward to a life in which there would be nothing of a career, almost nothing to do, to await the vacuity of an existence in which she would be useful to no one, was a destiny which she could teach herself to endure, because it might probably be forced upon her by necessity. Were her father to die, there would hardly be bread for that female flock to eat. As it was, she was eating the bread of a man in whose house she was no more than a visitor. The lot of a woman, as she often told herself, was wretched, unfortunate, almost degrading. For a woman such as herself there was no path open to her energy, other than that of getting a husband. Nora Rowley thought of all this till she was almost sick of the prospect of her life,—especially sick of it when she was told with much authority by the Lady Milbroughs of her acquaintance, that it was her bounden duty to fall in love with Mr. Glascock. As to falling in love with Mr. Glascock, she had not as yet quite made up her mind. There was so much to be said on that side of the question, if such falling in love could only be made possible. But she had quite made up her mind that she would never fall in love with a poor man. In spite, however, of all that, she felt herself compelled to make comparisons between Mr. Glascock and one Mr. Hugh Stanbury, a gentleman who had not a shilling.

Mr. Hugh Stanbury had been at college the most intimate friend of Louis Trevelyan, and at Oxford had been, in spite of Trevelyan's successes, a bigger man than his friend. Stanbury had not taken so high a degree as Trevelyan,—indeed, had not gone out in honors at all. He had done little for the credit of his college, and had never put himself in the way of wrapping himself up for life in the scanty lambswool of a fellowship. But he had won for himself reputation as a clever speaker, as a man who had learned much that college tutors do not profess to teach, as a hard-headed, ready-witted fellow, who, having the world as

an oyster before him, which it was necessary that he should open, would certainly find either a knife or a sword with which to open it.

Immediately on leaving college he had come to town, and had entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. Now, at the time of our story, he was a barrister of four years' standing, but had never yet made a guinea. He had never made a guinea by his work as a barrister, and was beginning to doubt of himself whether he ever would do so. Not, as he knew well, that guineas are generally made with ease by barristers of four years' standing, but because, as he said to his friends, he did not see his way to the knack of it. He did not know an attorney in the world, and could not conceive how any attorney should ever be induced to apply to him for legal aid.

He had done his work of learning his trade about as well as other young men, but had had no means of distinguishing himself within his reach. He went the Western Circuit because his aunt, old Miss Stanbury, lived at Exeter, but, as he declared of himself, had he had another aunt living at York, he would have had nothing whatsoever to guide him in his choice. He sat idle in the courts, and hated himself for so sitting. So it had been with him for two years without any consolation or additional burden from other employment than that of his profession. After that, by some chance, he had become acquainted with the editor of the Daily Record, and by degrees had taken to the writing of articles. He had been told by all his friends, and especially by Trevelyan, that, if he did this, he might as well sell his gown and wig. He declared, in reply, that he had no objection to sell his gown and wig. He did not see how he should ever make more money out of them than he would do by such sale. But for the articles which he wrote he received instant payment,—a process which he found to be most consolatory, most comfortable, and, as he said to Trevelyan, as warm to him as a blanket in winter.

Trevelyan, who was a year younger than Stanbury, had taken upon himself to be very angry. He professed that he did not think much of the trade of a journalist, and told Stanbury that he was sinking from the highest to almost the

lowest business by which an educated man and a gentleman could earn his bread. Stanbury had simply replied that he saw some bread on the one side, but none on the other; and that bread from some side was indispensable to him. Then there had come to be that famous war between Great Britain and the republic of Patagonia, and Hugh Stanbury had been sent out as a special correspondent by the editor and proprietor of the Daily Record. His letters had been much read, and had called up a great deal of newspaper pugnacity. He had made important statements which had been flatly denied, and found to be utterly false; which again had been warmly reasserted, and proved to be most remarkably true to the letter. In this way the correspondence, and he as its author, became so much talked about that, on his return to England, he did actually sell his gown and wig, and declare to his friends—and to Trevelyan among the number—that he intended to look to journalism for his future career.

He had been often at the house in Curzon Street in the earliest happy days of his friend's marriage, and had thus become acquainted—intimately acquainted—with Nora Rowley. And now again, since his return from Patagonia, that acquaintance had been renewed. Quite lately, since the actual sale of that wig and gown had been effected, he had not been there so frequently as before, because Trevelyan had expressed his indignation almost too openly.

"That such a man as you should be so faint-hearted," Trevelyan had said, "is a thing that I cannot understand."

"Is a man faint-hearted when he finds it improbable that he shall be able to leap his horse over a house?"

"What you had to do, had been done by hundreds before you."

"What I had to do has never yet been done by any man," replied Stanbury. "I had to live upon nothing till the lucky hour should strike."

"I think you have been cowardly," said Trevelyan.

Even this had made no quarrel between the two men; but Stanbury had expressed himself annoyed by his friend's language, and partly on that account, and partly perhaps on another, had stayed away from Curzon Street. As Nora

Rowley had made comparisons about him, so had he made comparisons about her. He had owned to himself that, had it been possible that he should marry, he would willingly intrust his happiness to Miss Rowley. And he had thought once or twice that Trevelyan had wished that such an arrangement might be made at some future day. Trevelyan had always been much more sanguine in expecting success for his friend at the bar than Stanbury had been for himself. It might well be that such a man as Trevelyan might think that a clever rising barrister would be an excellent husband for his sister-in-law, but that a man earning a precarious living as a writer for a penny paper would be by no means so desirable a connection. Stanbury, as he thought of this, declared to himself that he would not care two straws for Trevelyan in the matter, if he could see his way without other impediments. But the other impediments were there in such strength and numbers as to make him feel that it could not have been intended by Fate that he should take to himself a wife. Although those letters of his to the *Daily Record* had been so pre-eminently successful, he had never yet been able to earn by writing above twenty-five or thirty pounds a month. If that might be continued to him, he could live upon it himself; but, even with his moderate views, it would not suffice for himself and family.

He had told Trevelyan that, while living as an expectant barrister, he had no means of subsistence. In this, as Trevelyan knew, he was not strictly correct. There was an allowance of £100 a year coming to him from the aunt whose residence at Exeter had induced him to devote himself to the Western Circuit. His father had been a clergyman with a small living in Devonshire, and had now been dead some fifteen years. His mother and two sisters were still living in a small cottage in his late father's parish, on the interest of the money arising from a life insurance. Some pittance, from sixty to seventy pounds a year, was all they had among them. But there was a rich aunt, Miss Stanbury, to whom had come considerable wealth in a manner most romantic,—the little tale shall be told before this larger tale is completed,—and this aunt had undertaken to

educate and place out in the world her nephew Hugh. So Hugh had been sent to Harrow, and then to Oxford,—where he had much displeased his aunt by not accomplishing great things,—and then had been set down to make his fortune as a barrister in London, with an allowance of £100 a year, his aunt having paid, moreover, certain fees for entrance, tuition, and the like. The very hour in which Miss Stanbury learned that her nephew was writing for a penny newspaper, she sent off a dispatch to tell him that he must give up her or the penny paper. He replied by saying that he felt himself called upon to earn his bread in the only line from which, as it seemed to him, bread would be forthcoming. By return of post he got another letter to say that he might draw for the quarter then becoming due, but that that would be the last. And it was the last.

Stanbury made an ineffectual effort to induce his aunt to make over the allowance—or at least a part of it—to his mother and sisters, but the old lady paid no attention whatever to the request. She never had given, and at that moment did not intend to give, a shilling to the widow and daughters of her brother. Nor did she intend, or had she ever intended, to leave a shilling of her money to Hugh Stanbury,—as she had very often told him. The money was, at her death, to go back to the people from whom it had come to her.

When Nora Rowley made those comparisons between Mr. Hugh Stanbury and Mr. Charles Glascock, they were always wound up very much in favor of the briefless barrister. It was not that he was the handsomer man, for he was by no means handsome, nor was he the bigger man, for Mr. Glascock was six feet tall; nor was he better dressed, for Stanbury was untidy, rather than otherwise, in his outward person. Nor had he any air of fashion or special grace to recommend him, for he was undoubtedly an awkward-mannered man. But there was a glance of sunshine in his eye, and a sweetness in the curl of his mouth when he smiled, which made Nora feel that it would have been all up with her had she not made so very strong a law for her own guidance. Stanbury was a man about five feet ten, with shoulders more than broad in proportion, stout-

limbed, rather awkward of his gait, with large feet and hands, with soft wavy light hair, with light gray eyes, with a broad, but by no means ugly nose. His mouth and lips were large, and he rarely showed his teeth. He wore no other beard than whiskers, which he was apt to cut away through heaviness of his hand in shaving, till Nora longed to bid him be more careful. "He doesn't care what sort of a guy he makes of himself," she once said to her sister, almost angrily. "He is a plain man, and he knows it," Emily had replied. Mr. Trevelyan was doubtless a handsome man, and it was almost on Nora's tongue to say something ill-natured on the subject. Hugh Stanbury was reputed to be somewhat hot in spirit and manner. He would be very sage in argument, pounding down his ideas on politics, religion, or social life with his fist as well as his voice. He was quick, perhaps, at making antipathies, and quick, too, in making friendships; impressionable, demonstrative, eager, rapid in his movements,—sometimes to the great detriment of his shins and knuckles; and he possessed the sweetest temper that was ever given to a man for the blessing of a woman. This was the man between whom and Mr. Glascock Nora Rowley found it to be impossible not to make comparisons.

On the very day after Lady Milborough's dinner-party Stanbury overtook Trevelyan in the street, and asked his friend where he was going eastward. Trevelyan was on his way to call upon his lawyer, and said so. But he did not say why he was going to his lawyer. He had sent to his wife by Nora that morning to know whether she would make to him the promise he required. The only answer which Nora could draw from her sister was a counter-question, demanding whether he would ask her pardon for the injury he had done her. Nora had been most eager, most anxious, most conciliatory as a messenger; but no good had come of these messages, and Trevelyan had gone forth to tell all his trouble to his family lawyer. Old Mr. Bideawhile had been his father's ancient and esteemed friend, and he could tell things to Mr. Bideawhile which he could not bring himself to tell to any other living man; and he could

generally condescend to accept Mr. Bideawhile's advice, knowing that his father before him had been guided by the same.

"But you are out of your way for Lincoln's Inn Fields," said Stanbury.

"I have to call at Twining's. And where are you going?"

"I have been three times round St. James's Park to collect my thoughts," said Stanbury, "and now I'm on my way to the Daily R., 250, Fleet Street. It is my custom of an afternoon. I am prepared to instruct the British public of to-morrow on any subject, as per order, from the downfall of a European compact to the price of a London mutton chop."

"I suppose there is nothing more to be said about it," said Trevelyan, after a pause.

"Not another word. How should there be? Aunt Jenima has already drawn tight the purse-strings, and it would soon be the casual ward in earnest if it were not for the Daily R. God bless the Daily R.! Only think what a thing it is to have all subjects open to one, from the destinies of France to the profit proper to a butcher."

"If you like it!"

"I do like it. It may not be altogether honest. I don't know what is. But it's a deal honestier than defending thieves and bamboozling juries. How is your wife?"

"She is pretty well, thank you."

Stanbury knew at once, from the tone of his friend's voice, that there was something wrong.

"And Louis the less?" he said, asking after Trevelyan's child.

"He's all right."

"And Miss Rowley? When one begins one's inquiries one is bound to go through the whole family."

"Miss Rowley is pretty well," said Trevelyan.

Previously to this, Trevelyan, when speaking of his sister-in-law to Stanbury, had always called her Nora, and had been wont to speak of her as though she were almost as much the friend of one of them as of the other. The change of tone on this occasion was in truth occasioned by the sadness of the man's thoughts in reference to his wife, but Stanbury attributed it to another cause. "He need not be afraid of me," he said to himself, "and at least he

should not show me that he is." Then they parted, Trevelyan going into Twining's bank, and Stanbury passing on towards the office of the Daily R.

Stanbury had in truth been altogether mistaken as to the state of his friend's mind on that morning. Trevelyan, although he had, according to his custom, put in a word in condemnation of the newspaper line of life, was at the moment thinking whether he would not tell all his trouble to Hugh Stanbury. He knew that he should not find anywhere, not even in Mr. Bideawhile, a more friendly or more trustworthy listener. When Nora Rowley's name had been mentioned, he had not thought of her. He had simply repeated the name with the usual answer. He was at the moment cautioning himself against a confidence which after all might not be necessary, and which on this occasion was not made. When one is in trouble it is a great ease to tell one's trouble to a friend; but then one should always wash one's dirty linen at home. The latter consideration prevailed, and Trevelyan allowed his friend to go on without burdening him with the story of that domestic quarrel. Nor did he on that occasion tell it to Mr. Bideawhile; for Mr. Bideawhile was not found at his chambers.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW THE QUARREL PROGRESSED.

TREVELYAN got back to his own house at about three, and, on going into the library, found on his table a letter to him addressed in his wife's handwriting. He opened it quickly, hoping to find that promise which he had demanded, and resolving that if it were made he would at once become affectionate, yielding, and gentle to his wife. But there was not a word written by his wife within the envelope. It contained simply another letter, already opened, addressed to her. This letter had been brought up to her during her husband's absence from the house, and was as follows:—

ACROBATS, Thursday.

DEAR EMILY: I have just come from the Colonial Office. It is all settled, and Sir M. has been sent for. Of course, you will tell T. now.

Yours, F. O.

The letter was, of course, from Colonel Osborne, and Mrs. Trevelyan, when she received it, had had great doubts whether she would enclose it to her husband opened or unopened. She had hitherto refused to make the promise which her husband exacted, but nevertheless she was minded to obey him. Had he included in his demand any requirement that she should receive no letter from Colonel Osborne, she would not have opened this one. But nothing had been said about letters, and she would not show herself to be afraid. So she read the note, and then sent it down to be put on Mr. Trevelyan's table in an envelope addressed to him.

"If he is not altogether blinded, it will show him how cruelly he has wronged me," said she to her sister. She was sitting at the time with her boy in her lap, telling herself that the child's features were in all respects the very same as his father's, and that, come what come might, the child should always be taught by her to love and respect his father. And then there came a horrible thought. What if the child should be taken away from her? If this quarrel, out of which she saw no present mode of escape, were to lead to a separation between her and her husband, would not the law, and the judges, and the courts, and all the Lady Milboroughs of their joint acquaintance into the bargain, say that the child should go with his father? The judges, and the courts, and the Lady Milboroughs would, of course, say that she was the sinner. And what could she do without her boy? Would not any humility, any grovelling in the dust, be better for her than that? "It is a very poor thing to be a woman," she said to her sister.

"It is perhaps better than being a dog," said Nora; "but, of course, we can't compare ourselves to men."

"It would be better to be a dog. One wouldn't be made to suffer so much. When a puppy is taken away from its mother, she is bad enough for a few days, but she gets over it in a week." There was a pause then for a few moments. Nora knew well which way ran the current of her sister's thoughts, and had nothing at the present moment which she could say on that

subject. "It is very hard for a woman to know what to do," continued Emily, "but if she is to marry, I think she had better marry a fool. After all, a fool generally knows that he is a fool, and will trust some one, though he may not trust his wife."

"I will never wittingly marry a fool," said Nora.

"You will marry Mr. Glascock, of course. I don't say that he is a fool; but I do not think he has that kind of strength which shows itself in perversity."

"If he asked me, I should not have him;—and he will never ask me."

"He will ask you, and, of course, you'll take him. Why not? You can't be otherwise than a woman. And you must marry. And this man is a gentleman, and will be a peer. There is nothing on earth against him, except that he does not set the Thames on fire. Louis intends to set the Thames on fire some day, and see what comes of it."

"All the same, I shall not marry Mr. Glascock. A woman can die, at any rate," said Nora.

"No, she can't. A woman must be decent; and to die of want is very indecent. She can't die, and she mustn't be in want, and she oughtn't to be a burden. I suppose it was thought necessary that every man should have two to choose from; and therefore there are so many more of us than the world wants. I wonder whether you'd mind taking that down stairs to his table? I don't like to send it by the servant; and I don't want to go myself."

Then Nora had taken the letter down, and left it where Louis Trevelyan would be sure to find it.

He did find it, and was sorely disappointed when he perceived that it contained no word from his wife to himself. He opened Colonel Osborne's note, and read it, and became, as he did so, almost more angry than before. Who was this man that he should dare to address another man's wife as "Dear Emily"? At the moment Trevelyan remembered well enough that he had heard the man so call his wife, that it had been done openly in his presence, and had not given him a thought. But Lady Rowley and Sir Marmaduke had then been present also; and that man on that occasion had been the old friend of the old father,

and not the would-be young friend of the young daughter. Trevelyan could hardly reason about it, but felt that whereas the one was not improper, the other was grossly impertinent, and even wicked. And then, again, his wife, his Emily, was to show to him, to her husband, or was not to show to him, the letter which she received from this man, the letter in which she was addressed as "Dear Emily," according to this man's judgment and wish, and not according to his judgment and wish,—not according to the judgment and wish of him who was her husband, her lord, and her master! "Of course, you will tell T. now." This was intolerable to him. It made him feel that he was to be regarded as second, and this man to be regarded as first. And then he began to recapitulate all the good things he had done for his wife, and all the causes which he had given her for gratitude. Had he not taken her to his bosom, and bestowed upon her the half of all that he had, simply for herself, asking for nothing more than her love? He had possessed money, position, a name,—all that makes life worth having.

He had found her in a remote corner of the world, with no fortune, with no advantages of family or social standing,—so circumstanced that any friend would have warned him against such a marriage; but he had given her his heart, and his hand, and his house, and had asked for nothing in return but that he should be all in all to her,—that he should be her one god upon earth. And he had done more even than this. "Bring your sister," he had said. "The house shall be big enough for her also, and she shall be my sister as well as yours." Who had ever done more for a woman, or shown a more absolute confidence? And now what was the return he received? She was not contented with her one god upon earth, but must make to herself other gods,—another god, and that too out of a lump of the basest clay to be found around her. He thought that he could remember to have heard it said in early days, long before he himself had had an idea of marrying, that no man should look for a wife from among the tropics, that women educated amidst the languors of those sunny climes rarely came to possess those high

ideas of conjugal duty and feminine truth which a man should regard as the first requisites of a good wife. As he thought of all this, he almost regretted that he had ever visited the Mandarins, or ever heard the name of Sir Marmaduke Rowley.

He should have nourished no such thoughts in his heart. He had, indeed, been generous to his wife and to his wife's family; but we may almost say that the man who is really generous in such matters is unconscious of his own generosity. The giver who gives the most, gives, and does not know that he gives. And had not she given too? In that matter of giving between a man and his wife, if each gives all, the two are equal, let the things given be what they may! King Cophetua did nothing for his beggar maid, unless she were to him, after he had married her, as royal a queen as though he had taken her from the oldest stock of reigning families then extant. Trevelyan knew all this himself,—had said so to himself a score of times, though not probably in spoken words or formed sentences. But, that all was equal between himself and the wife of his bosom had been a thing ascertained by him as a certainty. There was no debt of gratitude from her to him which he did not acknowledge to exist also as from him to her. But yet, in his anger, he could not keep himself from thinking of the gifts he had showered upon her. And he had been, was, would ever be, if she would only allow it, so true to her! He had selected no other friend to take her place in his councils! There was no "dear Mary" or "dear Augusta" with whom he had secrets to be kept from his wife. When there arose with him any question of interest,—question of interest such as was this of the return of Sir Marmaduke to her,—he would show it in all its bearings to his wife. He had his secrets too, but his secrets had all been made secrets for her also. There was not a woman in the world in whose company he took special delight in her absence.

And if there had been, how much less would have been her ground of complaint? Let a man have any such friendships,—what friendships he may,—he does not disgrace his wife. He felt himself to be so true of heart that he

desired no such friendships; but for a man indulging in such friendships there might be excuse. Even though a man be false, a woman is not shamed and brought unto the dust before all the world. But the slightest rumor on a woman's name is a load of infamy on her husband's shoulders. It was not enough for Cæsar that his wife should be true; it was necessary to Cæsar that she should not even be suspected. Trevelyan told himself that he suspected his wife of no sin. God forbid that it should ever come to that, both for his sake and for hers; and, above all, for the sake of that boy who was so dear to them both! But there would be the vile whispers, and dirty slanders would be dropped from envious tongues into envious ears, and minds prone to evil would think evil of him and of his. Had not Lady Milborough already cautioned him? O that he should have lived to have been cautioned about his wife;—that he should be told that eyes outside had looked into the sacred shrine of his heart and seen that things there were fatally amiss! And yet Lady Milborough was quite right. Had he not in his hand at this moment a document that proved her to be right? "Dear Emily!" He took this note, and crushed it in his fist, and then pulled it into fragments.

But what should he do? There was, first of all considerations, the duty which he owed to his wife, and the love which he bore her. That she was ignorant and innocent he was sure; but then she was so contumacious that he hardly knew how to take a step in the direction of guarding her from the effects of her ignorance, and maintaining for her the advantages of her innocence. He was her master, and she must know that he was her master. But how was he to proceed when she refused to obey the plainest and most necessary command which he laid upon her? Let a man be ever so much his wife's master, he cannot maintain his masterdom by any power which the law places in his hands. He had asked his wife for a promise of obedience, and she would not give it to him! What was he to do next? He could, no doubt,—at least he thought so,—keep the man from her presence. He could order the servant not to admit the man, and the servant would, doubtless,

obey him. But to what a condition would he then have been brought! Would not the world then be over for him,—over for him as the husband of a wife whom he could not love unless he respected her? Better that there should be no such world than call in the aid of a servant to guard the conduct of his wife.

As he thought of it all, it seemed to him that, if she would not obey him, and give him this promise, they must be separated. He would not live with her, he would not give her the privileges of his wife, if she refused to render to him the obedience which was his privilege. The more he thought of it, the more convinced he was that he ought not to yield to her. Let her once yield to him, and then his tenderness should begin, and there should be no limit to it. But he would not see her till she had yielded. He would not see her; and if he should find that she did see Colonel Osborne, then he would tell her that she could no longer dwell under the same roof with him.

His resolution on these points was very strong, and yet there came over him a feeling that it was his duty to be gentle. There was a feeling also, that that privilege of receiving obedience which was so indubitably his own could only be maintained by certain wise practices on his part, in which gentleness must predominate. Wives are bound to obey their husbands, but obedience cannot be exacted from wives, as it may from servants, by aid of law and with penalties, or as from a horse, by punishments and manger curtailments. A man should be master in his own house, but he should make his mastery palatable, equitable, smooth, soft to the touch, a thing almost unfelt. How was he to do all this now, when he had already given an order to which obedience had been refused unless under certain stipulations,—an agreement with which would be degradation to him? He had pointed out to his wife her duty, and she had said she would do her duty as pointed out, on condition that he would beg her pardon for having pointed it out! This he could not and would not do. Let the heavens fall,—and the falling of the heavens in this case was a separation between him and his wife,—

but he would not consent to such injustice as that!

But what was he to do at this moment,—especially with reference to that note which he had destroyed. At last he resolved to write to his wife, and he consequently did write and send to her the following letter:

MAY 4.

DEAREST EMILY: If Colonel Osborne should write to you again, it will be better that you should not open his letter. As you know his handwriting you will have no difficulty in so arranging. Should any further letter come from Colonel Osborne addressed to you, you had better put it under cover to me, and take no notice of it yourself.

I shall dine at the club to-day. We were to have gone to Mrs. Peacock's in the evening. You had better write a line to say that we shall not be there. I am very sorry that Nora should lose her evening. Pray think very carefully over what I have asked of you. My request to you is, that you will not willingly see Colonel Osborne again. Of course you will understand that this is not supposed to extend to accidental meetings, as to which, should they occur,—and they would be sure to occur,—you would find that they would be wholly unnoticed by me.

But I must request that you will comply with my wish in this matter. If you will send for me I will go to you instantly, and after one word from you to the desired effect, you will find that there will be no recurrence by me to a subject so hateful. As I have done and am doing what I think to be right, I cannot stultify myself by saying that I think I have been wrong.

Yours always, dearest Emily,
With the most thorough love,
LOUIS TREVELYAN.

This letter he himself put on his wife's dressing-room table, and then he went out to his club.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HOW RECONCILIATION WAS MADE.

"Look at that," said Mrs. Trevelyan, when her sister came into her room about an hour before dinner-time. Nora read the letter, and then asked her sister what she meant to do. "I have

written to Mrs. Peacock. I don't know what else I can do. It is very hard upon you,—that you should have been kept at home. But I don't suppose Mr. Glascock would have been at Mrs. Peacock's."

"And what else will you do, Emily?"

"Nothing;—simply live deserted and forlorn till he shall choose to find his wits again. There is nothing else that a woman can do. If he chooses to dine at his club every day I can't help it. We must put off all the engagements, and that will be hard upon you."

"Don't talk about me. It is too terrible to think that there should be such a quarrel."

"What can I do? Have I been wrong?"

"Simply do what he tells you, whether it is wrong or right. If it's right, it ought to be done, and if it's wrong, it will not be your fault."

"That's very easily said, and it sounds logical; but you must know it's unreasonable."

"I don't care about reason. He is your husband, and, if he wishes it, you should do it. And what will be the harm? You don't mean to see Colonel Osborne any more. You have already said that he's not to be admitted."

I have said that nobody is to be admitted. Louis has driven me to that. How can I look the servant in the face and tell him that any special gentleman is not to be admitted to see me? O dear! O dear! have I done anything to deserve it? Was ever so monstrous an accusation made against any woman! If it were not for my boy I would defy him to do his worst."

On the day following Nora became a messenger between the husband and wife, and before dinner-time a reconciliation had been effected. Of course the wife gave way at last; and of course she gave way so cunningly that the husband received none of the gratification which he had expected in her surrender.

"Tell him to come," Nora had urged. "Of course he can come if he pleases," Emily had replied. Then Nora had told Louis to come, and Louis had demanded whether, if he did so, the promise which he exacted would be given. It is to be feared that Nora perverted the truth a little; but if ever such per-

version may be forgiven, forgiveness was due to her. If they could only be brought together, she was sure that there would be a reconciliation. They were brought together, and there was a reconciliation.

"Dearest Emily, I am so glad to come to you," said the husband, walking up to his wife in their bedroom, and taking her in his arms.

"I have been very unhappy, Louis, for the last two days," said she, very gravely,—returning his kiss, but returning it somewhat coldly.

"We have both been unhappy, I am sure," said he. Then he paused, that the promise might be made to him. He had certainly understood that it was to be made without reserve,—as an act on her part which she had fully consented to perform. But she stood silent, with one hand on the dressing-table, looking away from him, very beautiful, and dignified too, in her manner; but not, as far as he could judge, either repentant or submissive. "Nora said that you would make me the promise which I ask from you."

"I cannot think, Louis, how you can want such a promise from me."

"I think it right to ask it; I do indeed."

"Can you imagine that I shall ever willingly see this gentleman again after what has occurred? It will be for you to tell the servant. I do not know how I can do that. But, as a matter of course, I will encourage no person to come to your house of whom you disapprove. It would be exactly the same of any man or of any woman."

"That is all that I ask."

"I am surprised that you should have thought it necessary to make any formal request in the matter. Your word was quite sufficient. That you should find cause of complaint in Colonel Osborne's coming here is, of course, a different thing."

"Quite a different thing," said he.

"I cannot pretend to understand either your motives or your fears. I do not understand them. My own self-respect prevents me from supposing it to be possible that you have attributed an evil thought to me."

"Indeed, indeed, I never have," said the husband.

"That I can assure you I regard as a matter of course," said the wife.

"But you know, Emily, the way in which the world talks."

"The world! And do you regard the world, Louis?"

"Lady Milborough, I believe, spoke to yourself."

"Lady Milborough! No, she did not speak to me. She began to do so, but I was careful to silence her at once. From you, Louis, I am bound to hear whatever you may choose to say to me; but I will not hear from any other lips a single word that may be injurious to your honor." This she said very quietly, with much dignity, and he felt that he had better not answer her. She had given him the promise which he had demanded, and he began to fear that if he pushed the matter further she might go back even from that amount of submission. So he kissed her again, and had the boy brought into the room, and by the time that he went to dress for dinner he was able, at any rate, to seem to be well pleased.

"Richard," he said to the servant, as soon as he was down stairs, "when Colonel Osborne calls again, say that your mistress is—not at home." He gave the order in the most indifferent tone of voice which he could assume; but as he gave it he felt thoroughly ashamed of it. Richard, who, with the other servants, had of course known that there had been a quarrel between his master and mistress for the last two days, no doubt understood all about it.

While they were sitting at dinner on the next day, a Saturday, there came another note from Colonel Osborne. The servant brought it to his mistress, and she, when she had looked at it, put it down by her plate. Trevelyan knew immediately from whom the letter had come, and understood how impossible it was for his wife to give it up in the servant's presence. The letter lay there till the man was out of the room, and then she handed it to Nora. "Will you give that to Louis?" she said. "It comes from the man whom he supposes to be my lover."

"Emily!" said he, jumping from his seat, "how can you allow words so horrible and so untrue to fall from your mouth?"

"If it be not so, why am I to be placed in such a position as this? The servant knows, of course, from whom the letter comes, and sees that I have been forbidden to open it." Then the man returned to the room, and the remainder of the dinner passed off almost in silence. It was their custom, when they dined without company, to leave the dining-room together, but on this evening Trevelyan remained for a few minutes that he might read Colonel Osborne's letter. He waited, standing on the rug with his face to the fireplace, till he was quite alone, and then he opened it. It ran as follows:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Saturday.

"DEAR EMILY,"—Trevelyan, as he read this, cursed Colonel Osborne between his teeth,—

DEAR EMILY: I called this afternoon, but you were out. I am afraid you will be disappointed by what I have to tell you, but you should rather be glad of it. They say at the C. O. that Sir Marmaduke would not receive their letter, if sent now, till the middle of June, and that he could not be in London, let him do what he would, till the end of July. They hope to have the session over by that time, and therefore the committee is to be put off till next session. They mean to have Lord Bowles home from Canada, and they think that Bowles would like to be here in the winter. Sir Marmaduke will be summoned for February next, and will of course stretch his stay over the hot months. All this will, on the whole, be for the best. Lady Rowley could hardly have packed up her things and come away at a day's notice, whatever your father might have done. I'll call tomorrow at luncheon-time.

Yours always, F. O.

There was nothing objectionable in this letter,—excepting always the "Dear Emily,"—nothing which it was not imperative on Colonel Osborne to communicate to the person to whom it was addressed. Trevelyan must now go up stairs and tell the contents of the letter to his wife. But he felt that he had created for himself a terrible trouble. He must tell his wife what was in the letter, but the very telling of it would be a renewing of the soreness of his wound.

And then what was to be done in reference to the threatened visit for the Sunday morning? Trevelyan knew very well that, were his wife denied at that hour, Colonel Osborne would understand the whole matter. He had doubtless, in his anger, intended that Colonel Osborne should understand the whole matter; but he was calmer now than he had been then, and almost wished that the command given by him had not been so definite and imperious. He remained with his arm on the mantel-piece, thinking of it, for some ten minutes, and then went up into the drawing-room. "Emily," he said, walking up to the table at which she was sitting, "you had better read that letter."

"I would so much rather not," she replied, haughtily.

"Then Nora can read it. It concerns you both equally."

Nora, with hesitating hand, took the letter and read it. "They are not to come, after all," said she, "till next February."

"And why not?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Something about the session. I don't quite understand."

"Lord Bowles is to come from Canada," said Louis, "and they think he would prefer being here in the winter. I dare say he would."

"But what has that to do with papa?"

"I suppose they must both be here together," said Nora.

"I call that very hard indeed," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"I can't agree with you there," said her husband. "His coming at all is so much of a favor that it is almost a job."

"I don't see that it is a job at all," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "Somebody is wanted, and nobody can know more of the service than papa does. But as the other man is a lord, I suppose papa must give way. Does he say anything about mamma, Nora?"

"You had better read the letter yourself," said Trevelyan, who was desirous that his wife should know of the threatened visit.

"No, Louis, I shall not do that. You must not blow hot and cold too. Till the other day I should have thought that Colonel Osborne's letters were as innocent as an old newspaper. As you

have supposed them to be poisoned, I will have nothing to do with them."

This speech made him very angry. It seemed that his wife, who had yielded to him, was determined to take out the value of her submission in the most disagreeable words which she could utter. Nora now closed the letter, and handed it back to her brother-in-law. He laid it down on the table beside him, and sat for a while with his eyes fixed upon his book. At last he spoke again. "Colonel Osborne says that he will call to-morrow at luncheon-time. You can admit him, if you please, and thank him for the trouble he has taken in this matter."

"I shall not remain in the room if he be admitted," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

There was silence again for some minutes, and the cloud upon Trevelyan's brow became blacker than before. Then he rose from his chair and walked round to the sofa on which his wife was sitting. "I presume," said he, "that your wishes and mine in this matter must be the same."

"I cannot tell what your wishes are," she replied. "I never was more in the dark on any subject in my life. My wishes at present are confined to a desire to save you as far as may be possible from the shame which must be attached to your own suspicions."

"I have never had any suspicions."

"A husband without suspicions does not intercept his wife's letters. A husband without suspicions does not call in the aid of his servants to guard his wife. A husband without suspicions——"

"Emily," exclaimed Nora, "how can you say such things,—on purpose to provoke him?"

"Yes; on purpose to provoke me," said Trevelyan.

"And have I not been provoked? Have I not been injured? You say now that you have not suspected me, and yet in what condition do I find myself? Because an old woman has chosen to talk scandal about me, I am placed in a position in my own house which is disgraceful to you and insupportable to myself. This man has been in the habit of coming here on Sundays, and will, of course, know that we are at home. You must manage it as you please. If you choose to receive him, I will go up stairs."

"Why can't you let him come in and go away, just as usual?" said Nora.

"Because Louis has made me promise that I will never willingly be in his company again," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I would have given the world to avoid a promise so disgraceful to me; but it was exacted, and it shall be kept." Having so spoken, she swept out of the room, and went up stairs to the nursery. Trevelyan sat for an hour with his book before him, reading or pretending to read, but his wife did not come down stairs. Then Nora went up to her, and he descended to his solitude below. So far he had hardly gained much by the enforced obedience of his wife.

On the next morning the three went to church together, and, as they were walking home, Trevelyan's heart was filled with returning gentleness towards his wife. He could not bear to be at wrath with her after the church service which they had just heard together. But he was softer-hearted than was she, and knowing this, was almost afraid to say anything that would again bring forth from her expressions of scorn. As soon as they were alone within the house he took her by the hand and led her apart. "Let all this be," said he, "as though it had never been."

"That will hardly be possible, Louis," she answered. "I cannot forget that I have been—cautioned."

"But cannot you bring yourself to believe that I have meant it all for your good?"

"I have never doubted it, Louis,—never for a moment. But it has hurt me to find that you should think that such caution was needed for my good."

It was almost on his tongue to beg her pardon, to acknowledge that he had made a mistake, and to implore her to forget that he had ever made an objection to Colonel Osborne's visit. He remembered at this moment the painful odiousness of that "Dear Emily;" but he had to reconcile himself even to that, telling himself that, after all, Colonel Osborne was an old man,—a man older even than his wife's father. If she would only have met him with gentleness, he would have withdrawn his command, and have acknowledged that he had been wrong. But she was hard, dignified, obedient, and resentful. "It will, I think," he said, "be better

for both of us that he should be asked in to lunch to-day."

"You must judge of that," said Emily. "Perhaps, upon the whole, it will be best. I can only say that I will not be present. I will lunch up stairs with baby, and you can make what excuse for me you please." This was all very bad, but it was in this way that things were allowed to arrange themselves. Richard was told that Colonel Osborne was coming to lunch, and when he came something was muttered to him about Mrs. Trevelyan being not quite well. It was Nora who told the innocent fib, and though she did not tell it well, she did her very best. She felt that her brother-in-law was very wretched, and she was most anxious to relieve him. Colonel Osborne did not stay long, and then Nora went up stairs to her sister.

Louis Trevelyan felt that he had disgraced himself. He had meant to have been strong, and he had, as he knew, been very weak. He had meant to have acted in a high-minded, honest, manly manner; but circumstances had been so untoward with him, that, on looking at his own conduct, it seemed to him to have been mean, and almost false and cowardly. As the order for the exclusion of this hated man from his house had been given, he should at any rate have stuck to the order. At the moment of his vacillation he had simply intended to make things easy for his wife; but she had taken advantage of his vacillation, and had now clearly conquered him. Perhaps he respected her more than he had done when he was resolving, three or four days since, that he would be the master in his own house; but it may be feared that the tenderness of his love for her had been impaired.

Late in the afternoon his wife and his sister-in-law came down, dressed for walking, and, finding Trevelyan in the library, they asked him to join them,—it was a custom with them to walk in the park on a Sunday afternoon,—and he at once assented, and went out with them. Emily, who had had her triumph, was very gracious. There should not be a word more said by her about Colonel Osborne. She would avoid that gentleman, never receiving him in Curzon Street, and having as little to say to

him as possible elsewhere; but she would not throw his name in her husband's teeth, or make any reference to the injury which had so manifestly been done to her. Unless Louis should be indiscreet, it should be as though it had been forgotten. As they walked by Chesterfield House and Stanhope Street into the park, she began to discuss the sermon they had heard that morning, and when she found that that subject was not alluring, she spoke of a dinner to which they were to go at Mrs. Fairfax's house. Louis Trevelyan was quite aware that he was being treated as a naughty boy, who was to be forgiven.

They went across Hyde Park into Kensington Gardens, and still the same thing was going on. Nora found it to be almost impossible to say a word. Trevelyan answered his wife's questions, but was otherwise silent. Emily worked very hard at her mission of forgiveness, and hardly ceased in her efforts at conciliatory conversation. Women can work so much harder in this way than men find it possible to do! She never flagged, but continued to be fluent, conciliatory, and intolerably wearisome. On a sudden they came across two men together, who, as they all knew, were barely acquainted with each other. These were Colonel Osborne and Hugh Stanbury.

"I am glad to find you are able to be out," said the Colonel.

"Thanks; yes. I think my seclusion just now was almost as much due to baby as to anything else. Mr. Stanbury, how is it we never see you now?"

"It is the D. R., Mrs. Trevelyan;—nothing else. The D. R. is a most grateful mistress, but somewhat exacting. I am allowed a couple of hours on Sundays, but otherwise my time is wholly passed in Fleet street."

"How very unpleasant!"

"Well; yes. The unpleasantness of this world consists chiefly in the fact that, when a man wants wages, he must earn them. The Christian philosophers have a theory about it. Don't they call it the primeval fall, original sin, and that kind of thing?"

"Mr. Stanbury, I won't have irreligion. I hope that doesn't come from writing for the newspapers."

"Certainly not with me, Mrs. Trevelyan. I have never been put on to take

that branch yet. Scruby does that with us, and does it excellently. It was he who touched up the Ritualists, and then the Commission, and then the Low Church bishops, till he didn't leave one of them a leg to stand upon."

"What is it, then, that the Daily Record upholds?"

"It upholds the Daily Record. Believe in that and you will surely be saved." Then he turned to Miss Rowley, and they two were soon walking on together, each manifestly interested in what the other was saying, though there was no word of tenderness spoken between them.

Colonel Osborne was now between Mr. and Mrs. Trevelyan. She would have avoided the position had it been possible for her to do so. While they were falling into their present paces, she had made a little mute appeal to her husband to take her away from the spot, to give her his arm and return with her, to save her in some way from remaining in company with the man to whose company for her he had objected; but he took no such step. It had seemed to him that he could take no such step without showing his hostility to Colonel Osborne.

They walked on along the broad path together, and the Colonel was between them.

"I hope you think it satisfactory,—about Sir Rowley," he said.

"Beggars must not be choosers, you know, Colonel Osborne. I felt a little disappointed when I found that we were not to see them till February next."

"They will stay longer then, you know, than they could now."

"I have no doubt, when the time comes, we shall all believe it to be better."

"I suppose you think, Emily, that a little pudding to-day is better than much to-morrow."

Colonel Osborne certainly had a caressing, would-be affectionate mode of talking to women, which, unless it were reciprocated and enjoyed, was likely to make itself disagreeable. No possible words could have been more innocent than those he had now spoken; but he had turned his face down close to her face, and had almost whispered them. And then, too, he had again called her

by her Christian name. Trevelyan had not heard the words. He had walked on, making the distance between him and the other man greater than was necessary, anxious to show to his wife that he had no jealousy at such a meeting as this. But his wife was determined that she would put an end to this state of things, let the cost be what it might. She did not say a word to Colonel Osborne, but addressed herself at once to her husband.

"Louis," she said, "will you give me your arm? We will go back, if you please." Then she took her husband's arm, and turned herself and him abruptly away from their companion.

The thing was done in such a manner that it was impossible that Colonel Osborne should not perceive that he had been left in anger. When Trevelyan and his wife had gone back a few yards, he was obliged to return for Nora. He did so, and then rejoined his wife.

"It was quite unnecessary, Emily," he said, "that you should behave like that."

"Your suspicions," she said, "have made it almost impossible for me to behave with propriety."

"You have told him everything now," said Trevelyan.

"And it was requisite that he should be told," said his wife. Then they walked home without interchanging another word. When they reached their house, Emily at once went up to her own room and Trevelyan to his. They parted as though they had no common interest which was worthy of a moment's conversation. And she by her step and gait, and every movement of her body, showed to him that she was not his wife now in any sense that could bring to him a feeling of domestic happiness. Her compliance with his command was of no use to him unless she could be brought to comply in spirit. Unless she would be soft to him he could not be happy. He walked about his room uneasily for half an hour, trying to shake off his sorrow, and then he went up to her. "Emily," he said, "for God's sake let all this pass away."

"What is to pass away?"

"This feeling of rancor between you and me. What is the world to us unless we can love one another? At any rate it will be nothing to me."

"Do you doubt my love?" said she.

"No; certainly not."

"Nor I yours. Without love, Louis, you and I cannot be happy. But love alone will not make us so. There must be trust, and there must also be forbearance. My feeling of annoyance will pass away in time; and till it does I will show it as little as may be possible."

He felt that he had nothing more to say, and then he left her; but he had gained nothing by the interview. She was still hard and cold, and still assumed a tone which seemed to imply that she had manifestly been the injured person.

Colonel Osborne, when he was left alone, stood for a few moments on the spot, and then with a whistle, a shake of the head, and a little low chuckle of laughter, rejoined the crowd.

(To be continued.)

Macmillan's Magazine.

"ON A PIECE OF CHALK."—A LECTURE TO WORKING MEN.*

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., ETC., ETC.

If a well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance, almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk."

Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and, on the sea-coast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flam-

* Delivered during the Meeting of the British Association at Norwich.

borough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over 280 miles as the crow flies.

From this band to the North Sea on the east and the Channel on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the south-eastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less, and others more extensive, than the English.

Chalk occurs in north-west Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France,—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral in Central Asia.

If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about 3,000 miles in long diameter—the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But, on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And, in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

What is this wide-spread component of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable alike of refutation and of verification.

If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than "a piece of chalk" for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read with your own eyes to-night.

Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we "burn" chalk the result is quicklime. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic acid gas and lime, and when you make it very hot the carbonic acid flies away and the lime is left.

By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, you were

to powder a little chalk, and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and finally a clear liquid in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely-spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and, for anything chemistry tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur upon the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below.

Let us try another method of making the chalk tell us its own history. To the unassisted eye chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it—until it is thin enough, in fact, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable. A thin slice of the fur of a kettle might be made in the same way. If it were examined microscopically, it would show itself to be a more or less distinctly laminated mineral substance, and nothing more.

But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but embedded in this matrix are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average, not more than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk

may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But, by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully-constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly-grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called *Globigerina*, and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than *Globigerina* and granules.

Let us fix our attention upon the *Globigerina*. It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is, and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk.

A suggestion which may naturally enough present itself is, that these curious bodies are the result of some process of aggregation which has taken place in the carbonate of lime; that, just as in winter the rime on our windows simulates the most delicate and elegantly arborescent foliage—proving that the mere mineral, water, may, under certain conditions, assume the outward form of organic bodies—so this mineral substance, carbonate of lime, hidden away in the bowels of the earth, has taken the shape of these chambered bodies. I am not raising a merely fanciful and unreal objection. Very learned men, in former days, have even entertained the notion that all the formed things found in rocks are of this nature; and if no such conception is at present held to be admissible, it is because long and varied experience has now shown that mineral

matter never does assume the form and structure we find in fossils. If any one were to try to persuade you that an oyster-shell (which is also chiefly composed of carbonate of lime) had crystallized out of sea-water, I suppose you would laugh at the absurdity. Your laughter would be justified by the fact that all experience tends to show that oyster-shells are formed by the agency of oysters, and in no other way. And if there were no better reasons, we should be justified, on like grounds, in believing that *Globigerina* is not the product of anything but vital activity.

Happily, however, better evidence in proof of the organic nature of the *Globigerina* than that of analogy is forthcoming. It so happens that calcareous skeletons, exactly similar to the *Globigerina* of the chalk, are being formed, at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, over a large extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living *Globigerina*, and of the part which they play in rock-building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen, incidentally, out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests.

When men first took to the sea they speedily learned to look out for shoals and rocks, and the more the burden of their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to ascertain with precision the depth of the waters they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line; and, ultimately, marine-surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time, it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea-bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding-ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by "arming" the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand

or mud, or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But, however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead, and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths) Lieut. Brooke, of the American Navy, some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea-bottom can be scooped out and brought up, from any depth to which the lead descends.

In 1853, Lieut. Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin, and to Bailey of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms—the greater proportion of these being just like the *Globigerina* already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far, the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieut. Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when the enterprise of laying down the telegraph-cable between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know, not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and ship-mate of mine, to ascertain the depth over the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great expedition and precision, without, so far as I know, having met

with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.*

The result of all these operations is that we know the contours and nature of the surface-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish-white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of

the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinæ*, embedded in a granular matrix.

Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences: but as these have no bearing upon the question immediately before us,—which is the nature of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk,—it is unnecessary to speak of them.

Globigerinæ of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is, in fact, the remains of the creature to which the *Globigerina* shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence—and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is, in fact, a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind—without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting, from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which in the higher animals we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency.

The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea at the vast depths from which apparently living *Globigerinæ* have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the *Globigerinæ* of the Atlantic sea-bottom do not live and die where they are found.

As I have mentioned, the soundings from the great Atlantic plain are almost entirely made up of *Globigerinæ*, with the granules which have been mentioned, and some few other calcareous shells; but a small percentage of the chalky mud—perhaps at most some five

* See Appendix to Captain Dayman's "Deep Sea Soundings in the North Atlantic Ocean, between Ireland and Newfoundland, made in H.M.S. Cyclops. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 1858." They have since formed the subject of an elaborate Memoir by Messrs. Parker and Jones, published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1865.

per cent. of it—is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of siliceous bodies. These siliceous bodies belong partly to those lowly vegetable organisms which are called *Diatomaceæ*, and partly to those minute and extremely simple animals termed *Radiolaria*. It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface—where they may be obtained in prodigious numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence it follows that these siliceous organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen in some cases through fifteen thousand feet of water, before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor. And, considering how large a surface these bodies expose in proportion to their weight, it is probable that they occupy a great length of time in making their burial journey from the surface of the Atlantic to the bottom.

But if the *Radiolaria* and Diatoms are thus rained upon the bottom of the sea from the superficial layer of its waters in which they pass their lives, it is obviously possible that the *Globigerina* may be similarly derived; and if they were so, it would be much more easy to understand how they obtain their supply of food than it is at present. Nevertheless, the positive and negative evidence all points the other way. The skeletons of the full-grown, deep-sea *Globigerina* are so remarkably solid and heavy in proportion to their surface as to seem little fitted for floating, and, as a matter of fact, they are not to be found along with the Diatoms and *Radiolaria* in the uppermost stratum of the open ocean.

It has been observed, again, that the abundance of *Globigerina*, in proportion to other organisms of like kind, increases with the depth of the sea; and that deep-water *Globigerina* are larger than those which live in shallower parts of the sea; and such facts negative the supposition that these organisms have been swept by currents from the shallows into the deeps of the Atlantic.

It therefore seems to be hardly doubtful that these wonderful creatures live and die in the depths at which they are found.*

However, the important points for us are that the living *Globigerina* are exclusively marine animals, the skeletons of which abound at the bottom of deep seas; and that there is not a shadow of reason for believing that the habits of the *Globigerina* of the chalk differed from those of the existing species. But if this be true, there is no escaping the conclusion that the chalk itself is the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

In working over the soundings collected by Captain Dayman, I was surprised to find that many of what I have called the "granules" of that mud were not, as one might have been tempted to think at first, the mere powder and waste of *Globigerina*, but that they had a definite form and size. I termed these bodies "*coccoliths*," and doubted their organic nature. Dr. Wallich verified my observation, and added the interesting discovery that not unfrequently bodies similar to these "*coccoliths*" were aggregated together into spheroids, which he termed "*coccospheres*." So far as we knew, these bodies, the nature of which is extremely puzzling and problematical, were peculiar to the Atlantic soundings.

But, a few years ago, Mr. Sorby, in making a careful examination of the chalk by means of thin sections and otherwise, observed, as Ehrenberg had done before him, that much of its granular basis possesses a definite form. Comparing these formed particles with those in the Atlantic soundings, he found the two to be identical; and thus proved that the chalk, like the soundings, contains these mysterious *coccoliths* and *coccospheres*. Here was a further and a most interesting confirmation, from internal evidence, of the essential identity of the chalk with modern deep-sea

commanded by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in 1860, living star-fish were brought up, clinging to the lowest part of the sounding line, from a depth of 1,260 fathoms, midway between Cape Farewell, in Greenland, and the Rockall banks. Dr. Wallich ascertained that the sea bottom at this point consisted of the ordinary *Globigerina* ooze, and that the stomachs of the star-fishes were full of *Globigerina*. This discovery removes all objections to the existence of living *Globigerina* at great depths, which are based upon the supposed difficulty of maintaining animal life under such conditions; and it throws the burden of proof upon those who object to the supposition that the *Globigerina* live and die where they are found.

* During the cruise of H. M. S. Bull-dog, NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII., No. 6.

mud. *Globigerinæ*, coccoliths, and coccospheres are found as the chief constituents of both, and testify to the general similarity of the conditions under which both have been formed.*

The evidence furnished by the hewing, facing, and superposition of the stones of the Pyramids that these structures were built by men, has no greater weight than the evidence that the chalk was built by *Globigerinæ*; and the belief that those ancient pyramid-builders were terrestrial and air-breathing creatures like ourselves, is not better based than the conviction that the chalk-makers lived in the sea.

But as our belief in the building of the Pyramids by men is not only grounded on the internal evidence afforded by these structures, but gathers strength from multitudinous collateral proofs, and is clinched by the total absence of any reason for a contrary belief; so the evidence drawn from the *Globigerinæ* that the chalk is an ancient sea-bottom, is fortified by innumerable independent lines of evidence; and our belief in the truth of the conclusion to which all positive testimony tends, receives the like negative justification from the fact that no other hypothesis has a shadow of foundation.

It may be worth while briefly to consider a few of these collateral proofs that the chalk was deposited at the bottom of the sea.

The great mass of the chalk is composed, as we have seen, of the skeletons of *Globigerinæ*, and other simple organisms, embedded in granular matter. Here and there, however, this hardened mud of the ancient sea reveals the remains of higher animals which have lived and died and left their hard parts in the mud, just as the oysters die and leave their shells behind them in the mud of the present seas.

There are certain groups of animals at the present day which are never found in fresh waters, being unable to live anywhere but in the sea. Such are the corals; those corallines which are called

Polyzoa; those creatures which fabricate the lamp-shells, and are called *Brachiopoda*; the pearly *Nautilus*, and all animals allied to it; and all the forms of sea-urchins and star-fishes.

Not only are all these creatures confined to salt-water at the present day; but, so far as our records of the past go, the conditions of their existence have been the same: hence their occurrence in any deposit is as strong evidence as can be obtained that that deposit was formed in the sea. Now the remains of animals of all the kinds which have been enumerated, occur in the chalk, in greater or less abundance; while not one of those forms of shell-fish which are characteristic of fresh water has yet been observed in it.

When we consider that the remains of more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered among the fossils of the chalk, that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and that there is no reason to believe that any one of them inhabited fresh water—the collateral evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea-bottom acquires as great force as the proof derived from the nature of the chalk itself. I think you will now allow that I did not overstate my case when I asserted that we have as strong grounds for believing that all the vast area of dry land, at present occupied by the chalk, was once at the bottom of the sea, as we have for any matter of history whatever; while there is no justification for any other belief.

No less certain is it that the time during which the countries we now call south-east England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, were more or less completely covered by a deep sea, was of considerable duration.

We have already seen that the chalk is, in places, more than a thousand feet thick. I think you will agree with me, that it must have taken some time for the skeletons of animalculæ of a hundredth of an inch in diameter to heap up such a mass as that. I have said that throughout the thickness of the chalk the remains of other animals are scattered. These remains are often in the most exquisite state of preservation. The valves of the shell-fishes are commonly adhe-

* I have recently traced out the development of the "coccoliths" from a diameter of $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch up to the largest size (which is about $\frac{1}{100}$ th), and no longer doubt that they are produced by independent organisms, which, like the *Globigerinæ*, live and die at the bottom of the sea.

rent; the long spines of some of the sea-urchins, which would be detached by the smallest jar, often remain in their places. In a word, it is certain that these animals have lived and died when the place which they now occupy was the surface of as much of the chalk as had then been deposited; and that each has been covered up by the layer of *Globigerina* mud, upon which the creatures embedded a little higher up have, in like manner, lived and died. But some of these remains prove the existence of reptiles of vast size in the chalk sea. These lived their time, and had their ancestors and descendants, which assuredly implies time, reptiles being of slow growth.

There is more curious evidence, again, that the process of covering up, or, in other words, the deposit of *Globigerina* skeletons, did not go on very fast. It is demonstrable that an animal of the cretaceous sea might die, that its skeleton might lie uncovered upon the seabottom long enough to lose all its outward coverings and appendages by putrefaction; and that, after this had happened, another animal might attach itself to the dead and naked skeleton, might grow to maturity, and might itself die before the calcareous mud had buried the whole.

Cases of this kind are admirably described by Sir Charles Lyell. He speaks of the frequency with which geologists find in the chalk a fossilized sea-urchin, to which is attached the lower valve of a *Crania*. This is a kind of shell-fish, with a shell composed of two pieces, of which, as in the oyster, one is fixed and the other free.

"The upper valve is almost invariably wanting, though occasionally found in a perfect state of preservation in the white chalk at some distance. In this case, we see clearly that the sea-urchin first lived from youth to age, then died and lost its spines, which were carried away. Then the young *Crania* adhered to the bared shell, grew and perished in its turn; after which, the upper valve was separated from the lower, before the *Echinus* became enveloped in chalky mud."*

A specimen in the Museum of Prac-

tical Geology, in London, still further prolongs the period which must have elapsed between the death of the sea-urchin, and its burial by the *Globigerina*. For the outward face of the valve of a *Crania*, which is attached to a sea-urchin (*Micraster*), is itself overrun by an incrusting coralline, which spreads thence over more or less of the surface of the sea-urchin. It follows that, after the upper valve of the *Crania* fell off, the surface of the attached valve must have remained exposed long enough to allow of the growth of the whole coralline, since corallines do not live embedded in mud.

The progress of knowledge may one day enable us to deduce from such facts as these the maximum rate at which the chalk can have accumulated, and thus to arrive at the minimum duration of the chalk period. Suppose that the valve of the *Crania* upon which a coralline has fixed itself in the way just described, is so attached to the sea-urchin that no part of it is more than an inch above the face upon which the sea-urchin rests. Then, as the coralline could not have fixed itself if the *Crania* had been covered up with chalk mud, and could not have lived had itself been so covered, it follows that an inch of chalk mud could not have accumulated within the time between the death and decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin and the growth of the coralline to the full size which it has attained. If the decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin, the attachment, growth to maturity, and decay of the *Crania*, and the subsequent attachment and growth of the coralline took a year (which is a low estimate enough), the accumulation of the inch of chalk must have taken more than a year; and the deposit of a thousand feet of chalk must consequently have taken more than twelve thousand years.

The foundation of all this calculation is, of course, a knowledge of the length of time the *Crania* and the coralline needed to attain their full size; and on this head precise knowledge is at present wanting. But there are circumstances which tend to show that nothing like an inch of chalk has accumulated during the life of a *Crania*; and, on any probable estimate of the length of that life, the chalk period must have had

* "Elements of Geology," by Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S., p. 23.

a much longer duration than that thus roughly assigned to it.

Thus, not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom, but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began or ended its existence is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made, in various parts of Western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions.

It has been proved that the old populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Esquimaux are now; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and it is probable that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia, than that of Western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them as they are to us, in point of antiquity.

But, if we assign to these hoar relics of long vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further

than your own sea-board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of sienite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the bolls of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn.

When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an autho-

rity which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further, and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris.

But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been

formed, but after its formation the time required for the deposit of these later rocks and for their upheaval into dry land must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theatre of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land for at least four alternations, and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length.

Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat.

All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous or still later date have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains, and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though in Norfolk the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear

of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But, great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants.

All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly, not one of the higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field in the days before the chalk were not our beasts of the field, nor the fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognizable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual but incessant changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period, and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling, if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress, if we follow the course of Nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind.

And it is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish, side by side, with

the groups which are now the dominant forms of life.

Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it.

But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things are some very modern forms of life, looking like Yankee peddlers among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shell-fish first became known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*. I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity, but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's-head lamp shell (*Terebratulina caput serpentis*), which lives in our English seas and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings. The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauriæ* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, sc

far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind.

But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation.

Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back, and ask, Why these movements?

I am not certain that any one can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said for certain is, that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect but perfectly satisfactory proof, that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence.

Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by other than natural causes.

Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case.

The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the back-bone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodile of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but, in

the cretaceous epoch, as I have already mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch; and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. (I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch.) Thus each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles, though all since the chalk have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for?

Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—Either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes.

Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense, in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and sixth days of the Creation.

On the other hand, I see no good reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodilian forms by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world.

Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a

great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent though nowise brilliant thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest," of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

♦♦♦
The Eclectic Review.

THE FOLK-LORE OF THE RED MAN.*

IF the subject is not of intense practical importance and interest among the affairs of daily life, it must be of some interest to the ethnologist and philosopher to watch a whole race gradually consuming and wasting away. Yet a little while, it has been said, only the lapse of a few years, and the Red Indian will be a creature as extinct as the Dodo or the Ichthyosaurus. Curious moccasins, and implements of warfare, and costume, canoes, cradles, tomahawks, calumets, and pipes, will be found in our museums. Dimly true and exaggerated portraits will charm in the pages of Cooper; the archaeologist will find a stupendous

monument in the pages of Mr. Schoolcraft;* the exploring emigrant, pushing forth the conquest of colonization, will break open some scattered *tumuli*, or come upon the almost obliterate remains of an Indian village, here and there; and such memorials as these will be all there will be left to the world to remind it of the existence of that extraordinary child of romantic barbarism, the Red Indian. When the European landed upon those shores, it is computed the tribes amounted to about sixteen millions: in 1842 they were estimated at about two millions, but we apprehend the process of decimation has made continuous and fearful havoc since then, and rapidly they are, no doubt, going through the process of extinction. War, colonization, that strange Juggernaut, civilization, with its attendant beneficent spirits, and gunpowder and brandy, are doing their work. We would not indulge in merely sentimental regrets; it should not be forgotten, in our sympathy with the worn and wasted Indian tribes, and the horrible course of injustice to which they have been subjected, that all their usages are not such as to commend them very much to humane ideas. They seem to be uncivilizable, and resolutely resist all absorption into the ways and usages of our social ideas; hence, they are driven on from settlement to settlement. Mr. Catlin denies that the Indian in general is a nomadic or emigratory being; he yields to inevitable necessity, retires before the march of those waves of civilization which sweep up to him and sweep over him like the darkness of night, to be resisted by no human power. Those who have lived amongst them longest ought to know them best. Men like Mr. Catlin and Mr. Schoolcraft have been drawn into their midst as if by a passion, and have spent long years in watching all their ways and observances, their mode of life and character; and Mr. Catlin, especially, pours out unaffected grief

* 1. *The Myth of Hiawatha, and other Oral Legends of the North American Indians.* By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D., Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

2. *Notes on the Iroquois; or, Contributions to American History, Antiquities, and General Ethnology.* By Henry R. Schoolcraft. Albany: Pease & Co.

3. *The American Indians; their History, Condition, and Prospects. From Original Notes and Manuscripts.* By Henry R. Schoolcraft. Buffalo: George H. Derby & Co.

4. *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America.* By the Abbé Em. Domenech. In two volumes. London: Longman, Green, & Co.

5. *Letters and Notes of the Manners, and Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians.* By George Catlin. In two volumes. London, 1841.

6. *Kitchi Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior.* By J. C. Kohl. Chapman and Hall.

* We have not referred above to Mr. Schoolcraft's immense book, scarcely known at all in this country, on the "Red Man," and of which we are so unfortunate as to have read only three volumes. The price of £25—we believe we are correct—must make it rarely attainable too ordinary readers. It is, however, the literary monument to the memory of the red man.

over the spectacle of their forced emigrations from their pastoral prairies and wilderness-homes. There are, it would seem, wonderfully fine ideals amongst the red men, who, amidst the ravages of colonization and that fierce and fearful foe, small-pox, for which they have to thank us, retain a pathetic dignity. Mr. Catlin mentions the story of Mah-to-tar-pe (the four bears). He was one of the most gallant of the Mandan chiefs, and when small-pox broke out, and swept like a destroying angel, until only thirty of his tribe were left, these were massacred by a band of Sioux. Mah-to-tar-pe was a friend of Mr. Catlin's, and the artist tells how this fine fellow sat in his wigwam and watched every one of his family die around him, his wives and his children. After he had recovered from the disease himself, he walked round his village, and wept over the final destruction of his tribe—his braves and his warriors—all laid low. When he came back to his lodge, he covered his whole family in a pile, with a number of robes and skins, and, wrapping another around himself, went out and sat upon a hill at a little distance, resolved, despite all the solicitations or the traders, to starve himself to death. He remained there for six days, when he had just strength enough to crawl back to the village; he entered the horrid gloom of his own wigwam, and, laying his body down alongside of the group of his own family, drew his skin or robe over him, and died on the ninth day of his abstinence. Such was the end of Mah-to-tar-pe. We think poetry, in its noblest flights, has seldom conceived a more sublime picture of natural, dignified human grief.

How far we should find our ideas corresponding with his, as he speaks of man in the artless simplicity of nature, in the full enjoyment of the luxuries God has bestowed upon him, shrinking from the approach of civilization, with all its vices, from the soil and haunts of his boyhood, giving the last look over the hunting-grounds of his fathers, and with dignity and grace, after smoothing the graves of his ancestors, turning his face to the setting sun, we are scarce able to say. Perhaps the picture has its other side, but it cannot be doubted that through those vast deserts and solitudes, in the

Red Man, in the beautiful visions recited round the wigwam fire, the wild religious ceremonies, such as the Buffalo dance, the extraordinary combination of a power of physical endurance with what must surely be regarded as, in many instances, a high degree of moral sensibility, the singular power of imagination, grandeur of expression, and generalization of the appearances of nature, their individuality of physical type, all mark them out as an interesting people, who assuredly may well, as they seem to fade away, claim some attention from the ethnologists or readers who are interested in preserving relics of an interesting people.

The Abbé Domenech, a faithful and enterprising missionary of the Romanist Church, in his delightful book, gives to us an account of the inhabitants of those wild deserts, perhaps even yet more entertaining and reliable; without being so close in its details as either Catlin or Schoolcraft, he surveyed them from a higher and more tenderly Christian point of vision; he does not sympathize with them less, regrets as profoundly the injustice they have been made to experience, but seems less impelled by the merely passionate determination to regard them only from an ideal point of view; his travels too were amazing, the amount of physical endurance with which he sustained his course through all those great deserts, tracking his way from Lake Erie, through Kentucky, through the regions of the Chickasees, Choctaws, and Cherokees, right along through the great Indian territory, the deserts proper, tracked by the Comanches, and Apaches, through the long distances described from beyond the Gulf of California, by the shores of the Pacific, through the regions of the great Serpent tribes, Shoshonees, up to the borders of Washington, British Columbia, and then back again, crossing over the great Prairie, the home of the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Sioux, the Pawnees, and those innumerable tribes whose names are better known to English readers; tracts of country representing thousands of miles of wandering from the Yellow River to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the valley of the Mississippi to the realms beyond the Rocky Mountains, amidst scenes

frequently of surpassing beauty, the regions of the lakes of the Red River, sheets of water, girt with fields dotted with flowers of every loveliness of color, butterflies of emerald and topaz hues, adorning the blooming bush. Chinese lilacs, and long lines of rose-bushes, diffusing sweet perfumes, and mocking-birds, and every kind of bird, sending forth their eccentric whistle or harmonious song through magnificent deserts, vast solitudes in which frequently he found no inhabitant, spending the long night, again and again oppressed by the infinite silence, or sometimes equally oppressed by the amazing music, the mournful chants of rivers and winds, seeming to him to lift up wondrous canticles to heaven amidst the solemnity of night, giving utterance, he says, to airs transcending in their effect the melodies, the sublime melodies of Beethoven or the touching strains of Bellini, from month to month roaming on through depths again of immense mountain chains, a chaos of torrents and rivers, porphyries, granites, basalts, and marble, lost at last in the immensity of the ocean or the immensity of the firmament; forests of cedars, oaks, and pines covering with their sombre foliage steep ravines and rugged glens, rising up to vapory peaks lost in the heavens. Then again through realms of ruin, through the ruined remains of other extinct people of the desert, through days and nights when the tempest howled and roared round, and all the trees gave forth weeping and sighing, which it was difficult to believe did not proceed from living human beings, tones which accounted for many of the cherished children of the Indian imagination. Such are the realms inhabited by the Indian tribes, such are hunting-grounds, such are the territories rapidly yielding, although thousands of miles are undisciplined to culture yet, to the advances of steam and civilization; and such are the realms of nature through which they have had to travel, and with which they have had to make themselves acquainted who would see the red man in his native home. Every glance of first acquaintance with savage tribes compels the question as to their aboriginal relationship, their remote ancestry; the red man has often seemed to us to suggest some descent from the Norse heroes, Scandi-

navian ancestries; our early fathers of the wild free forests and rivers of Germany had very much the same way of looking at nature, and the outlying worlds of the mystical and the invisible. Mr. Schoolcraft's little volume concerning the legend of "Hiawatha," and several other volumes with which we are acquainted, would form an equally interesting collection of a Red Indian "Grimmk." If it were not for the contemporaneousness of legendary outline, we might almost suppose that the stories had received some atmospheric tint from the mind of the narrator; but there seems no reason to think this; the imagination of the red man, his consciousness wrought upon by the surrounding sublime forms and sounds of nature, has enabled him, out of his own life of self-communing, to project these stories, dreams, and hallucinations frequently as beautiful as any to be met with in the Folk-lore of any primitive people. Longfellow, in his *Hiawatha*, seized one of the greatest of these popular traditions; and Mr. Kohl, in his *Kitchi Gima*, seems to have attempted to gather up those particulars, either of tradition or personal character, tending to illustrate the poem; and, bidding farewell to the scenery of his wandering and adventure, the accomplished traveller speaks of the regret with which he did so. "I left," said he, "behind me fairy tales for a new *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, and I had hardly succeeded in procuring two or three of them; rapidly disappearing nations remain behind me whom I shall never see again, and who yet appeared to me so deserving of a thorough study when I had myself scarcely laid my fingers' ends upon them." On every side this is the testimony these travellers bear, varying, it would seem, with the regions and tribes among whom they resided, and whose continued attachment to their wild heathen usages depends very much upon their nearness to, or remoteness from, the phases and forms of civilization. But the Red Indian has not to make the acquaintance of any of our readers; his characteristics we may presume to be tolerably well known; but the forms of the protracted endurance of the man, and the peculiar forms of his strange, wild, beautiful poetry and

tradition, these are not so well known. A savage is of course usually an incongruous creature. Sometimes, as we have read these books, we have thought, with all their sins, savageisms and shames, we ought to go among some of those tribes really to learn what Christianity is, certainly in some of its higher moral precepts; when we learn, for instance, of many of the tribes, that while the recitation of deeds of personal bravery, heroism, and even cruelty is encouraged, with all the exaggerations and effects with which the story is likely to be surrounded, a man convicted of a lie at a war-dance would be ruined for life, and could never regain the confidence of his countrymen; then again, the moral law among the Indians is, that as long as a man has anything, he must share it among those who want, and no one could attain any degree of respect who would not do this liberally; next to the liar the greedy accumulator for self is the most despicable of all characters; the rule throughout Indian life is, a man must first share with others, and then think of himself: cruel and fierce in war, hospitality and perfect good faith pervade their ranks in times of peace. Says Mr. Kohl, "We are here a handful of Europeans surrounded by more than a thousand Indians armed with tomahawks, knives, and guns, yet not one of us feels the slightest alarm; hardly one of us Europeans possesses a weapon, only the Indians are armed. For miles round, every bush conceals an Indian, and the wooden booths of the Europeans are filled with most handsome and desired articles. A ship-load of wares has just arrived; the block-house in which they are stowed might be broken open with a hatchet; there is not a policeman or a soldier near us; the sum of ready-money in the block-house in handsome new coinage amounts to several thousand dollars, yet not one of us thinks of locking a door or bolting a window; it may be said that the Indians for their own sake would soon detect and give up a single thief, and that a robbery *en masse* would soon be avenged upon the whole nation; but these," continues Mr. Kohl, "are reasons just as valid in Spain or Montenegro, but in neither of those countries could property or money be so exposed without protection!" Surely

this testimony may reflect upon the Indian character some tints of nobility. Mr. Kohl says, "that it is a characteristic, that their wisest, bravest, and strongest chiefs and warriors are their poorest; there are those among them who are beheld strutting about in medals, and European presents, but those vain scamps," said a person to Mr. Kohl, "whom you see here parading their silver medals, and other European presents, are not the influential chiefs and great men among the Indians; they ridicule them; the right men conceal themselves, and are worse clothed than others." Something like this we have noticed going on near home; but we would not be understood as attempting to draw a matchless and perfect character, although other traits seem to us of the highest; the power of immensely protracted endurance, almost incredible. The period when the young man passes his novitiate, and goes forth in quest of what he calls his dream of life, led by the eldest of his family, miles away into the depths of the forest, where a bed is arranged amidst the boughs and branches of some red pine, or tall tree; there, during days, three, four, five or six—the period is, we believe, known to be so incredibly long—he must lie, taking no nourishment, neither eating nor drinking, nor plucking the berries, nor swallowing the rain-drops that may fall; it may be in the fierce sharp cold by night, he must be overcome with its ice-drops, and by day with its scorplings; hunger, thirst, all the calls and claims of nature must be overcome, till in this dreamy, half-paralyzed state in which, if the body wakes, the soul is active and free, the dream of the life is attained. Through this, however, multitudes seem to pass, nor is it difficult to see that, if passed, such a fearful novitiate as this must give to the character a texture of immense endurance and strength. In that dream-state, many seem to hover on the confines of the two worlds, but they bring along with them back hints of a wild, beautiful spirit-land, to which they seemed to have travelled; moreover, hunger is one of the evils of life with which they have often, and usually many times in the course of the year, to do battle, and this early training seems to fit them for their life of future endu-

rance. Mr. Kohl testifies how the Indians practise many Christian virtues naturally, hence, they are quite easy to them when converted; that Divine injunction, "Take no thought of the morrow," does not seem so strange to them as to us; a Protestant missionary told Mr. Kohl how, on the borders of Lake Superior, he had noticed this in an old Indian woman whom he had baptized; he found the poor old squaw eating her last meal of maize porridge; she had a little handful left, and she threw it into the pot for the missionary. "Art thou not alarmed," said he, with some surprise, "at thy solitude and thy empty larder?"—"No," said the old woman, "I always pray well and easily."—"But surely thou art alarmed for to-morrow's meal?" he said. "By no means," said she, "God always sends me something at the right moment, even if I do not know precisely whence it will come." True, this was a converted Indian woman, but there is plenty of evidence that this kind of dependence upon the Great Spirit, the Great Father, is the property especially of many of the tribes. It seems, out of such a character and education as we have attempted to briefly hint, that we obtain those myths, fables, and legends, which Mr. Kohl thinks equal to the Arabian Nights; which we have rather likened to some of the stories floating through the old Folk-lore of Germany, and which often, in rich spiritual significance, seem superior to either. The Abbé Domenech gives to us the following

LEGEND OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE OF THE PRAIRIES.

One day, whilst in the prairie, the young hunter Algon arrived at a circular pathway, and yet there was not the slightest trace of a footstep to be seen on the surrounding ground. This path was even, well beaten, and appeared to have been recently frequented by numerous visitors. Surprised and puzzled by what he saw, he hid himself in the grass to find out the cause of this mystery. After waiting a few minutes in anxious suspense, he fancied he heard melodious music in the air, the sweet sounds of which reached his ears at regular intervals. Amazed, charmed, and with eyes uplifted towards the sky, he stood motionless, listening with still greater attention, and restraining his breath for fear of losing one note of the mellow rich sounds of that distant harmony which enraptured his soul; still he perceived nothing save an ex-

tremely vague white speck, like an object too far off to be distinguished. Gradually this speck became more visible, and the music more soft and agreeable, and as it approached the place where he lay concealed, he discovered that what he had at first taken to be a tiny cloud was no less than an osier basket containing twelve young girls of exquisite beauty, each having a sort of little drum, on which she tapped whilst she sang with superhuman grace. The basket descended into the middle of the circle, and the moment it touched the ground, the twelve young girls alighted, and began to dance on the little path, at the same time throwing a ball, which was as brilliant as a diamond, from one to another.

Algon had seen many dances, but none were similar to this one, neither was the music like any he had yet heard; and the beauty of those celestial dancers surpassed all that his imagination could conceive in the regions of the ideal. He greatly admired them all, but being particularly fascinated with the graceful manner and lovely complexion of the youngest, he determined to do all in his power to catch her. To effect this purpose he approached the mysterious circle slowly and cautiously, so as not to be perceived, and was just on the point of taking hold of the object of his choice, when suddenly the twelve young girls sprang into the basket, and ascending rapidly into the air, soon disappeared in the azure of the firmament.

The poor hunter gave way to the deepest despair, as with heartfelt sorrow he beheld the enchanted basket vanish, and from his dazzled eyes gushed forth abundant tears. He cursed his fate, and exclaimed, as he wept: "They are gone forever, and I shall behold them no more." Algon returned to his cabin, sad and dejected; his mind was absorbed by this extraordinary apparition, so that on the following day he could not resist returning to the prairie near the magic circle, with the hope that his treasure would again be there. He hid himself in the grass as on the preceding day, and lo! scarcely had he taken up his position when he heard the same music, and saw the basket redescend with the same young maidens, who, as soon as they touched the earth, began to dance as on the previous eve. Then, for the second time, he advanced close to where they were, but the moment they perceived him they jumped into the basket, and were going to recommence their aerial journey, when the eldest said to her sisters: "Stay, let us see, perhaps he wishes to teach us how mortals dance and play on earth?"—"Oh! no," replied the youngest, "let us quickly ascend, I am frightened;" whereupon they all began to sing, and started for the ethereal regions.

Algon went home more distracted and crestfallen than before; to him the night appeared so long, that he returned towards

the prairie before daybreak. While he was meditating how he could succeed in his third attempt he found an old trunk of a tree, in which dwelt countless mice; he thought that the sight of so small a creature would cause no suspicion to arise among the young girls, and, thanks to the magic power of his medicine-bag (amulet), he took the form of a mouse, having first used the precaution of bringing the trunk of the tree as close as possible to the circle. The twelve sisters descended from the skies, as they were in the habit of doing, and commenced their accustomed diversions. All of a sudden the youngest said to the others: "Do you see that trunk of a tree? it was not there yesterday." And she ran towards the basket; but her sisters began to laugh, and, surrounding the object of her fears, threw it down by way of amusement. All the mice immediately took to flight; but they were pursued and killed, with the exception of Algon, who, retaking his natural form of hunter at the very moment the youngest sister had lifted a stick to strike him, sprang upon his prey, whilst her affrighted companions got into the basket, which carried them up speedily.

The happy Algon wiped away the tears that flowed from the eyes of his conquest; he called her his bride, and sought by every means his heart could suggest to prove his affection for her; he loaded her with the most tender caresses and the most delicate attentions; he recounted his adventures in the chase and his exploits in combat; he conducted her to his cabin, using the precaution of putting aside, during the route, the briers and branches, lest they should knock against or injure the frail and elegant body of his beloved; and when he reached home he considered himself the most fortunate being on earth. Their marriage was at once celebrated amid every imaginable festivity, and the joy of the gallant hunter was still more increased by the birth of a son. But alas! Algon's young wife being the daughter of a star, the earth was little suited for her celestial nature; her health daily declined, and she wished to see her father once more; yet she carefully concealed her grief and sighs from her spouse, not to afflict his heart, for she loved him dearly.

One day, remembering the charms which could make her return to the skies, and profiting by a hunt in which Algon was engaged, she made a little basket of osier twigs, then gathered all sorts of flowers, caught birds, and collected every curiosity that she thought would please her father, took her son with her, and went to the magic circle; there she got into her basket with all her treasures, and commenced the song she chanted with her sisters in by-gone days, during their mysterious journeys. Immediately the basket rose gently in the air, the balmy breath of the

prairies wafted the sweet notes of her celestial voice to the ears of her spouse: that voice and that chant were well known to him. Foreboding some misfortune, he at once hastened to the magic circle; but alas! he arrived too late; he could only see a white speck disappearing in the clouds, and hear a feeble and melodious note dying in space like the last whisper of the breeze, or the last sigh of a babe. Then, with his loudest voice, he called upon his wife and son; all was useless; they were in the region of the stars.

The hunter, in despair, let his head fall upon his breast; burning tears gushed down his cheeks; his grief was secret and silent, but it was terrible and violent, like the subterranean throes of a volcano that finds no issue to vomit on earth its frightful fires. After two long winters of indescribable anguish, sorrow had at length made the youthful hunter wax old; but his grief did not grow old, it was ever the same.

Meanwhile his lovely companion, returned to the brilliant sphere of the stars, to the bosom of that bliss which she enjoyed in her luminous country, had almost forgotten the unhappy one she had left on earth; but the presence of her son made her remember him. As he grew up he wished to visit the place of his birth. One day the star said to his daughter: "Take thy child and return on earth, ask thy spouse to come with thee and dwell among us, and tell him to bring with him a sample of every animal and every bird he has killed in the chase." Then the mother, taking her son with her, redescended into the prairie. Algon, who was always near the magic circle, was so overcome when he saw his wife and son returning towards him, that he thought he should have died with joy; his heart beat with impatience, and shortly after he pressed to his breast the cherished objects of his tenderness and love.

According to the wish of the star, he hunted with extraordinary activity, so as to collect within the shortest delay as many presents as possible; he spent his days and his nights seeking the most curious animals, taking the wings of some, the tail of another, the paws of a third, and so forth. When he had made an ample provision he took all his treasures with him, and, in company of his little family, started for the heavens.

This is a specimen of the quite innumerable multitude of legends, which are really remarkable pieces of imagination. Such seem to be the things which enter into the texture of the Indian mind and faith; they sing them round their fires; they tell them during the long nights in their rude villages. We do not wonder that beneath the influence of such stories, Mr. Kohl declares, "the hours passed

away in such an instructive and pleasant manner, that he did all in his power to lengthen the sittings; that he watched the preparations for putting out the fire with grief, and that at midnight the evening seemed always to him to have been too short." The Abbé Domenech says, "that the whole religion of the Red Indian man is founded on a life beyond that of this world;" what can we expect but that it should be full of impressions to us most incongruous? this, however, may be said of him which we fear cannot be with so much confidence said of us, that the faith of the Red Indian, in the next world, very materially influences his behavior in this; to him heaven is undoubtedly a land of promise,—fair fields, and distant prairies filled with flowers, and trees, and verdure, a magic realm of health and happiness; while hell, on the contrary, is a cold and solitary region of ice and snow, and hunger and thirst. Far, far off, in the retreating west, lie the happy fields, where the good spirits walk with a firm step, beyond the bridge which spans the torrent, high up among the inaccessible mountains; such is the region of the Choctaws. The Delawares fix their heaven, their land of souls, where the good Indians go, in an island of immense extent and enchanting beauty; there, on the lofty and high mountain, dwells the Great Spirit; from thence he contemplates his vast dominions at a glance, and sees the course of a thousand rivers, clear as crystal, and shining like silver; and shady forests, and fields enamelled with every variation of beauty, shone upon by a sun that never sets, and yet is always mild. Among those beautiful regions, birds of the most beautiful plumage fill the heavens and the woods with sweetest melody; everlasting spring abides there, and all the blessed souls recover perfect health and strength, and never know a malady any more. But it is surrounded—this country of life—by a great and wide sea, and cataracts, and abysses, and tremendous waves. Across this the souls pass to the country of life, and there lies in waiting Waka-Cheeka, the Evil Spirit, to catch sinful souls. The cowardly, the mean, the fearful, and the idle cannot cross the bridge, they drop into the gulf below. Most likely the following legend is not unknown to our readers, for we think we have

seen it in several volumes of such traditions, but it is so charming, so richly simple and natural, that it may well be read again.

"A young Algonquin huntsman, distinguished by his heroic qualities, his manly beauty, and his noble pride, saw his betrothed die on the day he was to have married her. He had given proofs of his impetuous courage in battle, and the warriors of his tribe had admired his intrepidity; but now his heart was without power to endure the cruel loss which he had sustained. Since the fatal day which destroyed his dearest hopes, he knew neither joy nor repose. He often went to visit the cherished tomb, and remained whole days absorbed in his bitter grief. His family and friends urged him to seek a diversion to his sorrow in hunting and war; but his former occupations had lost all attraction, and his tomahawk and arrows were forgotten.

"Having heard the old men of the village say that a path existed which led into the country of souls, he resolved to follow it, and go in search of her whom he mourned. One morning he departed alone, and turned towards the south, guided only by tradition. For a long time he perceived no change in the aspect of nature; the mountains, valleys, forests, and rivers resembled those which he had traversed near the tombs of his fathers. The day before his departure, a heavy fall of snow had covered the ground, but by degrees, as he advanced, the snow became rarer, and soon disappeared altogether; the trees became green, the forests gay and smiling, the air warm and pure, and the cloudless sky resembled a vast blue prairie suspended over his head; delicious flowers perfumed the air, and the birds sang their most melodious songs. By these signs the mourner knew that he was on the right road, for they were in accordance with the tradition. At last, meeting with a pleasing path, he followed it, and after having crossed a pretty wood, he found himself before a cabin situated on the top of a hill.

"At the door of this dwelling stood an old man with white hair, whose eyes, though sunken, shone like fire. He was clothed in a mantle of swan's skin, negligently thrown over his shoulders, and in his hand he held a long stick.

"The young huntsman began to relate his history, but before he had uttered ten words he was interrupted by the old man, who said: 'I was waiting for you, to introduce you into my cabin. She whom you seek passed a few days since, and as she was fatigued by her journey, she rested in my dwelling. Come in, sit down, and I will point out to you the road you must follow to find your bride.' When the young warrior had recovered from his fatigue, the old man led him out of the cabin by another door,

and said to him: 'Do you see yonder, far away beyond that gulf, a great prairie? That is the island of the blessed; you are here on its confines, and my cabin is the entrance to it; but before departing you must leave here your arms, your dog, and your body. On your return you will find them again here.'

"The traveller felt himself become extraordinarily light; his feet scarcely touched the ground, and seemed to be transformed into wings. This sudden transformation seemed to extend to surrounding objects; the trees, foliage, flowers, lakes, and streams shone with extraordinary brilliancy. The wild animals gambolled around him with a fearlessness which proved that the hunter had never come into these countries. Birds of all colors sang melodies unknown to him, or bathed in the limpid water of the lakes and rivers. But what astonished him more than all was to find that he walked freely through the thickets of verdure without being stopped by the objects that stood in his path. Then he understood that all the things he saw were images, shadows of the material world, and that he was in the abode of spirits.

"After having walked half a day in this enchanted region, he arrived on the banks of an immense lake, in the midst of which he saw the Island of the Blessed. A canoe, made of a single white stone, and as brilliant as crystal, was moored to the shore; he threw himself into it, and seizing the oars, which were also of fine crystallized stone, he began rowing towards the island; but what was his joy when suddenly he saw his young and beautiful bride enter a bark like his own, imitate all his movements, and row alongside of him! As they advanced, the waves arose threatening and foaming, as if to swallow up the two voyagers; then they vanished again, to form anew as menacing as before. The two lovers passed through continual alternations of hope and fear, and their terror was increased on seeing through the transparent water that the bottom of the lake was strewn with the bones of multitudes who had been shipwrecked on the same voyage.

"The Master of Life had, however, decreed that they should arrive without accident, because the thoughts and actions of both had always been good, and they had lived in innocence. But they beheld many others, less happy than themselves, struggle in vain against the waves, and sink in the abyss. Men and women of all ranks and all ages embarked; some reached the port without difficulty, others perished on the way.

"At last the betrothed set foot on the shore of the happy island. They breathed with delight the perfumed air, which strengthened them like celestial food. They walked together in meadows, always green and filled with flowers, which did not fade when trodden on. All nature in this enchanted island

had been planned by the Great Spirit to charm the innocent souls who were to be its inhabitants. Cold, heat, tempest, snow, hunger, tears, war, and death were here unknown. Animals were hunted for amusement, but were not killed. Our young warrior would have remained eternally in this happy land with his betrothed, had not the Master of Life commanded him to return to his country to finish his mortal career. He did not see him who spoke, but heard a voice like the sweet murmur of the breeze, which said to him: 'Return to your native land whence you came. The time has not yet arrived for you to dwell in this blessed abode. The duties for which I created you are not yet fulfilled. Return, and give to your people the example of a virtuous life. You will be the chief of your tribe for a long time. Your duties will be taught you by the messenger who guards the entrance of this island. He will restore to you your body and all you left in his cabin. Listen to him, and you shall return one day to join the spirit you came to see, and whom you are obliged to leave behind. She is accepted, and here will remain, always young, and happier than when I called her from the land of snow.'

In this way, the religion of these people floats like a presence apprehended by them among their tribes, from generation to generation; it forms no system of doctrine; but Mr. Catlin especially maintains, that among the tribes with whom he held intercourse so long, he beheld peace, happiness, and quiet, for which kings and emperors might envy them; almost reigning supreme. He is by no means insensible to what Christianity would do for them; on the contrary, he implores missionaries to visit them, dispel their superstitions, and to seek to impart to them a purer and sounder faith, but he thinks morality and virtue the civilized world need not undertake to teach them. He maintains that the red man is everywhere, in his native state, a highly moral and religious being; himself a cultivated man, he declares that he has formed among them warm and endearing attachments, which he does not wish to forget, and that he has seen rights and virtue protected, and wrongs redressed, and the most simple and beautiful illustrations of conjugal, paternal, and filial affection. Such are some of the traits which reach us of a fine character, whose extinction we must regret, and who, amidst superstitions and follies of the most revolting descrip-

tion, frequently do, nevertheless, exhibit traces of a natural nobility, contrasting in a very striking manner with many of those human developments which are the properties of people who are supposed to stand much higher in the scale of civilization. The anecdotes illustrative of Indian character are so numerous and striking, that collected they would form a most interesting volume. A Pawnee, a brave man, the son of an Old Knife, or Pawnee chief, had by his singular bravery gained for himself the reputation of great courage, but at last, by an act of audacious daring, he put an end to the barbarous custom of burning prisoners to death. A young woman of the Cadouca nation was destined to suffer the horrible fate of a prisoner. She was tied to the stake, or rather gibbet, in the presence of the whole tribe assembled to behold the horrible scene, when, just as the fire was about to be put to the fagots, the young warrior, who had prepared unobserved two strong and swift horses with provisions for a long journey, broke through the circle of the astonished crowd, delivered the poor girl, mounted her and himself on the two horses, and dashed off through the forest, leaving the spectators thunderstruck at the bold, unprecedented action; three days they travelled rapidly through the deserts towards her own country, then he made her a present of the horse on which she rode, gave her provisions that she might regain her village without suffering from fatigue or hunger; and took his leave. He was so brave and popular, that when he returned to his camp, no one ventured to call him to account for his acts; it was regarded as an inspiration of the Great Spirit, and from that time the Pawnees ceased to offer up human sacrifices.

This story became known at Washington, and made a deep impression on the young ladies and young girls of a boarding-school, who resolved to raise a subscription amongst the members of the establishment, and with the sum thus collected to send a commemorative gift to the son of the Old Knife, as a token of their admiration for his noble conduct. They consequently had a silver medal struck, with an appropriate inscription, which was sent to the brave Pawnee, with the following letter:

"Brother,—Accept this mark of our esteem. Wear it always in remembrance of us; and

if thou shouldst have the power to save a poor woman from tortures and death, in the name of this souvenir fly to her rescue, and restore her to life and liberty."

To this letter the warrior made an answer, which, literally translated, ran thus:

"Brothers and sisters,—Your medal will give me more courage than I ever had, and I will listen to white people more than I have hitherto done. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have seen my good deed. They think I acted in ignorance; but now I know what I have done. I acted in ignorance, not knowing that it was a good action; but the medal teaches me that I have done well."

The letter of the young Indian has always struck us as one of the most illustrative marks of the character of the red man, in its simple confession of unconsciousness. A grand unconsciousness seems to pervade the life of the red man, and it may be questioned whether the character is likely to be improved when, in the language of the young warrior, he comes to know what he has done. This nobility of impulse, on all testimonies, seems to live in the wigwam of the red man; it gives purity and grandeur to his faith, it clothes his intercourse with other men in a radiant hospitality, and lends to his speech that which proverbially belongs to him, a strain of magnificent eloquence and poetry. Queer fellows, too. We are afraid to begin the recitation of anecdotes where such multitudes visit the memory. Mr. Kohl, we know, was often with them when they told their war stories—figure one rising in the circle with a long rattlesnake's-skin round his head, leaning on his lance: "Once," said he, "we Ojibways set out against the Sioux, we were one hundred; one of ours, a courageous man, a man of the right stamp, impatient for distinction, separated from the others, and crept onward into the enemy's country; the man discovered part of the foe, two men, two women, and three children; he crept round them like a wolf; he crawled up to them like a snake; he fell upon them like lightning; he cut down the two men and scalped them; the screaming women and children he seized by the arm, and threw them, as his prisoners, to his friends, who had hastened up at his war-yell; and this lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, was—I. I have spoken." Queer

fellows, we have said. We read of one a Sioux warrior, fighting with the Blackfeet; he sunk on his knees and let his weapons fall; they rushed upon him, brandishing their knives, for the purpose of killing him. "Stay," he shouted; "wait an instant before you kill me, I have something to say to you; you do not know yet who I am; listen, you have made a good capture. I have spent my whole life in fighting against you." Then he told them he was the celebrated so and so; he reminded them of all the forays he had made into their country, and described the innumerable occasions in which he, with his brother Sioux, had scalped or killed their people. The Blackfeet gathered round him, a listening group, all ears, leaning on their knives and hatchets, quite forgetting the fight; he had been watching his opportunity, and ended his narrative. "Ah, see," he exclaimed, "now you have me, now I must sing my death-song. I am wandering along the dark to the west, but I'll take some of you with me as company and attendance." With a wild yell he sprang up, seized a weapon, cut frantically around him, and killed and wounded several before the Blackfeet could recover their surprise, and cut him to pieces. Such craft and courage could only excite the admiration of the Blackfeet, who, whenever they recited the story by their village fires, honored him as a genuine brave. Plenty of secretiveness they seem to possess; we have sometimes wondered if they possess humor of character, very few instances are given; but we have before us a magnificent speech, heard by Mr. Kohl, from a great chief, full of stately eloquence and splendid sarcasm, against the whites, but the peroration is of the queerest. "Now," said the orator, "I will sit down, for I am not accustomed to wear these breeches which have been given to me; I will stand no longer in them; they annoy me, hence I will cease to speak and sit down;" and with this most comical turn to what is really a most eloquent discourse, amidst the applauding laughter of the whole assembly, he sat down on the grass. But all the traits of Indian life are neither admirable nor amiable. The notes of Mr. Catlin, which abound in intimations of his ardent affection for his Indian friends, contain

also the strongest illustrations of manners and customs far from beautiful; and these, even in the tribe which is perhaps farthest advanced—those who are called the hospitable and polished Mandans—such civilization as the red man has reached seems to be at its climax among them. Rain-makers are a faculty not indigenous to Red Indian soil; we have met with them in Africa, and we know the extent to which they flourish in China. In the season of drought the famous medicine-men go through marvellous freaks, well calculated to provoke amazing laughter. Mr. Catlin beheld several of these extraordinary exploits, but one especially in which Wak-ha-dah-ha-hee was the principal performer. Rain-makers never fail to succeed, for when once they begin their ceremonies, they never stop till the rain begins to fall; a second circumstance which adds to their fame is, that he who has once made it rain never attempts it again. The pantomimics of Wak-ha-dah-hee were especially remarkable, for while he was firing his arrow off into the clouds, and promising abundance of water from the skies, two things happened; first, a vessel came up the river, firing her salute. "Ah, my friends," said the rain-maker, "my medicine is great, I have brought a thunder-boat." He continued his vaunts and threats from his high place, and truly his predictions were fulfilled; in a few moments the cloud was over the village, and the rain fell in torrents. As Mr. Catlin says, it was a memorable sight; black thunder roared, and livid lightning flashed, and in a moment of consternation a flash struck one of the Mandan lodges, and killed a beautiful girl; he was rather alarmed lest his fame should be held from him; he ascended the medicine-lodge the next morning, and exclaimed, "My friends, my medicine, you see, is great, it is too great; I am too young, and I was too fast; I knew not when to stop; the wigwam of Mah-sihsh is laid low, and many are the eyes that weep for Kokai, the antelope. Wak-ha-dah-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for Raakai; his medicine was great, his arrow pierced the black cloud, and the lightning came, and the thunder-boat also; who say that the medicine of Wak-ha-dah-hee

is not strong?" A unanimous shout of approbation ran through the crowd, and the hair of the White Buffalo, by which epithet he was distinguished before, was changed to the more familiar and honorable appellation of the Big Double Medicine. The more horribly repulsive, because not ludicrous, but simply dreadful, is the account of that great annual religious ceremony among the Mandans, requisite for the youths who wished to be numbered among the braves; and who, after long days of fasting and watching, go through a course of torture, the half of which, it has been truly said, no European could survive, and which transcend the doings of the Inquisition; but the extremity tests the young Mandan's endurance, and fits him for those long courses of suffering and toil which form the red man's ideal. Mr. Catlin dilates at great length upon the whole course of the horrors as they were beheld by him; those who will not submit themselves to the tests of such ambition are usually looked upon with contempt, and are called dandies; of course, those who submit themselves are regarded with proportionate honors. The customs are, in many instances, cruel and absurd, but perhaps, with few exceptions, they have not the ordinary degradation which so marks the savagery of heathenism. Heathenism seldom seems an interesting aspect of human history, and the reflection, no doubt, often occurs, even in reading those annals of adventure which seem most delightful, how different all this would be, were we compelled to live with these people; and such probably would be our feeling, were we compelled to some years of residence among the tribes of those desert prairies. Yet again, it seems as if nothing can rob them of their strange interest; but the interest, no doubt, grows, especially as we think of them amidst their scenes of surpassing grandeur, their rich religious traditions, and their customs growing out of their religious conceptions and thoughts. What a usage that is they have with reference to the dead; the Chinooks, on the banks of the Oregon, wrap the bodies of their dead in skins, bind their eyes, and place on them the most beautiful clothes, then set them on board a canoe to drift, a floating tomb, as the wind and the wave

may carry it, out to the bosom of the great Pacific. Caressed by the evening and the morning breeze, insensible to the ears of the dead, it sails out into the far infinite, the mysterious voices of nature bearing the hymns and the sighs; grief sinks after the beloved one; or where the village is too far removed from the lake, the river, or the sea, the funeral canoe is attached, an aerial tomb, to the branches of the loftiest trees; some favorite spot is selected in a solitary and wooded island, or sometimes the floating sepulchre is moored in a little bay beneath the overhanging foliage, and dome of protecting trees. The red man likes to think that the birds of the wilderness alight on these funeral canoes. To him each song of a bird, or melody of wailing wind, is a melodious prayer; the funeral rites of the red man are among those traces of natural moral sublimity to which we have referred. Sometimes the deep forest becomes a cemetery; to those branches the red man carries his dead; there, by the fisherman, lie the oar and the net; or if amidst the great prairies, the lance, the bow, and often the war-horse of the hunter. Reverence for the dead is amongst the most observed of customs and traditions, and the Abbé Domenech tells how often, on the shores of the limpid lakes, or on the banks of the swollen rivers and solitary streams, or in the midst of primæval forests, or on the summits of hills and mountains, if there are tombs, men and women are seen at dawn, or at dusk, pouring out their lamentations, and weeping by the inanimate remains of the loved ones who are no more. A great number of topics occur to our observation in connection with the subject of the red man, upon which it is quite impossible at present to remark,—his ethnological relation with the great families of other continents, the music, dances, and songs which enliven his villages; his various forms of picture-writing; his traditions, which of course occupy the place of books, and make up a kind of oral literature, for the amusement and excitement of the circle during the long winter evenings, often recited in a kind of poetry, of pure naked thought, unadorned by rhyme or metre, and this furnishes one of the most interesting claims they have

upon any kind of literary regard; in many of these their religious systems shine forth, singularly illustrating primitive ideas and theologies. The poem of "Hiawatha" is founded on one of the most interesting and famous of such traditions; and if they could be collected, they would form one of the most singular embodiments of mythology any nation or age has given to us. Such are the Wyandot traditions of the creation; the story, coming from very ancient times, of the way in which God created the two great brothers, Good and Evil, and how they set out upon their travels, and what they saw, and what they did. Sometimes these traditions seem to be decidedly allegorical, and almost compel to the belief that they are the product of a later and more conventional age, like the tradition Moowis. A young Indian, in ancient times, loved a very beautiful girl, but she was a coquette, and his love was not returned; whereupon the distracted lover, being possessed of great power through his spirit, in order to punish and humiliate the young girl, gathered all the rags in the camp, and with snow and bones he made a man out of them; then he dressed him up in fine beads and feathers, and put a bow and arrow in his hand, and called him Moowis, and he introduced him to the young girl, and she fell in love with Moowis, and they were married, but when they set off upon their travels she found her husband gradually fell to pieces; first fell off the finery, then tumbled to pieces the rags and the bones, and the snow melted, and she found she had married nothing; and the young Indian girls have a song, to be heard often in Indian villages, "Moowis, Moowis, whither art thou gone?" We may suppose this to be the production of some ancient satiric Indian Thackeray. Some of the traditions have an exceeding wild and pictorial beauty, such as the White Stone Canoe, and Washashas, or the tribe that grew out of a shell, and the tradition of the Lone Lightning; others are of a more simple and domestic character; and the principle of allegory seems to pervade many of them, in a singular manner; thus in the theogony of the Pottowatomies we read,—

When Kitchemonedo created the world,

he filled it with beings resembling men, but perverse and wicked, who never raised their eyes to heaven in gratitude for the benefits showered on them. On beholding this ingratitude, Kitchemonedo plunged the whole world into an immense lake, and all its inhabitants were drowned. When his wrath was appeased, he withdrew the world from the waters, and created a young man of great beauty, who became very sad on finding himself quite alone. Kitchemonedo, moved by his sadness, sent him a sister to charm his solitude and be his companion.

After many years of happiness and innocence, the young man had a dream which he communicated to his sister. "Five strangers," he said, "will come to-night and knock at the cabin to see you. The Great Spirit forbids you to smile or even look at the first four, but you may speak to the fifth, and show him that his arrival gives you pleasure." The young girl followed the advice of her brother. The first stranger who presented himself was Usama (tobacco); not receiving any answer, he fell to the ground and died of grief. The second, Wapako (pumpkin), met the same fate, which was also shared by two others, Eshkossinien (water-melon) and Kokies (bean). But when Taaman (maize) arrived, the young girl opened her door, began to laugh, and received the stranger affectionately, and married him soon afterwards. Usama, Wapako, Eshkossinien, and Kokies were buried, and on their tombs grew tobacco, pumpkins, melons, and beans, in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the new-married couple. From this marriage sprang all the Indians of North America. It was thus that the Great Spirit, after having created man, supplied him with the means of smoking in honor of the Manitoes, and of varying his food by taking the flesh of wild animals and excellent vegetables in turns.

We have attempted to select some paragraphs and traits of this extraordinary character likely to interest our readers, leaving still nearly all unsaid; but the volumes we have referred to, and innumerable others, show to us how varied such existence seemed to the men, who found the Indian life as it passed before them far from monotonous; indeed the Indian seems to be equally at home, listlessly smoking at the door of his wigwam, watching the fantastic clouds, listening to the strange melodies blowing through the leaves of the virgin forests, and listening to the legend or the chat, or leading the life of earnest action in the hunting-fields, or war-grounds; though he does not seem to be a wanderer by na-

ture, but by necessity, and would never leave his tent of buffalo-skins and bark of trees, were he not pushed forth by his conquerors. We have innumerable anecdotes to show that with all he is a shrewd man. A merchant sold to an Indian a certain quantity of powder, assuring him it would grow like wheat; the Indian, not suspecting any deception, sowed the precious seed with especial care, and soon found out the trick that had been played upon him. He came back to the merchant, and took from him on credit an immense quantity of goods, which he carried off to his village; time for settling accounts arrived; the merchant, not imagining that he had been duped, in his turn went to ask the Indian for payment for his goods. "I will pay you," said the Indian, "as soon as the powder you sold me begins to grow." But with stories like these we could fill not merely our whole review but volumes, and our object only has been to point out to the attention of our readers the immense field of interest in the Folklore of the red man, perhaps of all Folklore most really deserving the name, because purely oral and traditional.

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The Eclectic.

LORD BROUGHAM.*

It was well said by a contemporary journal, in a paper we think far too depreciating in its tone, "that probably the hugest human phenomenon of our century has passed away in the death of Lord Brougham;" and this is doubtless true, although he lived so long, that, to the present generation, his name and achievements read rather like legends of another time than the actual performances of the present. The newspapers were richly lavish of their columns, and in the dedication of papers to his memory, which have no doubt been written, in most instances, many years, and have been preserved in their pigeon-holes, waiting for the moment which should announce the death of him who at the beginning of this century comprehended within himself many fountains of

highest fame, and was perhaps the most talked of and marked man in the public life of his time. But perhaps the reader who refers to the old file of newspapers will find, in the leaders written upon the singular occasion of his reported death, about the year 1838, how much more he was then regarded as the man and spirit of the time; especially we remember the leader in the *Times* of that date was a piece of eloquent eulogy, to which the more recent will bear no relation for nervousness and force; and we ourselves well remember the large sympathy in those regrets expressed, as it beheld, however, in illusion.

"The extravagant erring spirit hie to its confine."

It was a strange and heartless hoax, never, we believe, very distinctly cleared up; it added another element to the extraordinary in the life of this extraordinary man, and gave the rare opportunity to him of reading and knowing exactly what political foes and friends thought about him, and were prepared to say on his departure. It is a remarkable circumstance now, that, among the various papers his actual death has called forth, we do not remember to have seen any reference to this certainly singular circumstance of his life, the reported accident in which the ex-chancellor was killed among the mountains of Cumberland. It is a matter of some wonder as to what pen will be engaged upon the life of Brougham. We trust it will be no piece of mere hack-work; it may well tax a mind furnished by many resources, and of various aptitudes and powers of appreciation; while the length of the illustrious life, and its amazing agility and almost superhuman activity in so many departments, and in initiating and leading on great events and movements which have now settled into matters of history, or into the institutions of the country, will give to his life something of the character of the story of two epochs,—that epoch of our history when he arose; the epoch of war, slavery, national ignorance, and legal brutality, when capital punishment was the cheerful order of the day, and men and women were strung up on the gallows by the score at a time, for offences which could scarcely be dignified to the rank of crimes; the day, to use his own expres-

* 1. *The Life and Career of Henry, Lord Brougham. With Extracts from his Speeches, and Notices of his Contemporaries.* By John McGilchrist. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

2. *Opinions of Lord Brougham.* 1841.

sion, "before the schoolmaster was abroad;" the day when the nation was crushed beneath the weight and the huge coil of taxation, when there was no cheap press, and the ample page of knowledge was hidden from the eyes of the poor, and the slave trade in the name of England waved its black flag unintimidated over distant lands and seas; when the people at home were barred from all political power, and English statesmanship and representation were held in the pockets of a few rival governing families; when the country was, at rapid intervals, roused by the intelligence of riots, and when, to supply the waste of armies abroad, the press-gang pursued its cruel and diabolical career at home. The times have changed; and although we are perhaps disposed to think that what we call public opinion has effected the renovation, it ought not to be forgotten that Henry Brougham was perhaps the most considerable element in disseminating that light; his vehement force, acting in so many directions, most largely contributed to the inauguration of that new epoch, with all its sins and shortcomings, so gloriously unlike that to which we have referred. We do not remember that any plausible representation of circumstance ever betrayed him into the vindication of an abuse. Looking through his speeches and opinions, there is a marvellous harmony and consistency, and they are always found on that side where wrong and evil are denounced; where intelligence is invoked, to aid in the scattering abroad by every means the seeds of knowledge; to oppose oppression; to rectify cruelties, inequalities, or involutions of legal administration; to lighten the taxation of the people; to secure for them a wiser and wider representation. We have been surprised at the slight and few expressions of gratitude his death has elicited, how few acknowledgments have been made of what we owe to him. We are the children of light; our newspapers are abundant, taxes are removed from knowledge,—almost the very poorest man may have a school, and a newspaper, and a library. This has come about somehow; it has been effected by public opinion. We do not like to forget the men who have made the tools, by which the great changes have been effected. We cannot ascribe

the discovery of the printing press, or of America, or the application of steam, to that huge intangible extraction, public opinion. The honesty, earnestness, and intrepidity of Brougham made him a difficult man to work with; he was marvellously individual; he had few, perhaps none, of the accommodating ways of a successful statesman; his whole life—public and political included—had in it much of the apostolic. He could state and declare, denounce and describe; but this is a character which seldom goes with a power to manipulate and flatter, and fit in men to their different places in the great routine work of carrying out and giving efficiency to that which is known and felt to be right and desirable; so it happened that he fell very much out of the ranks of party, and, although a peer, he may be said to have died very poor, and we suppose a third-rate novelist would look almost with contempt upon the income, if we exclude that pension which he received as ex-chancellor, and which he obtained only by the renunciation of his splendid income as a barrister before his elevation to the woolsack. Brougham furnishes another instance to the many which have gone before, illustrating that the great benefactor of mankind gains little beyond sublime self-satisfaction; and singers, and dancers, and novelists—those who can amuse and tickle the taste and the ear—receive what the world would call the solid and valuable rewards. We merely state this, in no cynical spirit; a Brougham or Faraday would not wish to be other than so.

It is no part of our intention even to recapitulate the chief incidents of this long and mighty life; it would be quite impossible; and the reading world will, no doubt, be called upon ere long to look at it very distinctly again. The work of this poor little brief paper is fulfilled when a few sentences of admiration are uttered, and when our readers are reminded how a man may live so long, with even the very principles for which he battled through clouds of misunderstanding and obloquy, and vehement tempests of abuse and scorn, become wrought with the very texture of the times, the manners of the country. Things which all see now, which even astute conservatives would not only re-

gard as settled facts, but as religious and sacred rights, were those which, in order to obtain, Brougham and his great confederates spent immense energies, denying themselves of rest, and sleep, and recreation, in order to win. Some men seem born with certain instincts, which prevent them from going in on the paying side; they labor, and others enter into their labors; they sow the seed, and others reap the golden harvest, and perhaps affect to look with some contempt upon the honest farmer who cleared the brushwood, drained the swamps, and tilled the soil, because he does not continue still to care for that particular spot upon which his clever successor has reaped so preciously and plentifully.

Brougham was born in Edinburgh, in 1779. He was the representative of one of the most ancient families of Cumberland and Westmoreland; he was proud of the fact that his mother was a niece of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian. His earliest years were as remarkable as his more mature for his avidity in the pursuit of knowledge, and the originality with which he turned such knowledge to account. So early as sixteen years of age he prepared a paper, containing a series of optical experiments and researches, which was thought worthy of publication in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society; the next year, another paper was published in the same *Transactions*, developing certain principles in geometry, which excited so much interest in the scientific world, that the vanity of the author was gratified by a reply from Professor Preveorst, of Geneva, who must have been surprised to find that he was engaging himself in controversy with one who had scarcely entered upon the years of youth. Such circumstances illustrate the amazing precocity of his character, while it has further to be said and seen that his precocity was not followed, as is usually the case, by that fatal check and stunted growth which has been remarked in so many whose early career has been remarkable and distinguished. In Edinburgh, as is well known, he became one of a brilliant cluster of minds—Francis Horner, Mr. Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith; and to them we owe the *Edinburgh Review*, to which, from its establishment in the year 1802, he

became one of the most constant and chief contributors; and it may be mentioned in passing, that from his pen, we believe, emanated the severe critique on Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, which was rewarded by the satire of the indignant poet, in the publication of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. By travel on the Continent, by the publication, in 1803, of one of his largest works—*An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*—he was drawing the eyes of men towards himself. He had already attained a reputation for large knowledge, searching sarcasm, withering irony, for close argument, and for voluminous and marvellously effective speech, so that, when he was called to the Scotch bar, he instantly rose to a reputation astonishing when contrasted with his youth and the shortness of his career. But the Scotch bar furnished too contracted a field for his powers, and in 1807 he was called to the English bar, and to the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Shortly after, he became a member of the House of Commons, owing his first seat, for Camelford, to that very pocket influence which he so soon denounced, and labored with such strenuous energy to destroy. He had scarcely taken his seat before he moved an address to the king, beseeching his Majesty to take such steps as would put an effectual end to the traffic in slaves. Reviewing the work he did in those first years of his public life, it is impossible not to be struck by the indications of the strong and earnest reformer. His speech in 1811, on flogging in the army, seems to have produced a great impression at that time, and still more his defence in a legal cause of the Messrs. Hunt, the conductors of the *Examiner* newspaper, for an alleged libel, in which they reflected severely upon this odious practice. These are indications at the commencement of his public career of that great humane spirit which soon moved out through so many congenial fields of philanthropic enterprise and labor. The law of libel, the abuse of public charities, the denunciation of the infamous administration of Lord Castlereagh,—such were some of the subjects to which he devoted his attention, which, in any extended life, will receive copious consideration, which made him a marked man in the interests

of liberal ideas, which tended to win for him the hatred of the court, and especially of the Prince Regent, and which, when the great and famous, or infamous, trial took place on the elevation of the prince to the throne, between himself and the queen, pointed to Brougham as her natural defender against the cruelty and unscrupulousness of her husband. With that great trial Brougham's name will always be, not only prominently, but chiefly, associated. The popularity of the queen, no doubt, arose chiefly from the fact, whatever might be her personal merits or demerits, that the nation cordially hated the king; and Brougham's fearful invective and truly terrible irony upon the monarch can only be accounted for in the feeling that he as thoroughly and heartily hated the sovereign. Nor can it be a matter for surprise, as we refer to some of the compliments Brougham paid to his Majesty, which had indeed been prefaced before the trial by other similar allusions, both at the bar and in the House, that George IV. is said to have hated Brougham to his dying day. In fact, when the atrocious character of George IV. is remembered, when the reader reviews the obscene and debasing details and suggestions dragged by the lawyers of the court before the country upon the trial, it is to be remembered that Brougham was regarded as even something more than the vindicator of domestic rights; he was the bold censor of flagrant immorality in the highest place in the realm, and the vindicator of public morality as the shield of the nation. His speech was, like his cross-examination of the witnesses, not only most adroit and admirably successful, but, through the long succeeding hours during which he held the attention of his illustrious audience, he illustrated his mastery over every kind of eloquence; and his lengthened descriptions and dissections of the character of manifestly perjured witnesses enlivened the drier details of the trial, like the pages introduced from the charming works of a novelist or dramatist, soon to be followed by those crushing folds and coils of terrible and withering speech, in the power to use which he seems to have excelled all orators to whom we can refer, of ancient or of modern times. Men who sat while he was engaged in some of

these feats of his oratory describe it as the breath of an enormous asp; after scattering himself abroad, it was his habit to pick up and gather closer and closer together all the pieces of detail which had gone before, till the victim, and in those days Brougham usually had a victim, felt himself coiled round till he sank powerless in the strong grasp of that gigantic and crushing spell. What Brougham was in speech, we have ourselves had some opportunity of knowing; we are old enough to have seen him more than once in opposition, not in the most terrible moments of his life, but moments of sufficient intensity to give some idea of what he must have been when in the fullest prime of his powers, in all the heat and ardor of his life, and enthusiasm for that cause which he was determined to win, or against that foe he was determined to crush. It has often been remarked that his parentheses were amazing; in truth, they were a mental curiosity: if you had time to wonder, you might wonder how he could, or whether he ever would, pick up that apparently lost thread; but presently the involved became clear, the separated became united, and almost always they gave the venom to the fearful sting, in the power to inflict which he really seems to be unrivalled, and which might be a reflection upon the moral grandeur of the orator, were it not that it seems to us as if invariably the sting had to strike into some proud and apparently unconquerable wrong. Something of the kind of speech which marked the whole orator appears in some passages of the statesman of the reign of George III. Here is a paragraph. He has been describing George the Fourth's treatment of his wife during the first year of his marriage; at the end of it,

The "first gentleman of his age" was pleased, under his own hand, to intimate that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart, and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishment of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connection, even if their only child should die; he added, with a moving piety, "*which God forbid!*" *in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was*

as much his hope as the destruction of the mother. The separation thus delicately effected made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was, that, *instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one-half of its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.*

If the old man could write thus, when under the influence of no other feelings than those of memory, we may form some idea of the kind of speech he indulged when, with all his passions aroused, the whole of his matchless genius inflamed and intensified by hatred, and the nation behind him idolizing his part in the cause he undertook to maintain, he constituted himself the censor of the king. Among orators, Brougham has often been compared, or rather contrasted, and perhaps always will be contrasted, with his great, and, some would think, his more successful rival, George Canning. In an old book, now forgotten and quite lost sight of, we remember to have seen this contrast so effectually set forth, that, feeling certain it has been read by few of our readers, and really illustrates well the chief points of Brougham's character, we shall quote it, although a quotation somewhat of the longest. The quotation will certainly illustrate some of those characteristics of Brougham as an orator, which perhaps would seem to entitle him to be called "the Rupert of debate;" but the image would be misplaced; for Brougham, however vehement and fiery, was never rash, and, perhaps, had all his powers most under control when they were blazing at their hottest heat.

I wot not that there could be chosen two men, who, in their appearance, the structure of their minds, the style and manner of their eloquence, or the expression and manner by which they set it forth, form a more perfect contrast. Canning cometh forward, airy, bland, soft, and prepossessing: Brougham, lowering, stern, hard, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning hath an air of extreme elegance: that of Brougham hath exactly the reverse; yet, notwithstanding, on whatsoever side you view it, it giveth forth an indication of terrible power in the inhabitant within. The features of Canning are comely

to behold, and such as would entice gentle maidens to the phantasies of love; his eye, though well set, and sheltered under his supercilious protection, is withal lively and sparkling; and his complexion hath much of freshness and bloom: the features of Brougham are exceedingly harsh; his forehead riseth to a great elevation; his chin is long and squared; his nose, mouth, and eyes seem huddled together in the centre of his face—the latter absolutely concealed and hidden amid folds and corrugations; and while he sits listening, they retire inward, or are veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only conceal that appalling glare, which, when he is aroused, they shake forth, but also rendereth the mind of their possessor as a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. The passions of Canning sit upon the imposing campaign of his face, drawn up, drilled, and in ready array; and the colors and banners whereof they be severally indicated, wave and flicker to and fro with every turn of his own speech, and every return of his antagonist's: Brougham's are within, as in a citadel, secured and proof against all the artillery of eloquence; and whilst every ear is tingling at what he says, and the immediate object of his invective is writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retaineth its cold and brassy hue; and he doth triumph over the passions of other men, by bearing him as though there was no passion in himself. The whole form of Canning is plump, and sleek, and graceful; that of Brougham is bony, and harsh, and ungainly. When Canning riseth, he standeth erect, lifteth up his visage, and looketh round him as if for the applause of others: Brougham standeth coiled and concentrated, as if wholly satisfied with the power that is within himself. From Canning you look for something of wit and of the joyance of the spirit—something that is showy and elegant: Brougham is before you as a thing whose powers and intentions are all a mystery—whose aim and effect no living man may anticipate. You bend forward to catch the first sentence of the one; and in the specimen before you, you do feel our common human nature elevated and ennobled: from the very appearance of the other you do crouch and shrink back, and all unwittingly and unwistfully the bodings of ruin and annihilation do start across your mind. The one doth seem as if he were to strive merely for the renown of the victory; while the glory of the other appeareth to be altogether in the fight. The one seemeth as if he had always his dwelling among men, entering into their sports and their festivities, and becoming fat upon their praise: the other looketh a son of the desert, and as one who would deign to come among men only to make them quake at the greatness of his strength.

But their appearance differeth not more than the constructure and furnishing of their minds. Canning is a scholar—an elegant and an exquisite scholar, all must allow; yet he is still merely a scholar: Brougham, on the other hand, is more of a philosopher,—yea, in the most comprehensive meaning of the term. The illustrations of Canning are accordingly all deduced from the authors classical: while Brougham presseth the whole of the elements into his service. The one cometh upon his audience flaunting full in their faces all the flowery volumes of the muses: the other hurleth at them the whole mass of the Encyclopædia. Their first starting into notice is a sure finger-post to their minds;—Canning sparkled in the light and office-defending columns of the *Antijacobin*: Brougham enrolled his juvenile name in the Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society. The political squibs and disportings of Canning were exquisite after their kind; but their application was personal, and they had no duration: Brougham's paper on *Porisms* will continue to be read with interest while lines and circles form part of the body of science. Canning goeth forth as a lapidary, picking up gems of great value, giving them much polish, and fitting them for the diadems of kings: Brougham goeth forth like a giant with an iron mace, breaking the rocks in pieces, and preparing a path for the people over the most stubborn and untoward parts of the earth. You are delighted of the sparkle of the one; you admire the power of the other, but, admiring, you tremble.

The style of their eloquence and the structure of their orations are every jot as different. Canning selecteth his words for the smoothness of their flow and the music of their sound: while with Brougham the longer, the more terrible, and the more stubborn for the mouth, the better. Canning putteth together his sentences like a master of language and of euphony: Brougham, like one who knoweth much of ideas and concatenation. Those of the one are of moderate length, and always quadrable by the classic formula: those of the other can be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they do rise and run, and peal and swell, on and on, till each be often an entire oration within itself; but still, the hearer may easily see that it carrieth the weight of all which went before, and prepareth the way for all which may come after. The style of Canning is like unto a convex mirror,—it scattereth every ray which falleth upon it, and in whatever position it may be viewed, it sparkleth: that of Brougham is like unto a mirror which is concave,—it sheddeth no general radiance, but the light thereof is concentrated into one focus, wherinto if any heart or any subject be brought, it is softened and molten in an instant. Canning marcheth onward in a clear

and bold trace,—every paragraph is perfect within itself, and every coruscation of art and of genius, nor needeth, nor can receive aid from the others; the antithesis is sure to be pointed, the quotation happy, the joke exquisite,—you do feel all, and you do feel at once: Brougham twineth round and round in a spiral,—sweeping all the contents of a large circumference before him, and pouring them onward to the main point of his attack. When he commenceth, you do wonder at the width and the obliquity of his course, nor can you in any wise comprehend how he is to dispose of the vast mass of heterogeneous matter which he doth fish up in his way. Howbeit, as the volutions of the curve lessen, and the pole whereto it is to terminate appeareth in view, you do find out that all which he has collected is to be efficient there. I wot not that this power of concentration may be better cited than in a speech within the lower House of Parliament, wherein Brougham did make Canning start up and break, not only the rules of the Honorable House, but certes also the rules of decorum. It was touching backslidings from principle, and tergiversations for the lucre of office. At the outset it was disjointed and ragged, so that no man might determine the aim thereof. It did ramble over the records of the humiliation of genius at the throne of power, and of the dereliction of principle for the sake of office; and thence it did cull whatever was dark and degrading; but still there was no allusion to Canning, nor was there an object which ordinary men could divine. When, however, he had proceeded for a good space,—when the bundle had become big and black, he did bind it about and about with the cords and ligatures of illustration and of argument; then did he swing it round and round with the strength of a giant, and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and while thus engaged, he did ever and anon glare his eye and point his finger to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself seemed to be the first who was aware where and how terrible was to be the collision, and he did keep writhing of his body to this side and to that, and withal rolling his eyes as if anxious to find out some shelter from the storm. Anon the House caught the impression one by one; and had it been possible to spare one moment to reflect upon them, the gaping and grinning might have given cause of much laughter. By this time, however, the breath of every man in the House was held as of chains; a pen which one of the clerks did let fall upon the matting below was audible in its fall, even to the remotest bench of the gallery; and the recumbent members in the slumbering galleries upon both sides did start from their sleep as though their dreams had been, not of

the dissolution of parliament only, but of the dissolution of its present system of composition—yea, even of nature itself. The stiffness of Brougham's figure was clean gone; he did twine himself as lithe as the proboscis of an elephant; and, while his features were concentrated almost to a point, he did glare towards every part of the house in succession, and, sounding the death-knell of the Right Honorable Secretary's prudence and forbearance, with both his clenched fists on the table, he did hurl at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more agonizing in its effects, than ever was hurled at man within the same walls. It was as a thunder cloud cometh over some giant peak,—there is but some flash, and but one peal; the sublimity vanisheth, and all that is left is a small pattering of rain. Canning, high as he confessedly is, was shattered and ruined, in that he did disclose a weakness the most dangerous in the commander of the faithful; he did utter his angry and unguarded words, and then came—patter and common-place. Howbeit even here the self-possession of Brougham did not leave him; for as he did turn to snatch up his hat, and walk forth of the house, doubtless to make the only reply which as a man he could make to the Secretary, the fire which but a moment before had burned and blazed from every feature of his face, and given a quivering of fearful animation to every muscle of his body, was extinguished, and his wonted sombre hue and stiffened manner had returned.

I would yet cast one "longing, lingering look" upon these two great masters of eloquence, of whom the forms haunt the eye, and the words vibrate upon the ear, long after the oration has ceased, and the orator has withdrawn. The fine, frank, candid, and gentleman-like form and expression of Canning, as he standeth poising and balancing his glittering and pointed arms, do flit before the eye of the mind. He cometh upon us a thing of light; and wherever he passeth, there radiance and sunbeams are fled. But the brightness and beauty have no duration,—they are soon gone; and we do dwell with a deeper tone of feeling upon Brougham. He standeth dark and sallow; and as he playeth the accusing angel to courtiers and to kings, his lip doth curl and start with the derision which is matchless; his voice, sunken to a whisper, is yet more distinctly audible than the roaring of any other man in that house; and his words do fall heavy, solemn, and slow. One may not but think of that gloom which, according to our great bard Milton, did overshadow the creation when the sin of our first parent had added this world to the dominions of Death,—

Sky lowered, and muttered thunder;
and when, in the depth of this awful gathering, he hath drained the gall of a thousand

enormities,—when he hath condensed and concocted it to a poison more deadly than the Upas of the east: then doth his voice peal forth the harsh thunder,—then do his form and features dart forth the dark fires of the place of retribution; the storm is upon the wing, and

Iron sleet in arrowy shower
Hurtles through the darkened air.*

The speeches of Brougham, amidst the pressure of so many intellectual excitements, do not receive now so much attention as we are persuaded they are yet destined to receive, thoroughly well-informed as they are; it is in this power of irony and invective they are matchless. We may apply to them a word often applied, but we believe to no orations so justly, they are truly Demosthenic; they are studies of what may be called the thunder of speech, and not only when the climax rises, and, as the description we have just quoted, when they partake of the nature of a long-protracted peal, but when the irony seems cunningly, but not less terribly, to whisper along from sentence to sentence, as it were, the prelude to the storm which is to rush down at the close. Brougham was a great orator, and by his side all the political orators of our day seem comparatively dwarfed and feeble; yet this was only one—perhaps, after all, the most inconsiderable—department of his great and active life; yet when he retired from his more public career, that agility of speech, the result, as we gather from himself, of long and patient hours of study, influenced and gave beauty and force to his style in those delightful essays in which philosophy used the incidents of biography for the purpose of unfolding its lessons, or in which the matured and retired thinker sought to set forth the clearly wrought-out opinions of his age. We do not refer to the incidents of his life, his elevation to the wool-sack, his part in carrying to a triumphant close the discussion on the Reform Bill, or his disputes with his old whig colleagues; it was scarcely to be supposed that he should shine in courts, or be a favorite with the hangers on the smiles of royal personages.

* Things in General, etc., by Laurence Langshank, Gent. 1825.

Brougham was essentially an angular man; and it was not merely through life he had found himself, morally and politically, in opposition to the court. It can be readily conceived how little of that graciousness and suavity of manner he possessed, without which it is not only impossible, we should suppose, for any man in England to hold a place in a cabinet, or indeed hold any position where opinions have to be accommodated to parties, and much of individuality has to be surrendered. In Brougham's nature there was no conciliatory element; it is not too much to say that the House of Lords was never so bullied by any mortal as by Brougham when chancellor. After the passing of the Reform Bill, a rupture soon took place between the chancellor and his party. It ought never to be forgotten, to Brougham's honor, that he entirely separated himself from the ideas of Grey, and Russell, and Melbourne; for the last of whom, it may be well supposed, and some passages of arms between them quite illustrate the supposition, that he felt almost unmeasured contempt. He was utterly opposed to the declaration of finality made by his party; he regarded the things attained as little as stepping-stones to future advances. Compared with himself, the men with whom he had been laboring were ordinary men, statesmen of the hour; two of them, no doubt, with fine consciences, and considerable faith in their own whig principles. Brougham was far from a mere whig, and the principles for which he had labored had been rather accidentally associated with whiggism; they were rooted in the deeper principles of human nature, and, however admirable the constitution of England might be, they found their warrant rather in the constitution of providence and nature. His coadjutors were pledged to party. Brougham soon separated himself from party, and out of office his trenchant and terrible tongue became a galling irritation to some of the men with whom he had labored. We have referred to his celebrated tournament in the House of Commons with Canning; scarcely less remarkable was his passage of arms with Melbourne. The old exquisite irony was well proved; and in that place, doomed to decorum,

until within the last week or two,—the House of Lords,—noble peers were startled by this rugged apparition polishing up his old weapons, and glancing and glittering amidst their quiet usages with finely finished, but not the less cruel, strokes of sarcasm and wit. It was especially on the discussion upon the Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill, immediately after the ascent of the youthful Victoria to the throne, when Brougham had used the words Queen-mother, Melbourne, who was sitting near to him, abruptly interrupted him, exclaiming, "No, no; not Queen-mother,—Mother of the Queen." Brougham exclaimed, "Oh, I know the distinction between the two phrases, as well as my noble friend does; but he is a much more expert courtier than I am: I am rude and all uncultivated in speech,—the tongue of my noble friend is well hung and attuned to courtly airs; oh, I could not enter into competition with him on such subjects as these." Amidst these sentences the House, and especially the Tories, were in roars of laughter. It was pretty well known how Melbourne had oilily insinuated himself into the feelings of the young Queen; he was, in fact, an oleaginous man. Still, amidst the laughter, Brougham went on: "The notions of my noble friend are more strictly poised and governed on these points than mine are." Melbourne started to his feet, and exclaimed:

"My Lords, I took the liberty to suggest that there was a difference, not an immaterial one, in the present case, between the expressions, 'Queen-mother,' and 'mother of the Queen.' The noble and learned lord said that was a distinction only to be made in courts—a distinction only recognized where there is glozing and flattery—where tongues are better hung, as the noble and learned lord expressed it. I do not know what the noble and learned lord means when he says that my tongue is better hung. I cannot speak of the hanging of the tongue; and as to glozing and flattery, I must be allowed to say [here becoming very excited] that I know no man in this country who can more gloze, and flatter, and bend the knee, than the noble and learned lord himself—not me; and, therefore, when he says he cannot compete with me in those arts, I beg leave to say I feel myself totally unable to compete with him, when he finds an opportunity, or an occasion offers for exercising them."

Brougham now started up, and said,—
"I positively and solemnly deny, and I call

on the noble viscount to produce his proofs, that I ever in my life did, and, more than that, that I ever in my nature was capable of doing, that which the noble viscount has chosen to-night, unprovoked, to fling out as a charge against me."

MELBOURNE. No, no; not unprovoked.

BROUGHAM. Yes, unprovoked; I say, utterly unprovoked. I spoke in as good-humored a tone, with as perfectly inoffensive a meaning, as it was possible for man to speak or for man to feel, when the noble viscount observed, with a contemptuous sort of air, that I should not say "Queen-mother," but "mother of the Queen;" as much as to intimate, "Oh, you know nothing of these things; you don't speak the language of courts." I said, "Far be it from me to enter into competition with the noble viscount, whose tongue is now attuned and hung to courtly airs." The noble viscount answers that by saying he cannot enter into competition with me in the hanging of the tongue. It was not the hanging of the tongue I spoke of, it was the attuning of the tongue—the new tune, with recent variations.

The exquisite sarcasm conveyed in these last words was received with another burst of laughter. Brougham resumed—

"The new tune, with recent variations, to which the noble viscount's tolerably well-hung tongue had now attained. That the noble viscount should take such an opportunity to level a charge at me, which he knows to be—which he must feel and know, when he comes calmly to reflect on it—is utterly and absolutely, and, I may add, notoriously, inapplicable to me, produced, I must own, in my mind, not of late unaccustomed to feelings of astonishment, some little degree of surprise. I repeat what I have already said—first, that the imputation or insinuation that I ever, in the discharge of my duty, stooped to gloze, or to bow before, or to flatter any human being, much more any inmate of a court, is utterly, absolutely, and, I will say, notoriously, without foundation. The next part of the insinuation is, if possible, equally groundless—that, if I had an opportunity of having recourse to these arts, per-adventure I should excel in them. I want no such opportunity. If I did, I have the opportunity. I disdain it. No access which I have had has ever, to the injury of others, to the betrayal of duty, to my own shame, been so abused, not even for one instant; and opportunity to abuse it I have, if I were base enough so to avail myself of it."

Honest, outspoken, exceedingly loved by those who knew him in private life, by men who, like himself, had a conscience and a soul, it must be admitted that the tone he adopted in the proud

chamber of the peers was, as we have already said, wholly unconciliatory. In urging upon the House the passing of the Reform Bill, he plainly told the peers he had condescended in coming into their midst.

"Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present Cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection, and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions, and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say that, in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all in the aristocratic institutions of the State. I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the State, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated station of representative for Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons—I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition; and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?"

He often pretty distinctly glanced, in his speeches, at the wrack and ruin which must almost inevitably pass over a man's moral nature before he could succeed as a placeman, as in the following paragraph:

Talk of "midnight oil" and the "sweat of the brow!" Will this avail a man under the present system? Why, a man may waste all the oil in his cruets, and he may waste the sweat of his brow until there is no more sweat to come out of it, and all this will avail him nothing; he must go to the poor-house, he must apply to the parish for relief, unless he can render himself acceptable, not to the public, but to the minister of the day, and obtain a place. Even getting a place will avail you nothing if you wish to remain conscientiously in office; for if you happen to differ from the minister on a subject of great importance, and take the liberty of stating your opinion, out of office you go, and you get no pension, because you have not held it long enough. No; you must put your conscience under a bushel, you must shut your eyes to all abuses, you must render yourself quite acceptable to the Government for three years, otherwise you will lose your place and your chance of pension.

We think there can be no doubt that Brougham was thoroughly honest when he expressed, again and again, his exultation at his escape from the slavery of office; indeed, men to whom such ambitions are pre-eminently attractive, especially when the ambition is accompanied by almost matchless power, usually find little difficulty in realizing it. Brougham had been preceded by Eldon, whose tenacity for office was ludicrously proverbial. It is said that of him Brougham had exclaimed, "Do you think that he would resign his office? that he would quit the great seal? Prince Hopenlo is nothing to the man who could effect such a measure; a more chimerical dream never entered the brain of a distempered poet." In a similar vein of extraordinary sarcasm he ridiculed the patience, courage, and forbearance from all selfish considerations with which that old man clutched the seals of power, avowing his belief "that the old Lord Chancellor considered that in the seals he held an estate for life." Brougham, on the contrary, in his great Liverpool speech, certainly one of the most extraordinary of all his orations, whether for the grandeur of some of its climaxes, its passages of personal vindication, its glances at the character of great statesmen, or its little lights of autobiography, poured out the following exultation over his liberation from office:

If it were not somewhat late in the day for moralizing, I could tell of the prerogatives, not so very high,—the enjoyments, none of the sweetest,—which he loses who surrenders place, oftentimes misnamed power. To be responsible for measures which others control, perchance contrive; to be chargeable with leaving undone things which he ought to have done, and had all the desire to do, without the power of doing; to be compelled to trust those whom he knows to be utterly untrustworthy; and on the most momentous occasions, involving the interests of millions, implicitly to confide in quarters where common prudence forbade reposing a common confidence; to have schemes of the wisest, the most profound policy judged and decided on by the most ignorant and the most frivolous of human beings, and the most generous aspirations of the heart for the happiness of his species, chilled by frowns of the most selfish and sordid of his race:—these are among the unenviable prerogatives of place,—of what is falsely called power in this country; and yet I doubt if there be not

others less enviable still. To be planted upon the eminence from whence he must see the baser features of human nature, uncovered and deformed; witness the attitude of climbing ambition from a point whence it is only viewed as creeping and crawling, tortuous and venomous, in its hateful path; be forced to see the hideous sight of a naked human heart, whether throbbing in the bosom of the great vulgar, or of the little, is not a very pleasing occupation for any one who loves his fellow-creatures, and would fain esteem them; and, trust me, that he who wields power and patronage for but a little month, shall find the many he may try to serve furiously hating him for involuntary failure—while the few whom he may succeed in helping to the object of all their wishes, shall, with a preposterous pride (the most unamiable part of the British character), seek to prove their independence by showing their ingratitude, if they do not try to cancel the obligation by fastening a quarrel upon him.

Yet to even all this I might have reconciled myself, from a desire to further great measures, and from the pleasure which excitement gives to active minds, or, if you will, from the glory which inspires ambitious notions among statesmen, as well as conquerors. But worse to be endured than all, was the fetter and the cramp imposed on one used to independence,—the being buried, while yet alive, to the people's condition and claims,—buried in the house of form and etiquette appointed for all ministers. Who, then, can marvel at the exultation which I feel to shake and to brace every fibre of my frame, when, casting off these trammels—bursting through the ceremonies of that tomb—I start into new life, and resume my position in the van of my countrymen, struggling for their rights, and moving onwards in the accelerated progress of improvement, with a boundless might and a resistless fury, which prostrate in the dust all the puny obstacles that can be raised by the tyranny of courts and their intrigues—the persecution of bigots and their cunning—the sordid plots of greedy monopolists, whether privileged companies, or overgrown establishments, or corrupt municipalities?

In this proud position I am now placed, and I have no desire at all to leave it. I am once more absolutely free—the slave of no party—at the mercy of no court intrigue—in the service of my country, and of that only master. Firm on this vantage ground, it must indeed be an honest government, and a strong one,—a government which promises much for the people, and is capable of accomplishing much of what it promises,—that can ever tempt me to abandon my independence in the front of my countrymen, and enlist with any ministry whatever.

By this resolution it would appear he continued steadfastly to abide. He was

never reconciled to the party of whom it may possibly remain doubtful whether he abandoned it or it abandoned him; on the other hand, he never became renegade: he united himself with no adverse party, but continued to faithfully fulfil his duties as a judicial peer, in a manner eminently exemplary, while working in his study, in the months when liberated from public labor, upon manifold essays, many of which, for their perfect beauty of style, are among the most choice illustrations of elegance and strength in the prose writings of our language; yet, during the brief period he held the seals, he effected more for the country than perhaps any other great law lord who ever entered Westminster Hall. Eldon had allowed cases to accumulate fearfully, as Brougham had said in the speech we have already quoted. "His patience under the painful circumstances of such a protracted holding of the seals of office, was only rivalled by the fortitude with which he bore the prolonged distress of the suitors in his own court." Brougham, in an amazingly brief time, heard and dispatched long-standing cases; the rapidity with which he did it, of course, provoked amazing displeasure among lawyers; but there are multitudes who think that it is to his lasting praise he purged chancery of its arrears, in a quick, but not at all in an unsatisfactory or unthinking, manner. He did what was eminently wanted at the time; and it was his boast that not one of his decisions as chancellor, hastily given as they were, was reversed by an appeal to the House of Peers.

Brougham was so various and omnific a man, that merely to touch upon the chief characteristics of his eminence is quite impossible. Few men indeed, who have led so active a life, who have stood so prominently forward at the head of great national affairs, have possessed a reputation so entirely separated and distinct from the more prominent portions of their fame; but through all departments it was the useful which especially claimed and captivated his attention. He was eminently a child of the understanding; his intellect was built up from the things which are seen. His creed upon things of the mind and of human nature would probably be very much such a one as Lord Macaulay would have

sketched. Indifferent to the powers and graces of poetry, he could not altogether have been; but with the new races and schools of poets and poetry, we suppose, he had no sympathy. We believe he was never reconciled to Byron; if Jeffrey ever needed urging to renewed hostility to the schools of Wordsworth and Coleridge, he no doubt found a hearty backer in Brougham; and when Carlyle began to contribute to the *Edinburgh* those magnificent papers which completely set aside some of its preceding verdicts on *Burns*, on *Richter*, and on *German Literature*, Brougham is reported to have said, "I declare to you, if you allow that man to write another paper, I'll write for you no more." Brougham belonged to an order of men having little sympathy with, and not disposed to place among the subjects of their close acquaintance and intimate knowledge, the transcendentalisms either of metaphysics, poetry, or science. A man's training usually fixes the poles of his mind, even when it is boldly original, and when it is yet unable entirely to dominate his whole character; and the schools of Scotland, St. Andrews, and Edinburgh, when Brougham was a youth, would not prepare his intelligence for much appreciation of that large new realm which seems to have been laid bare to more of the speculative by the teachings of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Cousin; in our own country we may add Coleridge and Carlyle. Following, however, in the discipline to which his mind had been accustomed, and which indeed was in harmony with all the labors of his life, his practical, sagacious, and legal intelligence, he devoted himself to the cultivation of the visible, the tangible, the useful. The same spirit which animated him in his intercourse with such men as Bentham and Romilly influenced his studies when he left the more public walk, or when that public walk became comparatively a secluded one, separated from the noisy highway of politics, and reserved for the feet of those who desired even more to see the human mind informed, than the powers of class privilege broken; hence his work in connection with mechanics' institutes, which were to him and to his idea something more resembling what we now know as the people's college, than that great misnomered thing the

mechanics' institute, has usually become; then his work in connection with the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, which long squibs were wont to satirize as the Society for the Promotion of *Useless Knowledge*. Aided by him, the first cheap periodicals were launched, and multitudes of those delightful volumes were published, which first unrolled in a cheap form the ample page of knowledge to the comparatively poor. His delightful *Essay on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science*, written in the pressure and crowd of his multitudinous affairs, was one of the first and most earnest words addressed to the people, inviting them to a knowledge of those great subjects, which, while they entertain, instruct, and, while they lift the mind above the merely sensual, admit it into the knowledge of the durable, the knowledge of itself, and of beings like itself—not of clay—the beings of the mind. He had scarcely left behind him the toils and misunderstandings of the wool-sack, before he resumed his labors in such departments as these, which must have been comparatively suspended, and he commenced the publication, in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell, of his delightful edition of *Paley's Natural Theology*, introducing it by a volume from his own pen, an introductory discourse on the *Nature of the Evidences and Advantages of the Study of Natural Theology*; and whatever may be remarked upon the essay itself, from other points of view, there can be no doubt of its especial interest as dealing with one department of thought, to which Paley makes but little, if any, reference at all. The evidence arising from the nature of the human mind itself, the notes of Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell, and the addition of the papers on *Animal Mechanics*, from the pen of the distinguished surgeon, and published by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, render the edition most complete and valuable. The mind of Brougham was eminently fitted to see and to appreciate the argument for natural theology; nor is it our purpose here to remark upon the argument, but simply to adduce this piece of labor as another illustration, not only of his laboriousness, but his devotion to the useful and apprehensible in

all the work to which he set his hand; not in the mere slavish sense of being chained to all the dogmas of the school bearing that name, but yet in a very distinct sense he was a utilitarian. The gospel of utility needed apostles when Brougham began his career, and still the necessity for the question, *cui bono?* is scarcely worn out; we know the question may be put until it seems to lose sight of some of the highest functions and ordinances of nature. Brougham's was no sentimental mind; he saw society covered with brushwood, the thick miasma plantations of ignorance and superstition growing out of antique absurdities and abuses, and he went into the backwoods, axe in hand, to clear and sweep the ground free. Seldom, perhaps never, is one high class of faculty held in conjunction with another. Only for a moment, out of their large lives of intense contemplation, can Dante or Michael Angelo be permitted to become soldiers; and Brougham was essentially a man of action, and he looked on things and men from the point of view of the man of action; to have looked at them from another point of view might scarcely have widened and given intensity to his own vision, while it would have assuredly taken something from the nerve and force of his arm. There was much in him of the genius of common sense; he discussed, as a public man, the great questions which arose, with a mind informed by the common-sense view; he brought amazing genius to aid in all this; but, as we look through his opinions upon innumerable matters, they are seen consistently to harmonize in views of righteousness and justice,—even the new poor law, which at present does need, and must receive, a most distinctive attention and thorough emendation, was, when framed—principally beneath his vigilance, and carried greatly by his energy—as necessary an act as could well be conceived for correcting the enormous mischiefs of the old administration. This clear order of mind, like his style of oratory, struggling into clearness through immense and circumvolving folds of inquiry and doubt, gave to his style, when in the later years of his life he sat down quietly in his study to prepare his volumes, that translucent clearness which is the great charm espe-

cially of his biographic compositions. Few men could be selected as more distinctly and comprehensively representing their time than Lord Brougham; but, copious as were the papers which appeared, when it was found he had passed away, scarcely any very adequate appreciation was pronounced from any pen; he had very much ceased to be the man of influence and action. A man cannot be very obviously active or perhaps influential at ninety years of age. We have not written this paper with any such vain and foolish idea as that we may supply such lack of competent criticism; we have been rather desirous of recalling the apparently fleeting memories to the claims the departed venerable orator and philosopher has upon the gratitude of our time. Certain it is that from his works may be found strongly expressed convictions on many of those matters which at present are topics of public interest, while most of those doctrines which are now considered to be unwrought with the conditions of our national greatness, received his warm and ardent support and championship, before they became things settled.

Of Brougham as a novelist we have no space to speak. One novel certainly emanated from his pen—*Albert Lunel*. He probably was dissatisfied with it; for he, in the course of a short time, did his utmost to withdraw it from circulation; nor was this, probably, any fitting field for the development of his powers. Our readers do not need to be informed that the orator, philosopher, statesman, judge, philanthropist, and writer quietly passed away in sleep, on Thursday night, May 7th, 1868, apparently without any struggle or pain; he was upon the threshold of completing his ninetieth year. It is probable that before long some monument, we trust a worthy one, will be erected to his memory; like the noble monument to the memory of his great rival, Canning, we trust it may stand conspicuously to adorn that spot which is as the field, the very *campus martius* of the contending masters of statesmanship and eloquence; but the foremost feeling with us, as this great career closes, is the sense of forgetfulness and almost oblivion which passes over the recollection of acts once so constantly on the lips of men. In the memory of a great man

we lose the nice points which went to make up his fame, and see him simply as a whole, and receive the report of him without the power to enter into those items which made him famous. Few will remember that multitudes in England, in 1812, believed that to him the peace and commerce of England were indebted for their salvation in an hour of great peril, and that by efforts he put forth, not in combination with any political party. Few will be at all aware of the floods of pamphlets poured from the press against him as question after question emerged, and especially in his intrepid endeavors to correct the enormous abuses of the charities of England; on the other hand, few will know that for these and such-like exertions the *Quarterly Review* proved him to be at one time an Ahitophel, and at another and later period employed its pages for the purpose of running a parallel between his character and that of Judge Jeffreys, in his judicial career; as few will care to inquire what are the consequences of his review of Dr. Young's *Theory of Light*. Only this is known, a man has passed away, who, perhaps, has filled in his time a larger sphere, whether by the work he did or what men said and feared about that work, than any other man of his epoch. He only lived so long that, on the one hand, there were those who forgot entirely what they owed to him; while, on the other were those who came to suppose that what he had greatly effected for them, they had effected for themselves.

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Fraser's Magazine.

NEWS FROM SIRIUS.

BY R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

AUTHOR OF "SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM," ETC., ETC.

THERE are certain problems in astronomy which have never been satisfactorily solved, though they seem at first sight to present no features of special difficulty, or even to be quite similar in character to other problems which have been found easy of solution. For example, astronomers were for a long time unable to determine the weight of the planet Mercury; and the estimate now accepted is far from being a satisfactory one. Similar difficulties have been encountered in the attempt to estimate the

weight of Venus and Mars. Yet these are the nearest of the planets; and Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, which are so much farther from us, have long since been accurately weighed. We have seen, also,* that the features of Mars—his oceans, continents, and polar ice-caps—have been satisfactorily delineated, while those of Venus, our nearest neighbor among the planets, remain altogether unknown. Again, we have learned what elements exist in many of the fixed stars, although the nearest of these bodies is more than two hundred thousand times farther from us than the sun; yet we know nothing of the physical constitution of the planets, or even of our near neighbor the moon.

Amongst other problems which have hitherto appeared insoluble, is that of determining whether the stars have any motion directly towards or from the earth.

We can form an estimate of the stars' transverse motions, because these result in an apparent change of place. And in the few instances in which we are acquainted with a star's distance, the knowledge of its apparent transverse motion enables us to ascertain the real rate (in miles per year) at which the star is speeding onwards through celestial space. It has been noticed, for instance, that a certain star called 61 Cygni has an annual motion so considerable that in about 350 years the star would be shifted over a space in the heavens equal to the moon's apparent diameter. Now it happens that this star is one of the few with whose distance from us we are acquainted. In fact, so far as observation has yet gone, this star is nearer to us than any in the northern heavens. Knowing the star's real distance, we can translate the star's apparent motion into real transverse motion in miles per annum. When this has been done, it results that the star is moving over nearly 1,450 millions of miles annually, in a direction at right angles to the line of sight. This motion is equivalent to about forty miles per second.

But the star may really be moving much more rapidly through space. For besides this transverse motion, it may

have a motion of approach or recession with respect to the earth. A motion of this sort would, of course, produce no effect on the star's apparent position. The only effect it could have would be to increase or diminish the star's apparent brightness. But so enormous is the distance of the fixed stars that no effect of this sort could be expected to take place. For, let us suppose that 61 Cygni is approaching us at the rate above assigned to the star's transverse motion—that is, at the rate of 1,450 millions of miles in a year. This space, enormous as it seems, scarcely exceeds the fifty-thousandth part of the star's distance; so that in a thousand years the star would not be nearer to us by more than one-fiftieth part of its present distance.

It seems, therefore, quite hopeless to look for information respecting any motions of this sort among the fixed stars. For if no evidence of motion towards or from us can be detected in the case of a body which is certainly one of the nearest among the fixed stars, it is still less likely to be afforded in the case of other stars.

Yet the problem here presented is precisely the one whose solution we have to record. The manner in which the problem has been solved is deserving of careful study. We shall have to make some preliminary remarks, which at first sight seem scarcely to bear on the subject we are dealing with.

It is known that light travels in a series of waves of extreme minuteness, and propagated with extreme velocity through an ethereal medium which occupies all space and the interstices of solid bodies. We know little of the habitudes of this ethereal medium; in fact, we only know of its existence through its quality of transmitting light and heat. So long as light and heat were supposed to travel directly from the sun and stars to the earth, the existence of a fluid occupying the interstellar and interplanetary spaces could hardly have been suspected. But the case is different now that the undulatory theory of light has been established. For, just as the transmission of the tidal wave from the Southern Ocean to our own shores is an evidence (and would be, of itself, a sufficient evidence) that the waters which wash our shores communi-

* See *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE* for October: "Lands and Seas of another World."

cate with the southern seas, so the fact that light-waves from the sun and from the stars reach our earth, affords sufficient evidence that the medium in which they travel occupies—without break or interruption—the interplanetary and interstellar spaces.

The waves of light are, as we have said, exceedingly minute. It has been proved that their average length is about the fifty-thousandth part of an inch. But they are not all of the same length; and light-waves of different length produce light of different colors. There are some light-waves so long as the forty-thousandth part of an inch: waves of this length produce red light. There are others so short as the sixty-thousandth part of an inch: waves of this length produce violet light. Waves of the average length produce green light. And we may remark, in passing, that this is doubtless the reason why green light is so agreeable to the eye; for the light-appreciating powers of the eye are called into fuller exercise in dealing with waves belonging to either extreme.

It is not to be supposed that there are sudden limits to the length of the waves we are dealing with. Just as there are sounds which are too grave or too acute to be appreciated by the ear, so there are light-waves, or rather, we should say, there are forms of light which the eye has no power to appreciate as light. Such waves produce effects—heating, actinic, and chemical, but the eye does not recognize them as light-waves.

Light travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, and the question may here arise—and will be found to have an important bearing on the subject of our paper—whether waves of different length travel at the same rate. This question must be answered, it should seem, in the affirmative. For, since light takes nearly an hour in travelling from Jupiter to us, it would follow, if there were any appreciable difference in the rate at which the longer and shorter light-waves travel, that the satellites on emerging from eclipse would not appear white. Suppose, for instance, that the longer light-waves travelled fastest, then a satellite immediately after eclipse would appear red, and gradually, as light of the other colors of the spectrum came to reinforce the red light, the color

of the satellite would change from red through orange, buff, fawn-color, and flushed white to pure white. Similarly, if the shorter light-waves travelled fastest, the color of the satellite would change from violet through indigo, olive, russet, and greenish white to pure white. As no such changes occur, we may assume with considerable confidence that light-waves of different length travel at the same rate.

We now have to consider a circumstance which may be aptly illustrated by the waves of the sea. If we imagine a stout swimmer urging his way amidst a wave-tossed sea, or rather, amidst a sea crossed by a succession of long rollers, we shall see that according to the direction of his motion, he would be apt to form a different estimate of the rate at which the waves were travelling. It is clear that in the case, only, of his swimming in a direction parallel to that of the wave-fronts, would the waves seem to pass him at their true rate. If he swam facing them they would seem to travel more quickly, and if he swam with them they would seem to travel more slowly, than they would if he were at rest. Now, if he were not to consider his own motion he would be led by these varying appearances to form varying estimates, not merely of the velocity of the waves, but of their *breadth*. The faster the wave-crests passed him, the narrower would the waves appear to be, and *vice versa*.

It is obvious that similar considerations apply to any system of waves whatever. Take, for instance, the waves in air which produce sound. These travel at the rate of nearly 1,200 feet per second. If a sound be maintained at a given *pitch*—that is, by air-waves of given length—this sound will appear to vary in pitch according as the auditor is at rest, or moving towards or from the source of sound—if only, in the latter cases, the observer's rate of motion bears an appreciable proportion to the rate at which sound travels. It was stated by the late Professor Nichol of Glasgow that the experiment has actually been tried. "On the railway uniting Utrecht with Maarsen, were placed at intervals of something upwards of a thousand yards three groups of musicians, who remained motionless during the requisite

period. Another musician on the railway sounded at intervals one uniform note, and its effects on the ears of the stationary musicians have been fully published. From these certainly—from the recorded changes between *grave* and the more *acute*, and *vice versa*, confirming even *numerically* what the relative velocities might have enabled one to predict—it appears justifiable to conclude that the general theory is correct, that the note of any sound may be greatly modified if not wholly changed by the *velocity of the individual hearing it*," or, he should have added, by the velocity of the source of sound itself.

Let us apply the same consideration to light-waves. We must first consider the velocity of light. It will appear, at first sight, hardly conceivable that any orb in the celestial spaces should be moving with a velocity bearing an appreciable relation to the enormous velocity with which light travels. Even the velocity of 61 Cygni—about 40 miles per second—would almost be *rest* as compared with a velocity of 180,000 miles per second. We may compare the relation between these unequal velocities to that between the velocity of the swiftest express train and a velocity of about twenty yards per hour, or one foot per minute—a velocity scarcely exceeding that of the snail. If, therefore, we supposed the star 61 Cygni to *shine with light having a constant wave-length*, in other words, with *monochromatic* light, we could not expect to detect any difference in the color of its light on account of any motion the star may have towards or from the earth.

But a consideration connected with the words we have italicized renders the solution of our problem in this way altogether hopeless. Returning to our swimmer, if waves of every possible length between certain limits were passing him, and he were only capable of noticing those which seemed to lie between much narrower limits of length, it would clearly make no difference whether he swam with or against the course of the waves. And this case exactly corresponds with that of the observer on earth. The astronomer, M. Doppler, who first suggested that the colors of the stars, and especially of certain double stars, might depend on

the stars' motions of recess or approach, omitted to take this important circumstance into consideration. If we assumed that a star were approaching us so rapidly that the waves of red light were apparently reduced in length so as to produce the effect of orange light, then the orange part of the star's light would produce the effect of yellow light, the yellow of green, the green of blue, the blue of indigo, the indigo of violet, and lastly the violet part of the light would become inappreciable. So far, then, there seems to be a change—in the loss of all the red part of the light. But as it is certain that there are light-waves of greater length than those which produce red light, and that these waves by being apparently shortened could become appreciable to the sight and give the effect of red light, we see that there would be absolutely no change whatever in the color of the light received from a star moving towards us even at the tremendous rate indicated by our supposition.

Thus we seem to be no nearer the solution of our problem than we were before.

But there is a peculiarity in the light received from the sun and stars which remains to be mentioned, and which has led to a very satisfactory and trustworthy solution of the difficult problem we have been dealing with.

It has been observed that the solar spectrum is crossed by a multitude of dark lines parallel to each other and at right angles to the length of the spectrum. These lines are arranged in so complex a manner that each of the stronger lines, and every group of faint lines, is distinctly recognizable. Thus physicists speak of the strong line F in the green part of the spectrum, of the double line D in the orange part of the spectrum, of the group of seven lines in such and such a part of the spectrum, and so on. These lines never vary in arrangement or position. Corresponding lines are seen in the spectra of the stars; the spectra vary among themselves, but each spectrum remains constant as respects the arrangement of its distinctive lines. But note also that although different stars have different spectra, yet these variations arise merely from the fact that certain lines are present in one

spectrum and wanting in another, or *vice versa*. The lines which *do* appear are the same lines which have been measured in the solar spectrum. Thus a physicist will say—In the spectrum of such and such a star the lines B, D, and F are well seen; the existence of C and E is suspected, but these lines are very faint; G and H are not seen. He *knows* that these lines are the same as those in the solar spectrum, either because he has carefully estimated their position, or because he has brought the star's spectrum into direct comparison with the spectra of certain terrestrial elements in which these lines appear.

Now here we have at once a most delicate means of detecting stellar movements of approach or recess. If in the spectrum of a star we can see a recognizable group of lines, or a line recognizable by its strength, and if in any way we can prove that this line does not hold the exact position which it has in the solar spectrum, then the change of position must be looked upon as due to the star's motion towards or from the earth. The shifting of the spectrum bodily, which, as we have seen, produces no change whatever in the star's *color*, brings all the *lines* into new positions, and any one line, marked enough for ready examination, suffices as well as a hundred to determine the existence of such a change.

We need hardly say, however, that the inquiry, even under these favorable circumstances, is one of extreme delicacy. In the ordinary prismatic spectrum the change of position would be wholly inappreciable, and the eminent physicist who has just succeeded in solving the problem in the case of the star Sirius, had to make use of a spectroscope having a dispersive power seven times as great as that of a single equiangular prism of crown glass in order sufficiently to magnify the variation in question. This gentleman, Mr. Huggins, came to the examination of the problem we are considering with a large amount of experience in spectroscopic researches; yet it was a problem of such extreme difficulty that much time was expended and many experiments were made before he could conduct his inquiry to a successful issue.

Mr. Huggins first satisfied himself

that a certain conspicuous line in the spectrum of Sirius corresponds to the line F in the solar spectrum. This line also appears as a bright line in the spectrum of the light of hydrogen. The spectra of Sirius and of incandescent hydrogen were then brought side by side for direct comparison. With the powerful dispersing spectroscope made use of by Mr. Huggins, the line F in the spectrum of Sirius was found to be separated by about one two-hundred and fiftieth part of an inch from the corresponding line in the spectrum of hydrogen. The displacement was towards the red end of the spectrum, so that it indicated a motion of *recession* between the earth and the star.

Now the displacement having been measured very accurately we are enabled to calculate the rate at which Sirius is receding from the earth. The observed alteration is found to indicate a recession at the rate of 41.4 miles per second. But we must consider the earth's motion also, because she moves so rapidly around the sun as largely to affect the apparent motions of recess or approach which the stars may have with respect to her. She travels around her orbit at a mean rate of about eighteen miles per second. At the time of Mr. Huggins's observation the direction of the earth's motion was such that she was receding from Sirius at the rate of about twelve miles per second. Deducting this velocity from the total rate of recession, it results that Sirius is receding from the earth at the rate of about 29½ miles per second, or about 930 millions of miles annually.

Two circumstances have to be considered, however, before we can look upon the actual motion of Sirius as determined.

It has been calculated that the sun, with his system of attendant orbs, is speeding through space at the rate of 150 millions of miles per year. And it happens that the point in space towards which the sun is moving—which lies in the constellation Hercules, is almost exactly opposite the constellation Canis Major in which the star Sirius is situated. Therefore we must diminish the above mentioned motion of recession by nearly the whole amount of the sun's proper motion, leaving to Sirius a *proper motion*

of recession of about 780 millions of miles per annum.

Lastly, we must consider the transverse proper motion of Sirius. It follows from Henderson's estimate of the distance of Sirius (lately confirmed by the researches of Mr. Cleveland Abbe) that the star has a transverse motion of about 450 millions of miles per annum. Combining this motion with the star's motion of recession we deduce an actual velocity through space of upwards of one thousand millions of miles in a year, or about thirty-three miles per second.

But it is rather from what is promised than from the information which has actually been obtained, that the process of inquiry so successfully pursued by Mr. Huggins derives its chief interest. Doubtless the discovery that the brightest star in the heavens is speeding onward with so enormous a velocity through space is in itself well deserving of our attention. But if it shall become possible—and we see nothing in the nature of things which should prevent it—to determine in the same manner the motions of recession or approach of all the stars visible to the naked eye, then we shall have a fund of knowledge from which many most important facts respecting the economy of the stellar system cannot fail to be deduced.

For, let us consider the nature of the knowledge which astronomers had already gleaned respecting stellar motions, and the use to which they had applied that knowledge.

They had obtained exact estimates of the apparent motions of the stars—or what is termed their proper motion—upon the celestial sphere. But, at first sight, these estimates appear almost valueless, so far as our views respecting the true motions of the stellar universe are concerned. For, first, as we have already mentioned, the motion thus indicated in any case might in reality be but a small portion of a star's true motion. And further, unless a star's distance be known, the determination of the proper motion affords no indication whatever, even respecting the star's true transverse motion. Now there are not twenty stars in the whole heavens whose distances from us have been estimated in any way, and there are not ten whose distances can be said to have

been satisfactorily determined. Nor is there much probability that the list will ever be greatly extended. For, the distances of the fixed stars are so enormous that the powers of our best instruments and the skill of our best observers are taxed to the utmost to obtain—even in a few favorable instances—any information whatever respecting the minute and almost evanescent shifting of position on which the determination of a star's distance depends.

And yet, from the consideration of the imperfect information afforded by the stars' apparent proper motions, astronomers have been able to deduce one of the most interesting astronomical discoveries yet effected. They have learned that the sun with his attendant system is speeding onwards through space, in a certain direction which they have been able to assign, and at a rate of no less than 150 millions of miles per annum. A law also, affecting the general system of stellar motions, has been *guessed at*, and has been considered by many eminent astronomers to be supported by sufficiently satisfactory evidence. It has been supposed that the proper motions of the stars indicate a vast series of orbital motions around a point in space which does not lie very far from the star Aleyone—the principal star of the Pleiades. I am not putting forward this supposed law as standing by any means on a similar basis with the fact of the sun's onward motion through space. Indeed, I think that the researches on which the law has been founded are far from being sufficient to establish such an hypothesis. But what I wish to dwell upon is the circumstance that the observed proper motions of the stars, imperfect as is the evidence they afford, have yet led to the discovery of one important fact, and have led to the attentive consideration of a yet more important law of stellar motion.

But now, if the method which Mr. Huggins has begun to apply should be extended to all, or even to a large proportion of the fixed stars, what important conclusions may we not hope to see deduced from such observations! For, in the first place, the motions of the stars directly towards or from us are quite as significant as their transverse motions; secondly, we shall know more

about the former motions than we have ever been able to learn about the latter; and, lastly, neither kind of knowledge, considered separately, could possibly lead to such satisfactory results as we may hope to gather from the knowledge of the *actual* motions of the stars through space. There now really seems a promise that one day something may come to be learned respecting the movements of the sidereal mechanism. The constellations which now seem to be scattered without discernible law over the vault of heaven may be forced, perhaps, to reveal to us their secrets, the law of organization which binds them into a system, the paths along which their component stars have been travelling before they reached their present position, and those along which they are to travel for many future ages. Meantime, long processes of patient labor and systematic observation lie before the astronomer. Not in our day, nor, perchance, for many generations, will the Copernicus of the stellar system appear; and for him astronomers will have to lay up during those long years a rich store of materials. "How much," says Sir John Herschel, "is escaping us! And how unworthy is it in them who call themselves philosophers to let the grand phenomena of nature—those slow but majestic manifestations of the power and glory of God—glide by unnoticed, and drop out of memory beyond reach of recovery, because we will not take the pains to note them in their unobtrusive and furtive passage; because we see them in their every-day dress, and mark no sudden change, and conclude that all is dead because we will not look for signs of life, and that all is uninteresting because we are not impressed and dazzled! To say, indeed," he adds, "that every individual star in the Milky Way is to have its place determined and its motion watched, would be extravagant; but at least let samples be taken—at least let monographs of parts be made, with powerful telescopes and refined instruments—that we may know what is going on in that abyss of stars where at present imagination wanders without a guide."

The Westminster Review.

THE INCAS.

Concluded from page 1304.

THE ancient Peruvians believed in a resurrection of the body as well as a future state of the soul, and the effect of this belief was to produce in them habits of great personal cleanliness; * not a hair fell, nor was a nail pared, but all was preserved with a jealous care about their persons or their dwellings. But the manner in which they buried their dead and embalmed their corpses—especially those of their Incas—shows us that to them there was a glory of the body as well as a glory of the soul, inseparable perhaps the one from the other. The deceased Incas were deposited in the principal part of the Temple of the Sun in Kcusco, embalmed and covered with their gala dresses, each with a rich sceptre in his right hand. The Coyas, queens, or love-wives (always the sisters of the Incas) were also embalmed in like manner, and placed in that part of the temple dedicated to the Sun's bride, the Moon. The royal exequies were very imposing. They arranged the corpse with much pomp in the temple before the image of the Sun; sacrificed to it for three days the best of all they had—of gold, silver, corn, and coca; and during four moons the subjects daily mourned the death of their sovereign. Each quarter of the city went out to the fields with flags, arms, robes, and other royal insignia, singing the deeds, wisdom, and greatness of the royal dead; and this ceremony was repeated at each anniversary of his death, and at each full moon certain persons repeated, amid tears and sobs, mournful dirges and dithyrambic praises relative to their lost Inca. According to Fray Marcos de Miza, in his "Rites and Ceremonies of the Indians," the Seyris or Kings of Quito were buried in a large sepulchre or family

* If it is a universal law that the fall into corruption is deep in proportion as the stage previously reached in civilization was high, then this charm of personal cleanliness must have been great, for nothing can be more repulsively filthy than the manner in which the Peruvians of the present day live. They seldom or never wash themselves, and the only water which ever touches the face and head of young children for many years is that which they receive at baptism.

vault, made of stones, in a quadrangular and pyramidal form, so covered with pebbles and sand that it looked like a miniature hill. The door opened to the east, closed with a double wall, and was only opened on the death of one of their royal number. We find in them their embalmed corpses arranged in order with their royal insignia, and such treasure as the monarch had commanded to be interred with him. Over each was a cavity or small niche, where was found a vessel of clay, stone, or metal, containing small stones of divers colors and shapes, which denoted his age, and the years and months of his reign. The mode of burying the vassals was different in all the different provinces of the kingdom. In some parts they deposited them in the natural caves of the mountains, on terraces of rocks, or in the sand; in oven-shaped tombs made of sun-dried bricks, and tombs constructed of stones, square or oval, or in the form of obelisks, which some travellers have erroneously supposed to have been triumphal Incarial monuments. In whatever way they were buried, the Peruvians arranged their corpses always in a sitting posture, and in an attitude of intense repose, the face turned to the west, with provisions of azua wine, corn, and coca, to be ready on their awaking. Whether the ancient Peruvians embalmed their corpses, or whether they owe their good preservation to the influence of a climate so conducive to natural mummification, is not difficult to answer by those who have had an opportunity of seeing the exhumed bodies in the rainless zones of the coast, or the embalmed bodies in the mountainous districts. There is no doubt that the art of embalming had reached a degree of perfection among the Peruvians which very much surpassed that of the Egyptians, since it is not known that among any other nation the fleshy parts of the body remained perfect, the skin soft and smooth, and the features of the face unaltered.

And with that final ceremony we may appropriately close this branch of our inquiries with an extract from the will of one of the Spanish *conquistadores*, which will serve as an epitaph for our departed Incas, which, although we know it to be not as minutely true as it

has led some to infer, yet shows how it was possible for an observer to be moved on the first acquaintance he made with these people:

"We found," are the words of Captain Manco Sierra de Leguizamo, "these kingdoms governed in such wise as that throughout them there was not a thief, nor idler, nor a vicious man; neither was there any adulterous or bad woman. The lands, the mountains, the mines, the pastures, the houses, the woods, were governed and divided in such manner as that each man knew and kept to his own estate. There were no lawsuits about property. The affairs of war did not hinder those of commerce, nor those of commerce those of agriculture. In everything there was concert and arrangement, from the smallest to the greatest matter. The Incas were feared, obeyed, and loved, as a wise race of great ability in government."*

As affording a clearer insight into the government of the Incas, we may adduce a few of the principal laws by which not only the city of Keusco, but the whole kingdom, from Quito to Arauco, and from Titicaca to the shores of the Pacific, was governed:

I. *The municipal law* treated of the special duties belonging to each tribe and nation. It would not only have been the height of tyranny and cruelty, it would have been folly, leading to revolt, for one and the same law on all subjects to be issued to all tribes alike, without regard to their climate, their natural productions, their language and traditions. These latter the Incas were careful in preserving and guarding to the people, and it was this wise provision which obtained for the kingdom its wide-spread fame.

II. *The agrarian law* treated of the distribution of lands. These were divided into three principal portions—the first for the sun or divine worship, the second for the people, and the third for the Inca and the necessities of the state. The lands for the people were redivided every year.

III. *The common law*—not as we understand it, in contradistinction to written law—but the law which regulated the labor of the people when working in common together in building bridges, roads, aqueducts, fortresses, and palaces.

* Calancha, "*Cronica Moralizada del Orden de S. Augustin*," Barcelona, 1638, in the British Museum.

IV. *The law of brotherhood*, which treated of the mutual help each gave to his neighbor in the cultivation of his ground or the building of houses.

V. *The law of mitachanacuy*, which is difficult to explain in one word. It really means each one in his turn, and regulated the labor and the time when it was to be given by different provinces, tribes, lineages, and individuals, in the construction of public works.

VI. *The law of economy*, which treated of ordinary personal expenses, and prescribed simplicity in dress and in food. This law also provided that two or three times each month the inhabitants of each town should dine together in public, and in presence of the chief officer of the department, who then put them through their military exercises and presided at their games, and that with the special object of reconciling enemies, extirpating all rancors, and securing neighborly peace.

VII. *The Poor Law*.—Poverty was unknown in Keusco and throughout the empire, and idleness was punished as a crime. This law provided that the lame, the deaf and dumb, as well as the infirm and decrepit, should be supported at the public expense, and also that two or three times a month these poor folk should be brought to join in the public festivals, so that in the midst of the public rejoicings they might for a while forget their individual miseries and privations, and at the same time be assured of the sympathy of their kind. An officer called the *Oncocamayoc* was specially appointed to carry out this law.

VIII. *The law of hospitality* provided that all strangers and travellers passing through a town or city should be accommodated at the public expense. For were they not all brethren, serving one king, and worshipping one and the same God?

IX. *The law of households* prescribed the amount of labor to each person. Even children above five years old were put to some kind of occupation, in what might be termed a sort of infant workshop. The infirm, also, according to their strength, had to be occupied in something which added to the general store. The people were also required to dine and sup with the doors of their houses open, so that the officers of the

temple, in passing, might have free access to them, and see that everything was done decently and in order. If any were found living in dirt and laziness they were publicly whipped on the arms and feet, whilst those who were distinguished for their cleanliness and general excellence of character were publicly rewarded.

Besides those laws, they had also certain maxims repeated among them from time to time, and which remind us of the early days of the Israelites—such as “Abhor idleness and lying,”—“Do not steal,”—“Do not commit adultery,” and “*Ama pictapas truanuchinguichu*,”—“Thou shalt do no murder.” These laws and maxims are some of the evidence which prove the progress the Incas had made, and when they are added to that material progress in the industrial and fine arts which their monuments and the reliques of their past grandeur prove, our investigations into the origin of their civilization become highly interesting, and we must seek for other solutions of the cause of their overthrow than those which have hitherto been given to us.

We have heard of the “conquests” of the Incas, as if the successors of Manco Khapac were to be included in the weary list of those who gloried in “the wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,”—with even the Pizarros and Almagros, who forged the sword of Spain from the treasures stolen out of the palaces and temples of Peru. The Incas conquered great tribes and warlike races simply by subduing the earth—planting cornfields, and building great granaries. Those of us who have seen some of these vast storehouses in the awful mountain ranges of the Cordilleras, or on the hot ribs of the desert of Atacama, where rain never falls, have had the conquest of that continent associated in their minds rather with the policy of Joseph in Egypt than with the plundering treacherous adventurers of the Emperor Charles V. A century after the death of Manco Khapac, the mountainous district of the lake of Titicaca, south of Keusco, was added to the kingdom. It was the first of a series of conquests, continued down to the last great conquest the Incas made, which was that of the great rival kingdom of Quito. There is

little doubt but that Titicaca, with its flocks and herds, its gold, silver, its mighty buildings, its wondrous statues, its architecture and agriculture, were all known to Manco Khapac, and that it was by his direction it was first added to the realm.* It was an old-established country, abounding with vast treasure, but the inhabitants had fallen into abominable idolatries and unnatural crimes. It was not a land of gentle sunshine, vines and olives, like that—

“Where the gold-orb'd orange grows;”

but rather a land of storms, where everything is on the vastest scale, and most appalling aspect; where bare rugged mountains, as if dragged up from the central fires of the earth, reach to the sky, whose snow-covered tops seem like far-off clouds; where the winds rage like wild beasts, and the

“Useful trouble of the rain”

is there changed into and called “a torment;” where the lightning like burning arrows split the rocks asunder, and the thunders, loud and awful, are never forgotten by those who have once heard them, and seen the desolation and death which occur in the region where they prevail. And the soil, as may be supposed, was not, excepting in the deep-sheltered valleys, very genial, for the earth, for the most part, excepting its defiant mountains, looks like a poor distracted thing—bare, shrivelled, and hard; and yet this was the new land first added to our ancient kingdom. There were some fruitful valleys sheltered from the storms and heats, and rapid changes, to intense, deadly cold; but, for the most part, it was not a land of promise, or a place to sit down in and enjoy life. But it was thickly populated with a people further advanced in the industrial arts than the Peruvians; a people, however, whose moral degradation was such that it would pollute the very air to mention it. On that account they were of course easily overcome. It was not difficult to “conquer” such a people, in the restricted sense of conquering; but it was anything but easy to conquer the difficulties of the way

from Keusco to Titicaca; to bridge the great rents in the mountains, provide water in the hard barren plains, and shelter for many thousands of men and animals from the prevailing storms, and to maintain a constant communication with the imperial city. It was anything but easy to teach these people the laws of the Incas, establish their household customs, and teach the practice of household virtues, and the royal language as well; but all this that one man did in his own reign. This was a bloodless conquest, as were nearly all the early conquests of the first five or six Incas. In one case, a bog of considerable magnitude, greater than Chat Moss, intervened between the Inca and a warlike, numerous tribe, who held themselves secure against the reforming forces of these Children of the Sun; for many a fierce battle was fought for the right of enslaving as many women as possible, and robbing as many men as they pleased, by the Andian savages; but the Inca, anticipating the genius and practical skill of our own George Stephenson, prepared to carry a firm road over that bog, which he did, first by laying down a network of suckers, upon that a strong wicker-work of osiers, and then building on this a stone way some six feet broad, and a yard high. It was completed in an incredibly short time, notwithstanding its length, the Inca working at it with his own hands. And when the barbarous people on the other side saw the approach of those “royal beavers,” they gave themselves up for lost. But they were pardoned, and saved; and the “conquered” tribes kept that road in repair through three centuries, a symbol of their salvation, and a link which connected them with the city of their deliverance. The same result followed the bridging of the Apurimac, a river whose steep, precipitous banks are like walls, three hundred feet high. The dwellers on the opposite banks, in pure admiration and wonder, as at a miracle wrought by the sun, when they saw the Inca march across that river as if treading on the air, came and bowed down in adoration.

The conquests of the Incas were frequently consummated, and sometimes begun, by a method altogether unique of exchanging one race with another from

* One of the early traditions of the Peruvians was that Manco Khapac and Mama Oello first came from the Lake of Titicaca.

the respective territories occupied by each; but always when the nature of the climate was in both instances the same. This was done when any symptom of revolt showed itself, or there was any difficulty in settling the country.

If we would appreciate the government of the Incas, and know how

"By slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good,"

and learn a few of the mighty things they did in the shortest possible time in bringing a given people into order, peace, quiet, and making them a wealth-producing people, we could not do better than propose to ourselves the imaginary peopling and governing of the Australias from Keusco instead of from London, and by the ancient Peruvians instead of by modern Europeans. The "conquest" of the colony of Victoria, for example—which has been trying to get itself governed for the last quarter of a century, and which is further from that desirable consummation at this moment than it has ever been—would have commenced, not with shooting down the aborigines, nor in stealing their lands, but in opening the hearts of those swarthy and repulsive-looking wretches, who, if not

"The hairy eclipse of a manhood divine," were doubtless looked upon by us as only so many apes, and to be dealt with accordingly. They would have been treated by the Incas as men, and saved into men by a diviner nature stooping down to their level and raising them up to its own; their lands would have been secured to them; and if, from lack of numbers or intelligence, it was beyond their power to cultivate those lands and make them yield their natural increase, that lack would have been supplied, but always holding the claims of the original occupiers of the soil as pre-eminent, and calling it by their name. Under the beneficent rule of the Children of the Sun (the true Eliases of the West*), their numbers would have increased, their lands improved, and the peculiar nature of their wealth, what-

ever it might be, amplified a hundred-fold. Their very climate—if that were needed—would have been changed likewise. Indeed, a better country to illustrate the intelligence and power of the Incas could not be named than that of Australian Victoria—the Miss Kilmansegg of all our colonies. It is rich in rolling grass plains, on which millions of wool-bearing animals thrive wondrously, but half the year it is burnt up with the fervent heat of an almost tropical sun, whilst at other times it is bathed in deep-water floods. Its gold-fields are numerous and rich, but lack of water makes the working of many of them unproductive. It could grow corn and wine and oil enough to supply itself and the entire continent of "New Holland," and yet oftentimes wheat has been 40*l.* a ton, and wine impossible to any but the rich. Many times have upland farms and stations been ravaged by spontaneous fires, and Melbourne, its capital, half sunk under irrepressible floods. The crumbs of gold which have fallen from rich diggers' wash-pans, and left by them unsought in the soil, have been sought by thousands of a harmless, industrious race, who have been reviled and ill-treated by a dominant people as those who might one day "be too many for them;" and at the time when Lord Elgin was hammering for the admission of Englishmen and English commerce at the gates of the Flowery Land, and forcing his way into it at the point of the sword, we were making each Chinaman who entered the golden gates of Victoria pay 10*l.* a head for the privilege of helping to develop her riches. So that these four things—the preservation and increase of native races; the increase of arable and pastoral cultivation; the storing of and distribution of water; the encouragement given to the settlement of new races, accompanying that settlement with abundant means of protection—in every one of which instances we have signally failed, the Incas were supremely successful. In dealing with water, which may be either the obedient servant of man, or one of his direst despots, the Incas manifested a rare in-

*The mission of the Baptist was to be as "Elias," *before* the Sun. John was therefore the personification of the Sun's power on earth, the idea being the same as that expressed subse-

quently by the Samaritans in regard to Peter (Acts viii. 10), "This man is the Great Power of God."—*Inman's Ancient Faiths.*

telligence and a loving obedience to the common laws of nature and the dictates of common sense; wherever any waste of it occurred, there was danger to be provided against, as well as loss to be prevented; and so they set bounds to it, and put it under bolt and lock and key. With all the march of art and science, and nearly four centuries in advance of experience, we have not yet reached the Incas in this, and indecision and incapacity still prevail in the councils of the golden colony, where the water-flood continues, not the slave, but the master of man. These were the conquests of the Incas, and it was thus that Kcusco became the "joy of the whole earth"—a city of palaces.

All the works at the head of this article contain rich contributions to the study of the language of our ancient kingdom, and as that language is collected, the past history of that wonderful people, who have no written records of their own by which to vindicate themselves, will be collected, and that part of their history which we have at present will be better understood. Rivero, the only respectable and trustworthy antiquarian the modern republican Peruvians ever had, associated with Dr. J. J. von Tschudi, has given us the best analysis, and Fray Honorio Mossi the best collection of words and phrases, up to the present time. One of the best evidences we can produce of the scanty justice which has been done to the Incas and their rule, is to be found in the ignorance in which, comparatively speaking, we are still left of the language they employed. We are told in the *Antigüedades*—

"With respect to whatever analogy subsists between the words of the American languages and those of the old continent, that from between eight and nine thousand American words, *one only* could be found analogous in sense and sound to any word of any idiom of the old world, and that in two-fifths of those words it was necessary to violate the sound to find the same meaning."

A startling statement, which in all probability will not now hold good, since the philological labors of Messrs. Turner and Rigg, published by the Smithsonian Institute, have appeared. Again, it is declared by our authors that the Inca word for the Sun, *Inti*, unquestionably

derives its origin from the Sanscrit root *Indh*, to shine, to burn, to flame, and which is identical with the East India word *Indra*, the sun, which statement has been flatly contradicted by American philologists. Apart from these, and one or two other minor questions of dispute, the analysis of the Qquichua and Moxo grammars will be found highly instructive. We are told that in the continent of South America—that is, from the Isthmus of Panama to Cape Horn—there may be found from two hundred and eighty to three hundred and forty languages, of which four-fifths are composed of idioms radically different, which may be true; but the writer of this article has met with Indians at the equator, some of whose words and the construction of whose sentences were precisely identical with those of the desert of Atacama, the inland city of Chuquisaca, and the silver mountains of Potosi. The grammars of the Moxo and Qquichuan languages are not difficult of access, and copies are to be found in the British Museum. The people speaking those languages were adjacent to each other, but there is a striking difference in the sense and sound of the languages they spoke. Thus the Qquichuan has a complete declension formed by means of certain particles placed after the noun, while the Moxo has strictly no declension, and is obliged to form the cases by a periphrasis; as, for instance, in the dative, which is often formed by the aid of the future tense of the substantive verb. Again, the Qquichua has primitive personal nouns, and also possessive pronouns quite distinct from the personal, and these are always inseparable from the noun, and always placed after it, or, if used in the conjunction of a verb, they take the place of a personal pronoun to the verb. The Moxo has primitive personal pronouns identical with the possessives, and always placed before the word used. The Qquichua has a system of numbers so complete that any arithmetical quantity can be expressed by them; while the Moxo has but four numbers—*ete* one, *api* two, *mopo* three, *triahiri* four; for five and all beyond it, the number must be expressed by a periphrasis. The Qquichua language has a very perfect form of conjunction, and the moods and tenses are more complete

than in many of the most cultivated languages of the Old World; while the Moxo has only a single mood, the indicative, and two forms of tenses—one for the present and past, and the other for the future, which last is at times made to serve in place of an imperative also. These few but striking differences sufficiently show that these two neighboring idioms are both primitive, and do not proceed from the same root.* We have mentioned thus prominently the Moxo in connection with that of the language of Cuzco, because the people of Moxo were among some of the most advanced of the tribes conquered by the Incas, and whose works of art in modelling, carving, and hammering, were of exceeding beauty, and their grammar is one of the few which have been reduced to writing. With the mention of one or two other peculiarities of the Qquichua grammar, and a few of its striking words, we must close our allusions to the ancient language of Keusco. In writing two verbs, they conjugated both through all their forms, so that one single word expressed three or four ideas at once. Then a double form of the first person plural exists in the personal and possessive pronouns. The first is used when a person includes in the discourse himself and all others present connected either casually or necessarily with the subject; the second is used when a certain number is excluded from the action of which the speaker treats. These two forms are called the inclusive and exclusive plural, and are repeated in the verb, if not also in the substantive. Besides these two plurals, there are a species of concrete duals, as well as of exact duals, formed by means of affixes, which, united to a substantive, signify the object or person designated by the substantive, with the part or member which most naturally belongs to it, or him; for example, *cosa*, in Qquichua, is a husband, and the affix *ntin*, including the idea of union. *Cosantin* means a husband with his wife; *Hacha* is a tree; *hachantin* a tree with its roots. Again, another singularity is found in that women use different pronouns to those used by men. A brother, speaking of his sister, says *panay*, my

sister; while a sister, desirous of expressing the same thing, says *ñañay*, my sister; so a sister, speaking of a brother, says *huanquey*, my brother, while to indicate the same person, the brother says *uocsimasiy-huanquey*, my brother; a father says *churiy*, my son; and the mother says *karihuahway*, my son; the father says to his daughter, *ususi*, my daughter; the mother calls her *huarma-huahway*, my daughter; and similar differences run through and distinguish all the social relations of life, and even distinguish if an uncle speaks according to his connection on the paternal or maternal side.*

We may cite a few expressive words and phrases of common use in Keusco, taken as they occur to our recollection. *Pacha*, the world or the universe, supplied them with many words significant of the beginning and end of time, the use and abuse of time, and the flight of time; the material and the spiritual world; man in his moral and physical state, and his relation to the universe. And they had three words in which *pacha* played the chief part, which signify "He that hath power to forgive sins." Gold, *ccori*, played as important a part in their proverbs and poetry as in our own, though with a vast increase of the power of inflections over our own, and with two notable exceptions: they had no word for false gold till after the Spanish conquest, nor could it by the aid of any fancy be made to stand for poison.† They also spoke of a golden age, a golden deed, a golden character, and one who was worth his weight in gold. The dog was expressive of similar attributes as our own word, "You speak of me," is one of their phrases, "and treat me as if I were a dog." The lion, *puma*, was noble and honored; and they had an animating shout with which to cheer one another at work: "O brave and lion-hearted workman." Ripe fruit was associated with wisdom and wise men. The bloom of flowers expressed their admiration of

* "Antiq. Peruanas," cap. v.

† There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls; Doing more murders in this loathsome world Than all these poor compounds thou mayst not sell.

I sell thee poison: thou hast sold me none.

Rom. and Juliet, iv. 1.

* "Antiquedades Peruanas," cap. quinto.

fair and beautiful girls. The dawn of the day was the joy of hope, whilst the troubles of the heart were the clouds and darkness of night. The heavens as well as the earth supplied them with many and mighty words. The *acapana*, or fleecy clouds of the morning, as well as the early dew, pictured for them the fleeting nature of all earthly and merely human joys, or human strengths; whilst high noon was the quiet power and perfection of a constant mind. Two words expressed a threat of some force: "I will give thee such a blow as shall make thee see stars in daylight." *Pampa*, the plain—the field; and the former gave rise to many words expressive of great humor, shrewdness, cleverness, and ability, as well as the lowest social degradation. They had also learnt from their hard work and constant industry, that which all true and great work teaches all true learners, and they had a saying, "That our faults choke our virtues as weeds choke the corn." This was the foundation of their patience, their indomitable perseverance, their perfect obedience, and their childlike trust; and they cultivated virtue as sedulously as they cultivated the soil, and knowing the one was as hard to clear, and as difficult to keep clean, as the other was to gain, and keep, and increase. We also come across *huump-par*, a triangle; *acllu*, learned in languages—*Kallu* (or *Kalyu*, rather, for all these words are spelt in Spanish by the Peruvian lexicographers), the sagacious inventive man. Many words were constructed out of certain common sounds, as *kecatatatani*, the chattering of the teeth; *siccicicicini*, to tickle; *cunumunan*, to thunder; *satca*, sharp; whilst to love was *mumani*; a kiss, *muchani*; and a babbler was a *simi sapa*.

Our own language has adopted a few of these words, as *quina*, or quinine, the famous Peruvian bark, which perhaps has cured more sick men than all the medicines of the royal pharmacopœia put together; *Inca*, *charqui*, or rather *chharqui*, sun-dried meat; which is also a malediction: "May you, or may I be consumed;" *pampa*, *puma*; *sorochi*, air sickness; *paco*, or *alpaca*; *vicuña* llama, and *guanuco*, *huanu*, or *guano*, and *coca*.

It remains to be asked, and the question is one which cannot be an-

swered with any satisfaction, except to those who have already attempted the answer for themselves;* how it was that a people with such a national life, such natural defences, who were capable of such works as we have described, whose palaces were strongholds, and who had an army of more than fifty thousand men, that could be moved at a single call, fell, as water falls that is spilt on the ground, and which cannot be gathered up again, before a mere handful of men, not more than seventy in number, who, having surprised the usurper Atahualpa, at Cassamarca, and dispatched him with a bowstring, after a reasonable amount of Spanish treachery, seized upon the sacred city of Keusco, possessed themselves in a few months of the national treasure, which had taken centuries to accumulate, made themselves masters of the empire, and turned all its subjects into slaves.

The simple truth will be found to be that the Spaniards, in obedience to the greatest of their Incas since Manco Khapac, were received as superior beings, whom that Inca, aware of their approach, commanded should be obeyed. When Huayna the Great, the twelfth Inca, heard of the navigation of the sea by those *Viracochas*, as they called the Spaniards, those sea gods, he believed in the happy fulfilment of a prophecy which up to that time he had affected to treat with disdain. It had been long given out among the Amautas—or magi, and the priests—that the twelfth Inca would be the last to sit on the throne of Manco Khapac, and that another and a greater people would come and take away their name and nation. We know that these prophets of evil, who during the later years of Huayna Khapac's reign, at every sacrifice, always found the kidneys in the wrong place, and the heart of the sacrificial lamb where the liver should be, greatly disapproved of the scepticism of Huayna, of his military conquests, of his marriage with a second love-wife, not his sister—the Queen of

* This article has exceeded its limits, or we had intended to refer to the collection of laws cited above, as also to more than one metropolitan police regulation, which would in themselves suffice to prove that a people so governed must have been a people easily conquered, as they were already a prey to those who ruled over them.

Quito—whilst his Quen in Keusco yet lived, and, above all, his division of the kingdom between Atauhualpa, the son of his Quito love, and Huascar, the legitimate heir to the realm; and that these priests of the Sun continued to fill the air with portents, and the kingdom with rumors, which were aimed at Huayna and his new court at the Equator. We also know how Huayna Khapac fulfilled his own prophecy, that he was in advance of all his predecessors in physical knowledge, and the great roads which he constructed attest his skill and power, and that, unhappily for him, he made the mistake of thousands of magnanimous minds, by inferring that the possession of superior knowledge is an evidence of superior goodness, and of a more exalted nature. He had spanned the mountains, and brought Quito as near to Keusco as Keusco was once to the Apurimac; but these white and bearded men of noble mien, who could control the elements, make pathways in the seas, and thunder leap from their hands, were, he knew, as superior to him as he was to the meanest of his vassals. So, when his end drew near, he called his chief men together, as was the royal custom, and gave them a valedictory address, which in this instance was more like that of Moses to the children of Israel (see Deut. xxxiii.) than anything else in history. And what Moses said of Joseph, so did Huayna the Great speak of the Spaniards. The words are reported by Francisco Lopez de Gomara, cap. 115, who says that Prince Huascar told them to Hernando de Soto, one of the first of the *conquistadores*, and afterwards governor of Florida, and that the prince declared them to be his father's very words. They were these:

"For many years I have known by revelation from our Father, that after the reign of twelve of his sons as Incas, there shall come a people new and unknown in these parts, who shall conquer this kingdom, and many other kingdoms, and subject them to their rule. I suspect that these are they of whom we have heard sailing on our seas. They will be a valiant people, and much better than ourselves. Now I know that in me is completed the number of the twelve Incas, and I tell you that in a few years after I have gone these people will come, and accomplish all that our Father has said; they will conquer our kingdom and become its kings. I com-

mand you, therefore, that you obey them in all things as being superior to yourselves. Their laws will be better than our laws, their arms more powerful than our arms. And now be at peace, I go to rest with my Father Sun, who calls me to himself."

And after saying these words he died, in the year A. D. 1525, having reigned fifty years. He also commanded that his heart should be buried in Quito, and his body "they might carry to Keusco." He was the first of all the Incas whose last days were not ended in the holy city.

"I remember," says the Inca historian, in his *Comentarios Reales*, cap. xxxii., very pathetically, "I remember one day hearing an old Inca speak of these things in the presence of my father, who asked him of the entrance of the Spaniards and how they had conquered the land so easily, and the Inca turned upon him in vexation, as if his people had been called cowards, and were only receiving the reward of their pusillanimity by being subjected to Spain, and after repeating the last words of Huayna Khapac, he said, '*Those words were our conquerors*. They subjected us, and took from us our kingdom, and not the arms of the Spaniards;' giving us to understand that the last words of their kings were always held as binding upon them, but how much more those of a king like Huayna Khapac, whom they all so much adored."

And the people mourned for Huayna a whole year, and many were the servants and friends, men and women, who, not caring for this life since he had departed it, went down voluntarily with him into the grave, and many there were afterwards who lived to repent that they did not follow their example.

There were other causes—apart from the unparalleled treachery of Pizarro and his followers—which helped the Peruvians in giving effect to the fatal words which had been pronounced, one of which was the growing jealousy subsisting between the rival courts of Quito and Keusco; but that those words were the primary cause of the overthrow of the Inca's kingdom there can be little doubt. Towards the close of the seven years which intervened between the death of Huayna and the last deed which doomed his race, the dark night in which the thief comes had fallen upon the kingdom.

Huascar, a weak and timid prince,

moved by the court of Keusco, demanded homage of Atahualpa, and that Quito, instead of remaining a separate and independent kingdom, should be merged in that of the ancient kingdom as founded by Manco Khapac. For five years these brothers by the same father, though having very different mothers, had lived and ruled in peace. But now, not to be subjected to the court of Keusco, and doubtless urged on by the dowager-queen and the descendants of the ancient Seyri, Atahualpa determined upon carrying war into the imperial city, and, by a successful stratagem, made himself master of Keusco, and took Inca Huascar prisoner. A dreadful and bloody slaughter ensued, and nearly the whole family of Huascar, root and branch, was put to death, a few only escaping by flight. Probably it was from that time that his name, which, with the letter *u* in the first part of it, signified *fortunate in war*, was changed to what he has ever since been called, Atahualpa, or a game-cock, instead of Atahualpa. After that slaughter of the royal family, Atahualpa retired on Cassamarca, a mountain palace midway between Keusco and Quito, and a favorite resort of Huayna the Great. It was here that that strange interview occurred between Pizarro and his small band, and Atahualpa, and where, although the usurper's tents covered the slopes in thousands, not a single spear was lifted in his defence. Atahualpa, who was never recognized as Inca—and it is one of the mistakes which confuses this history to persist in calling him by that title—might yet have hurled back the Spaniards as though they had been real, instead of metaphorical, froth of the sea, at the time that his commands were being carried out in bringing in the gold which was to ransom him from an ignominious death, dispatched secret instructions to his favorite general, Chilicuchima, to advance with an army of rescue. But the Curaca of Cassamarca, a strict royalist, and an Inca himself, betrayed the secret to Pizarro, and, as we now know, Atahualpa was condemned to be burnt alive for that meditated escape from the grasp of his kidnappers. He was considerably saved from so horrible a death by consenting to turn Christian; and,

according to those terms, they having baptized him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, put a bowstring round his neck and garroted him. And they buried him in the little wooden church which they hammered together on the plain of Cassamarca, and the Spaniards followed him to the grave, weeping with one eye, while they kept watch with the other over the golden ransom which had come in for Atahualpa's life. And then they sat down and counted, and found it to be some nine millions one hundred and six thousand one hundred and fifty dollars; but that also included the plate found in the palace of Cassamarca.

It is given but to few to be able to write in a single sentence the history of a people, which, at the same time, shall be true, graphic, and startling. It has been left to Mr. Helps to accomplish this, in words which none will forget who have travelled through the land they refer to, and who have mixed personally with the descendants of "the gentle, patient, delicate people," which his chisel, rather than his pencil, has so faithfully described.

"When thinking of the different life they led before and after the conquest, it seems as if the fate of the whole race might be compared to that of some beautiful and graceful maidens, who, on some fatal festal day, had playfully ranged themselves in exquisite order to support on their heads, as living caryatides, a slight weight of fruit and flowers, which had all of a sudden hardened into marble and crushed them under it."*

We have been told, with much circumstantiality, by recent travellers in Peru, that the descendants of the Children of the Sun are preparing to regain and re-establish their ancient kingdom. As well may we expect the dwellers in Houndsditch, or those of the Jews' quarter in Rome and the purlieus of Madrid, to restore the dynasty of Solomon. The last stand they made, eighty years ago, was when the bravest of their number was pulled to pieces in the plaza of Keusco, and when he, and his wife and children, with many of their near relations, having first had their tongues cut out and thrown to the dogs, and in the presence of the whole of "*Indiada*" gave themselves up as forsaken by gods

* "Span. Conq.," iii. 209.

and men. When the story of Tupac Amaru shall be told, it will then be seen how never again shall any of Inca race or blood "return to reign." You can still hire an Indian to run a message from Potosi to the Pacific coast, all the way on foot, a distance, there and back, as he would go, of more than fifteen hundred miles, for a few dollars. The native subjects of that singular government, calling itself the Republic of Bolivia, still pay the poll-tax imposed by the Spanish monarchy, which it professes to have ignominiously expelled; while the native races of the regions of the Chinchona forests are still used as beasts of burden, to convey the quinine-yielding barks to market, a distance, in some cases, of more than two hundred miles. And it cannot be denied that the worship of the Sun and Pachacamac has altogether been superseded by that of the mother of Christ—that the Pope has taken the place of the Inca, and alien bishops, priests, and Levites that of the *curacas amautas* and *qquipucamayus*; and the people love to have it so. And, although the mark of the slave-chain, which galled the limbs of the Peruvians for nearly three centuries, has more than skinned over, yet the iron has entered too deeply into their souls, and, in the language of the wise woman of Tekoah, they are, as a nation, but so much "water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."

♦ ♦ ♦
Eclectic Review.

LADY NOVELISTS.

ONE of the most noticeable features in the literature of our age consists in the increase of female authors; the few examples of preceding generations have in this increased *ad infinitum*: this is a significant fact indicative of the position women occupy in society. No longer do they enter the sacred arcana of literature with hesitancy and doubt, as though conscious of possessing no inherent right of entry, feelings which appeared to pervade several of our earlier lady writers, who, apparently, accidentally wandered into literature, and afterwards found it a convenient mode of expression, rather than engaging in it from a settled conviction of their undoubted right so to do, or of its being

a legitimate channel for conveying to others what knowledge and experience they possessed above the average of their own sex. These feelings of hesitancy and doubt characterize in no degree our modern authoresses; literature is boldly assumed by them as a profession: not the faintest gleam of an idea ever flashes across their imaginations suggestive of any doubtfulness as to their unquestioned right of regarding it as such; among the majority of them, no consciousness is ever felt of the responsibility attaching itself to literature viewed as a profession; it is undertaken in some such spirit as a governess might discharge the duties of her office, when she recognizes it only as a means of gaining subsistence. Many women, moderately well educated, and having the two professions from which to choose, unhesitatingly adopt that of literature, without any self-questioning as to whether they possess the requisite qualifications, beyond and above those of education, necessary for the successful discharge of its important functions, but simply as a more honorable method of gaining a livelihood than that of teaching; hence the reason why the majority of our lady writers are novelists; they assume it to be the easiest, and the most likely to pay of any of the manifold branches of the profession into which they have entered, and the vast preponderance in the number of novel readers, over those of any other class, gives an air of probability to such reasoning, as any work of fiction, however worthless, is sure of commanding a sale more or less extensive. But the writers of fiction ought to view their calling from a higher standpoint, and see it clothed with a more serious light than this. It is concluded that they are attempting

"To justify the ways of God to men,"

which proves to be so difficult a problem to us all, that most of us die without having disentangled the knotty puzzle; for with all our striving we only see our life in part, and have to suffer and endure, waiting till the great hereafter, where we hope every mystery will be elucidated. Yet, in spite of this hope, we none the less earnestly yearn to understand it here, here in this world, which, in some phases of our moral life,

we feel to be so awful; we cannot stifle those

Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.

They will force themselves upon our consideration, in busy active life, in silent night hours, and during the solitary watchings in sick-rooms. The solution of these "obstinate questionings" is what the writer of fiction aims, or should aim, at accomplishing. He takes, as it were, the warp, woof, and loom of a human life out of the hands of its Creator, and explains the "why" and the "wherefore" of its existence. But how unable must that writer be for the performance of his or her task, who does not comprehend its highest aim and its noblest duties! This, we greatly fear, is the case with most of our lady novelists. There are many reasons why women who possess lofty moral conceptions of life, who understand the sanctity and the reverence of affliction and sorrow; who have lived through their strongest emotions and the passionate ordeal of love; who have experienced the throb of bitter disappointment, who have felt the pressure of outward and inward temptation; and whose struggles to realize their own ideal of life have been both continuous and severe, and yet have served to deepen and increase their sympathies for the sorrowful and struggling of their own sex—we say, there are many reasons why female writers of this order in the department of fiction would be a boon to thousands of their fellow country-women, numbers of whom are groping blindly along their path, unable through impenetrable darkness to discern the way, yet stretching out their hands if haply they may find others to guide them. Women instinctively resort to fiction as a source of consolation and help, to try, if possible, and understand the reason why, that, with a whole wealth of love in their hearts, they are permitted to have no objects upon which to lavish it, but, on the contrary, are compelled to imprison it within their own natures, that it may consume itself; happy if they themselves are not shattered during the process! why, with natures tremulously alive to the holiness of affection,

their own lives should be barren of a single gleam to shed its light upon their path; and why, with faculties sensitively alive to the divinity of beauty, they are surrounded with circumstances disadvantageous to their development, having passed a repressed childhood, a repressed youth, and a forlorn and cheerless womanhood. When works of fiction are capable of meeting the demands of such natures, are able to point out the alleviation of their various lots, and are competent to trace the Divine finger of Providence regulating all the circumstances of their lives, they become beneficent agents for good; helping to sustain the Divine spark in human souls, which circumstance had almost smothered; helping to infuse hope into despairing human hearts, and helping to point to the blessed consolations heaven has in store for a balm for all wounded and disappointed natures. But we fear there are few among our lady writers who are able to accomplish this, few who have had the necessary depth of experience, and few who possess the genius of sympathetic insight to enable them rightly to understand, appreciate, and interpret the sorrows of others; yet, what so natural as that their struggling and less happy sisters should turn to them for help? But it is only the highest natures who have it to offer.

For the most part, our female novelists are content to paint pictures of home and domestic life, and depict the sorrows which make such pathetic gaps in fireside circles; the anxieties of tender and affectionate mothers, deeply solicitous of their children's welfare, and of wives, thoughtful for their husbands' happiness, Home, and its duties and comforts, appear to them the chief concerns of life; it is in them that they concentrate their sympathies, and over their details that they fondly linger and add a touch here and a touch there, to make their pictures more complete and effective. Chief and type of domestic novelists stands Miss Dinah Muloch, the authoress of many domestic fictions, chief of which, and the one by which she has obtained the most renown, is her *John Halifax Gentleman*. This is unquestionably the best of her works; she has never equalled or surpassed it. In no other work does she exhibit so much power in eloquence of expression,

and so much force in the dramatic presentation of character; that of John Halifax himself is drawn with a strong hand; every detail calculated to illustrate the various traits of his mental and moral tendencies is added with considerable skill, while every circumstance likely to develop them into activity, and settle them into firm principles, is narrated with vigor of language and beauty of illustration. The scenes of home life, with which the work abounds, are described with a quiet sense of enjoyment; and in the various characters of the children we have embodied, perhaps unconsciously on the author's part, each particular phase of the character of their father. The author's chief element lies in the description of family joys, cares, and sorrows; a deep, but quiet sense of power pervades them all; it is in the painting of the lights and shades of home life she is most herself, and is able to group, with the hand of a skilful artist, all its pathos and beauty. No very marked sense of humor characterizes her various works; their one principal feature consists in a deep, placid stream of earnestness, which flows through them all, and imparts to them a considerable force of vitality. Many are the wise and sympathetic words she finds to say concerning suffering, its mystery and sanctity, the blessedness of love, and the divinity of sorrow arising from bereavement; this is all so fully illustrated in the work we have mentioned above, that we need refer to no other in corroboration of our words. A quiet and thoughtful perusal of this one work will enable the reader to understand and appreciate the author's best points, and to discern beneath her quiet earnestness of style, a large amount of thoughtful and shrewd observation, not to be met with in many more brilliant novels; while the purity of tone, and truthfulness of moral insight pervading the whole, is worthy of the emulation of any novel writer.

A well-known and, to some extent, well-appreciated authoress is Mrs. Ellis. She has long been before the public in the character of a novelist, and her works have at various times received considerable recognition and praise; and many an English home receives them as honored and pleasant guests, while they turn a cold shoulder to more bril-

liant visitors. Her *Wives and Daughters of England* was, at one time, considered as very suitable present for ladies, and although the taste of lady readers has developed in another and more exciting direction, we suppose it is not impossible even now to find it lying side by side with Miss Muloch's *Words about Women*, on many a toilet table. However that may be, Mrs. Ellis is not without a considerable number of admirers, not, we imagine, with the habitual novel reader as with those to whom it comes as a rarity and choice pleasure. Her quiet, unobtrusive, and apparently easy style of writing, and the extreme purity of expression and tone pervading everything she has written, has even secured for her the commendation of those who invariably regard fiction with a jaundiced eye. Her favorite theme is home and domestic life, and women's relation to them; and the heroines she lavishes the most praise upon, and in drawing whose characters she loves to linger to touch them again and again, so as to present complete and almost faultless before her readers, are those who exhibit the greatest fondness for the domestic circle, and whose ambition is bounded within the limits of home. Her pen has never condescended to draw the "Girl of the Period," which the *Saturday Review* has chosen to hold up for ridicule; her taste and talents find no gratification in frequenting the haunts of pleasure and fashion, and her heroines are never conveyed to London to run through the "season" in a constant round of opera, theatre, concert, and ball-room dissipation; on the contrary, she leaves the hot and stifling streets of our mighty metropolis, and wanders among the out-of-the-way nooks of English life, breathes a pure and bracing atmosphere, where virtue and domestic happiness exist, and where the hurry and pressure of life is not so great as not to admit of the graces of home life being cultivated and fostered. This is eminently the case with her last work, *The Northern Roses*.* The noise of the great world of London is far removed from the scenes of the story: in place of its hot and dusty streets, we have the wide-spread-

* *Northern Roses: a Yorkshire Story.* By Mrs. Ellis. 3 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

ing Yorkshire moors, and life in Yorkshire farmhouses. It is the history of two girls, cousins, respectively named Bessie Bell, and Alice Gray; the one, Bessie, bold, confident, able to ride horseback, and follow the hounds, and never so happy as when engaged in these exhilarating pastimes, or when surrounded by a group of admirers with whom she could bandy jests, or flirt with all the keen relish and intuitive appreciation of a true daughter of Eve; it is not, however, upon this one the authoress expends her sympathy, but upon Alice, whose quiet, reserved, and home-loving disposition appears to thoroughly meet with her approbation, and is evidently Mrs. Ellis's *beau ideal* of maidenhood; and certainly Alice Gray has a strength of character, a firmness of will, and a cultivation of mind her more boisterous and impulsive cousin lacks, whom, however, she occasionally lectures when more than usually displeased with her behavior. The story is a very quiet one: there are no particularly striking scenes, and one wonders how it was possible, from such scanty materials, the story could be extended to three volumes. But the moral the authoress draws, if condemned as severe, is nevertheless true, and one that requires to be enunciated in this flirting age.

Foremost among the female writers of fiction has been placed Miss Jane Austen; indeed, so highly have her works been ranked amongst contemporary productions, that Macaulay denominated her a prose Shakespeare, inferring that there never had been a woman who had obtained so complete a mastery over the imaginative department of literature as herself; no one who had obtained so truthful an insight into the mysteries of human nature, and the workings of the human heart, and had embodied it all in works recognized as models of literary and artistic skill. This is a high measure of praise to bestow upon any literary candidate, and yet, in repeating it here, we are but echoing a note of universal praise, which has been uttered by all who have been competent to decide upon their merits. As far as her experience and insight went, Miss Austen was without a rival; for no one has produced characters so typical, and yet so

delicately and nicely confined within their own proper and legitimate limits. So true was she to her own perception of character, womanly as it was, that she never ventured to portray one that she had not herself thoroughly realized; hence all her creations are most real, and easily recognized by any reader who has made character a study. Her humor is both delicate and subtle, never degenerating into farce or grotesqueness, and yet decidedly effective: to a cultivated intellect, rich source of enjoyment is derived from this phase in her writings, its subtle lights and shades being so delicately yet masterly drawn, as to answer all the purposes of broad caricature in the works of inferior artists. High and durable as Miss Austen's reputation is, it was acquired by painstaking labor and adherence to the truthfulness of her own experience. Her pictures of life are always those which she herself has seen; hence, she never narrates an experience which transcends her own; and every one she has traced is recognized by some one or other of her readers as essentially true to their own. But perfect as Miss Austen was, her circle was restricted, and there are heights and depths in human nature she never realized, passionate eras in life she never attained, and profound sorrows she never fathomed; it was left for our generation to produce the woman who could equal her in artistic and literary skill, and far surpass her in the profundity of her experience. The authoress of *Adam Bede* has obtained a reputation as genuine as Miss Austen's, but reared on a broader basis of human sympathies, and more universal knowledge of human nature. Some of her works are perfect realizations of art, and recognized and acknowledged as such, by all familiar with, and able to pass a verdict upon the art of literary composition; while the subject matter of her books speaks to the hearts of myriads. A broad and almost Shakespearian breadth of humor characterizes all; also an intimate knowledge is displayed of the workings of the human heart, rare in any artist, and marvellous as rare; and the views of human life are varied and philosophic, and the command exhibited over the materials is most perfect; and all is conveyed in language pure and

expressive, and grandly Saxon in its character, while her exquisite literary skill is infused by the highest order of imaginative power.

We know little of George Eliot, and cannot state with certainty whether sorrow was the determining impulse to authorship; but, apart from the magnificent gifts with which nature has endowed her, there appears to be an abiding consciousness of deep-rooted sorrow. As we read, the ejaculation rises spontaneously from the heart to the lips, "This woman must have suffered;" we feel thus instinctively, but from what cause we are ignorant. Whether it arises from that profound melancholy which almost invariably accompanies great natural gifts, and which partakes of the nature of sorrow, or whether it has been engendered by perpetual brooding over the difficult problems of life, time, and space, the eager and inquisitive soul pushing against the confines of this world, dissatisfied with all it sees here, the sin, misery, and suffering entering into and forming so large a portion of each human lot, seeking with intense earnestness to penetrate into the mystery of the veiled future, if haply it may find some clue by which it may solve what seems so unsolvable here; or whether, again, it arises from more personal suffering, such as affections outraged by disappointment and death, the heart stunned from blows received from the hands most loved and trusted, and life made desolate by the perpetration of some deadly wrong; whether it arises from one, or all of these, we have no means of ascertaining, but that it is there, we unhesitatingly affirm, her genius is vivified with it, and out of the full heart comes the ready speech; and though it may seem selfish to rejoice in the suffering endured and experienced by other souls, we cannot help cherishing a certain amount of gladness at the abundant store of wisdom garnered up by sorrow. The sorrow may have been profound, but the outcome of it all has been rich to her own soul; it has deepened, and widened, and intensified her sympathies, from which streams, fraught with consolation, have flowed, blessing and softening innumerable hearts, sterile and dry from lack of moisture. Thus genius, vivified and sanctified by sorrow,

becomes in the hands of Divine Providence a beneficent agent in working out the moral redemption of others. As the Indian who aspires to take his place amongst the warriors and chiefs of his tribe, has to pass through his novitiate of suffering ere he is clothed with the majesty of chiefdom, so also, in like manner, genius has to pass through a novitiate of suffering ere it becomes draped with the dignity of goodness: interpenetrated and wrapped round with sorrow, it broods in silence, until at length, emerging from the cloud purified, it becomes a reservoir of unaccountable blessings for mankind. This, then, is, apparently, the mission the authoress of *Romola* is fulfilling. The perfect artist gives pleasure to the cultivated intellect, and to the dilettante in taste, but the materials with which the artist works have a far more extended empire, swaying the hearts of unrealized numbers.

The various means the authoress chooses to adopt, in finding a way to the human hearts of her characters, the unfolding their affections, and the opening out of their highest natures, are worthy of every thoughtful consideration, as illustrations of the marvellous knowledge she exhibits of the nature of man, no less than the perfect mastery she displays in her power of adapting means to an end. In the case of *Silas Marner, the Weaver of Waveloe*, this is accomplished by the tiny fingers of little "Effie." The trust and confidence of poor Silas in the honesty and truthfulness of human nature, receiving a severe blow from the treachery of his best friend, folded themselves up, like some plants will at the touch of a human hand; and, losing all faith in the goodness of his fellow-creatures, he would henceforth live apart from all his kind, and devote his time to the accumulation of gold, which he felt could not deceive as his some-time friend had done; however, in this he proved to be mistaken—his riches took to themselves wings, leaving him completely penniless to mourn over the loss of his stolen wealth. It was at this moment, while his heart was aching under the sense of his second desolation, that the helplessness of little Effie appealed strongly to his kind but blighted nature, and the deep well-springs of affec-

tion which pulsed beneath his miserliness, burst through their incrustation of misanthropy into renewed life; the love which had lavished itself upon gold was turned into its legitimate human channel, and Silas was again restored to the blessing of human fellowship. The social redemption of this poor isolated creature, this short-sighted and most unheroic-looking weaver, is worked out with the most consummate skill. There is no straining after striking and startling situations, no particularly effective scenes—the interest of the story does not depend upon such stage effects as these; all the events follow upon each other in a natural order of sequence, till the consummation the authoress aimed for is accomplished, viz., the return of Silas to the sympathies of his kind, the reduction of the abnormal again to the normal. In her shorter story of *Janet's Repentance*, a more subtle agent is brought into active play to reclaim the young wife from habitual indulgence in intoxicating liquor, first taken to stultify the severe mental and bodily anguish arising from the brutalities of a drunken husband: the sympathy of a young and earnest minister of God is the instrument for this work; he was one well able to preach peace to a troubled conscience, and pour balm into the wounds of a lacerated heart; for his own history, like the history of the patient to whose aid he had been called, was no ordinary one. In the season of youth, when fierce and uncurbed passions ran riot in his nature, and the hot blood coursed madly through his veins, he had been guilty of perpetrating a sin, for which a whole after-life of self-abnegation and labor for the welfare of others did not suffice to make atonement, or banish the remorse from his soul; yet, still he was the *one* best calculated to minister unto the urgent needs and necessities of poor Janet. Himself continually haunted by the memory of the once innocent creature whom he had betrayed to a life of shame and a premature death of ignominy, knew well where to lead Janet for repentance and afterwards consolation; for, had not he himself,—when wrestling with the first fierce throes of his terrible remorse after the sight of that still, cold face lying on the pavement of a London street, with its eyes staring blindly up

at the stars,—vainly tried to find a place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears, until he fled to the footstool of God? Sin had been absorbed into the Divine chemistry of Providence in order to aid in the redemption of a human soul, which soul was now able to assist in enfranchising a spirit from the bonds of sinful indulgence. The whole story of Janet is a marvellous piece of moral history, harrowing in some of its details, but essentially healthy in tone, and the fault cannot be attributed to this, which, by some critics, is attributed to the authoress's *Mill on the Floss*, viz., that it falls short in realizing the highest moral ideal. We are told that, in spite of the impression of evenly cultivated and clear-sighted power which the *Mill on the Floss* conveys, the power of creation, of amalgamating real materials into a fore-planned ideal scheme, the power of selection, choosing the fit and rejecting the unfit, so not only as to make every part perfect in itself, but also in relation to a well-balanced whole,—in spite of all this, the work falls short, as only a great work can, in grasping the highest moral ideal. It is argued that the history of poor Maggie, artistically complete as it is, can be of no vital help to others in similar situations to herself; that the errors into which her noble, but impulsive and undisciplined nature, surrounded as it was by circumstances antagonistic to its development, continually led her, are not calculated to be of essential service to natures like her own; and that, above all, the difficulties into which she fell by following the dictates of the passionate fervor of her unrestrained love for Stephen, from which the authoress saw no way of extricating her but by drowning her in the waters of the Floss, is not likely to point out the right path to others who may be drawn by a similar impulsive love into circumstances as difficult. In answer, we endorse what has already been advanced, that this ending of the young life of Maggie is as glorious in a moral sense as it is in an artistic one; temptation had been overcome, error had been atoned by suffering, duty had usurped the place of love, the realization of which Maggie saw would bring so much misery to others, and no more was left to be accomplished,

and death was the natural crown to it all, that a fresh life might be commenced under newer and happier auspices. But perhaps the greater and grandest work this authoress has produced is that of *Romola*. Certainly *Romola* herself is her sublimest creation of female character. The story of her life reads like the grandeur of a mighty poem. The glorious and beautiful nobility of her nature is revealed in the successive stages of her devoted existence; this is first exhibited in her tender ministrations to the wants and comforts of her blind and aged father, and then in the blind and devoted love she cherishes for her worthless husband, Tito; the desolation of heart, which is the natural result following the gradual revelation of the true character of Tito, opens up a deeper depth into the mystery of her nature. Henceforth she lives no more dependent upon a husband's love for happiness; other lives claim her sympathy, and she expends the rich treasures of her love in acts of benevolence, so that in time many hearts recognized and acknowledged her as an embodied realization of the blessed Madonna. All the characters in this marvellous historical romance are drawn with a master hand, and group themselves round the central figure in natural and lifelike postures; when they speak, it is as though we were listening to the language of living persons; while their actions charm and interest by their intense reality. Tito, the gossiping barber, and the old man, and the blind scholar are portrayed with all that vigor and freshness which genius alone has the power to impart to its creations, while the glimpses we gain of two world-renowned characters—Machiavelli and Savonarola—only make us wish that the authoress had lingered longer in their company. The home life of that far-away century touches our hearts with a strange pathos. Our authoress has not surpassed this effort of her genius, nor yet equalled it, in her latest production, *Felix Holt, the Radical*; nevertheless, the introductory chapter is a complete descriptive poem, and the work is a perfect treasury of political wisdom, and far, very far, excels the mere political novels of a celebrated politician. We have done no justice to the power of wit and humor

this authoress possesses; sparkling and brilliant, broad and genial, it illuminates the pages of her various works, at times like a lightning-flash—bright, vivid, and scathing—and at others like a ray of fresh warm summer sunshine. The care everywhere evinced over every detail of her stories gives to them that peculiar beauty of finish so characteristic of her works, and gives us confidence in thinking that no future novels from her pen will be less perfect as works of literary art, than any of their predecessors, while the fact of her not intruding herself upon public notice in the character of author too frequently gives us still greater confidence in thinking that no future work will be unworthy of her genius.

Of a reputation more universal, a genius more exalted, an experience more varied, and a more remorseless power in probing the deepest mysteries of the human heart, the acknowledged representative of female writers, and the very queen of fiction, is George Sand: a strange and exceptional woman, with a no less strange and exceptional life. Her grandmother, by whom she was brought up, being disappointed because she was not a boy, tried to remedy the defect by excluding her from all feminine occupations, and training her with the education of one; this, among other circumstances, was beneficial to the development of her great and varied powers; it may have been the cause of her falling into many errors, but it was no less powerful in commanding for her a more extended range of experience; and grandly passionate in its sorrowful isolation is the experience of life depicted in her works, all of which partake of the nature of confessions; we everywhere discern traces of the history of a soul that seems to have sounded both the height and depth of human sorrow, and to have been wrung with unutterable anguish. Using the experience of her own life, as material and circumstance in developing the character of her ideal creations, we are reading as it were the passionate outpourings of her own heart, in which we are to decipher the phases of her own mental history; and though there are many passages in her writings, which admirers and critics may wish she had not written

—passages where she has failed in producing faithful delineations of masculine character—yet all must admit, readers and critics, that her works are genuinely original, fervid in their eloquence, and large, harmonious, and expressive in style, and in diction grand, its melody of phrase answering to the rhythmic beauty of passion that was in her; they are the utterances of a soul in pain, a soul strangely moved by the influence of that sorrow which mighty passion leaves as an abiding guest after sweeping in tumultuous phrenzy through its chambers. Wide as the incidents of many of her stories are from truth, yet the characters can be recognized as faithful portraits, by many acquainted with the details of her life; this is more especially characteristic of her *Lucrezia Floriani*. The three principal personages figuring in the pages of this work, Lucrezia, Carol, and Vandoni, are acknowledged as genuine transcripts of actual individuals, whose actions have had considerable influence on the author's own life; and it is ever thus with genius, gathering up the threads of its own career, it weaves with magic skill ideal characters pulsating with the mystery of passion and existence.

Possessed of less genius, less power of intellect and pen than George Sand, yet nevertheless generally acknowledged as one of the most pleasing of French authoresses, is Madame Charles Reyband; the facility with which the lady exercised her graceful pen, and the unquestioned beauty of her style, have enabled her to take a very high rank among modern French novelists. Her style is light and elegant; she has the power of chaining the reader's attention by the dramatic incidents and startling situations of her stories, and is a perfect adept in the pathetic; and has the power of imparting interest to the most commonplace of stories. As a narrator she is very skilful, and though possessing all the minuteness of a Balzac, has none of that author's too frequent tediousness. Her especial *forte* consists in reproducing pictures of French society; in this she is most happy; and though she invariably strikes at some prejudice, her pictures are not colored by the infusion of bitterness; but, like our own versatile country-woman—Mrs. Gore—she ex-

hibits the faults and follies of Parisian life with an amused, but good-humored smile, and a sprightly vivacity of language and tone. Although she has written several works where the scenes and incidents are confined to Spain and the West Indies, and her descriptions of tropical scenery are both vivid and grand, yet none of them are equal to those which are devoted exclusively to the soil of France; here she is most at home, and displays her greatest ingenuity and skill in the art of invention and construction, and also exhibits more perfectly the peculiar power she possesses of handling improbable incidents so as to make the reader place implicit, if temporal, faith in their reasonableness. A striking illustration of this is found in her tale of "*La Fada*," not one of her best, and somewhat distorted by the disagreeable incident at the close, yet still a very singular and dramatic story, and well worthy of perusal by all readers who wish to gain an idea of the skill by which an improbable circumstance is treated by Madame Reyband. One of her best stories is "*Le Dernier Oblat*," the history of a child devoted from birth to pass his days in the seclusion of a cloister. The sufferings of the youth are graphically depicted. His distaste and repugnance at the forced inactivity of his life within the walls of a monastery, when nature had intended him for a more active career, at length becomes unbearable. He escapes, and assuming a layman's garb, and under a false name, he lives among those whose nature no convent rules restrict; and, as a natural result, he becomes deeply enamoured with the beauty and accomplishments of a fairer creature than he had ever dreamt of in his wildest dreams. While in the throes of this his first love, he is discovered and captured by the emissaries of his superior, who confines him in a dungeon where no chance of escape offers itself, till he is finally released by the first French Revolution. Hastening in search of his beloved, whom he hopes speedily to clasp in his arms, he is horrified at being the witness of her death upon the scaffold, condemned and murdered as an aristocrat. The unutterable misery and despair into which this event plunges him, finds no relief or solace, and he voluntarily enters an Italian con-

vent, trusting to find within its sacred precincts that repose of spirit which the world denied him. Madame Reyband tells this slight story with amazing skill and delicacy, and excites a strong interest in the sorrows and fortunes of her hero from beginning to end; there is not in this, however, that tone of melancholy which sheds such a charm over some of her works, and which is more especially apparent in her "*Sans Dot*," the dowerless. Although Madame Reyband occasionally sins against good taste, the instances are very rare, and then it is done with all that delicacy of feeling so characteristic of her works; in fact, her pages are never soiled by that impurity of thought and expression which so frequently occur in the productions of many of the most popular French novelists, and this is an additional motive for classing her with the most pleasing of French authors.

It is impossible for us, in the limits of a single paper, to criticise in detail the various lady novelists whose active pens are continually showering upon the public a perfect multitude of works. The reviewer finds it next to an impossibility to keep pace with the increased demand and supply of this particular item in mental food, and at the utmost can only pick out an author here and there, on whom to make a few remarks of praise or condemnation, and thus, to some extent, endeavor to discharge his duty. One of the most prolific pens is that wielded by the fingers of Mrs. Henry Wood, a writer whose haste in composition not only blurs her pages with minor defects, and makes her apologize for this in prefatory remarks, but does not allow her time and opportunity to do justice to those talents with which nature has graced her. Why an authoress should be thus careless of her reputation, we know not, unless the profits accruing from frequent publication convey more pleasure to the imagination than the plaudits of well-earned praise; but we conceive that Mrs. Wood would be laying a foundation of solid fame, were she to expend more labor and thought in producing one novel in the same space of time in which she now devotes to the writing of three or four; there would be some probability of her works being less crude and immature,

and more artistically worked out: as it is, none of her later works approach in completeness of design and finish to *East Lynne*. Painful and unnatural as is the plot of that work, it is developed with that degree of skill and power which led critics to pronounce a favorable verdict upon its merits, and reasonably anticipate that any future work from the same pen would more fully answer the requirements of art; this anticipation, however, has never been realized. Flushed with her first success, Mrs. Wood apparently conjectured that all which was required of her was to continue writing, and that the favorable opinions expressed concerning *East Lynne* would cover the deficiency, if any, of the results of her more recent labors.

The novels of Miss Annie Thomas are chiefly remarkable for their cleverness, and total absence of anything like genius; her last, *The Dower House*, is a fair sample of most of her works, and in some things even better than many of her former; for instance, when a cheap edition, in two shilling volumes, is published, there will need no advertisement prefixed, informing the reader that the publishers have thought it necessary to exclude some portions of the work, as they violated social morality, which is the case with Miss Thomas's *On Guard*; nevertheless, the characters in *Dower House*, like those in most of her other works, are all very disagreeable; not one touches the sympathies of the reader: they are hard-headed and hard-hearted, vain, shallow, and intriguing; never amusing, or even good-natured, but ever ready to do and say spiteful things to mar the pleasure or comfort of others. The most pleasing of any of Miss Thomas's works is a short one of only sixty-six pages, entitled *A Noble Aim*. Extremely simple is this story, and very natural; the characters are few, almost common-place, and merely sketched; but throughout the whole there are none of those exaggerations of incident and circumstance which so spoil the effect of her longer stories. We fear Miss Thomas will never take a very high rank among modern novelists. Her pages are seldom brilliant with wit, or genial with humor, while her style lacks the beauty of finish—the one word,

more than any other, expressive of her peculiar style, is that of hardness.

A recent sketch in *Punch* will very likely occur to the memory of our readers: an old-fashioned party, with old-fashioned prejudices, choosing a book from a library, says, "Ah, very clever, I dare say, but I see it is written by a lady, and I want a book my daughters may read." Such, we believe, to be a not uncommon impression about our Lady Novelists. It might furnish a singular and curious subject for thought, and even speculation, did time permit some inquiry into the psychological circumstances originating the undoubted fact, that the writings of women have perhaps been, on the whole, less healthy than those of men. It is not hazarding too much to say this, nor do we think we express ourselves with any conscious disrespect in saying this. It is true that when English literature was most corrupt, the most corrupt of all fictions were the productions of Mrs. Aphra Behn and Mrs. Manley. When Sir Walter Scott was a young man, his grand-aunt, Mrs. Keith, a lady far advanced in life, requested him to procure for her a perusal of Mrs. Behn's novels. Scott with some qualms of conscience sent them to her; they were very speedily returned with a note. "Take back your bonnie Mrs. Behn," said Mrs. Keith; "and if you will follow my advice, put her in the fire: but is it not a strange thing that I, a woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to look through a book which sixty years ago I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London?" The writings of our Lady Novelists have certainly undergone a change since then; their leading characteristic now, however, is a strong revolt against conventionalism either of society or thought: it more or less characterizes all,—George Sand, the Countess of Hahn-Hahn; from this characteristic even the writings of Fredrika Bremer, pure and beautiful as they are, and rich in genius, are not free; it gives the zest and interest to *Jane Eyre*, and in an equal degree, if in another aspect, to *Adam Bede*, *Felix Holt*, and *Romola*; in a far inferior walk it stamps the writings of Miss Braddon, and the writings of the authoress of *He*

Cometh up as a Flower; it marks the whole plot and the exciting scenes of *East Lynne*. In fact, woman is in no sense so healthy, bodily, mentally, or morally, as man—women in general, we mean; her nature is more unstrung; in her, body and soul are more unequally hung together; a large part of the peculiar glory of her finest performances and purest insights are to be traced to this; on the other hand, in her sense of so much distinctly seen by a quick conscience, a keen sense of justice, conjoined to the feeling of the futility of her powers for giving effect to the purposes of the will is the cause of much of that morbid hue which overspreads many of her pages; but we have written with a profound sense of the value of much which has proceeded from her mind and heart, and with lively recollections of the charm and delight of many of the productions of woman's pen.

Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.

PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY BADON VON HUMBOLDT.

If it be the duty of the men of science who visit the Alps of Switzerland, or the coasts of Lapland, to extend our knowledge respecting the glaciers and the aurora borealis, it may be expected that a traveller who has journeyed through Spanish America should have chiefly fixed his attention on volcanoes and earthquakes. Each part of the globe is an object of particular study; and when we cannot hope to penetrate the causes of natural phenomena, we ought at least to endeavor to discover their laws, and distinguish, by the comparison of numerous facts, that which is permanent and uniform from that which is variable and accidental.

The great earthquakes, which interrupt the long series of slight shocks, appear to have no regular periods at Cumana. They have taken place at intervals of eighty, a hundred, and sometimes less than thirty years; while on the coast of Peru, for instance at Lima, a certain regularity has marked the periods of the total destruction of the city. The belief of the inhabitants in the existence of this uniformity has a happy influence on public tranquillity,

and the encouragement of industry. It is generally admitted that it requires a sufficiently long space of time for the same causes to act with the same energy; but this reasoning is just only inasmuch as the shocks are considered as a local phenomenon; and a particular focus, under each point of the globe exposed to those great catastrophes, is admitted. Whenever new edifices are raised on the ruins of the old, we hear from those who refused to build that the destruction of Lisbon on the first day of November, 1755, was soon followed by a second, and not less fatal convulsion, on the 31st of March, 1761.

It is a very ancient opinion, and one that is commonly received at Cumana, Acapulco, and Lima, that a perceptible connection exists between earthquakes and the state of the atmosphere that precedes those phenomena. But from the great number of earthquakes which I have witnessed to the north and south of the equator, on the continent and on the seas, on the coasts and at 2,500 toises height, it appears to me that the oscillations are generally very independent of the previous state of the atmosphere. This opinion is entertained by a number of intelligent residents of the Spanish colonies, whose experience extends, if not over a greater space of the globe, at least over a greater number of years, than mine. On the contrary, in parts of Europe where earthquakes are rare compared to America, scientific observers are inclined to admit an intimate connection between the undulations of the ground and certain meteors, which appear simultaneously with them. In Italy, for instance, the *sirocco* and earthquakes are suspected to have some connection, and in London, the frequency of falling stars, and those southern lights which have since been often observed by Mr. Dalton, were considered as the forerunners of those shocks which were felt from 1748 to 1756.

On days when the earth is shaken by violent shocks the regularity of the horary variations of the barometer is not disturbed within the tropics. I had opportunities of verifying this observation at Cumana, at Lima, and at Riobamba; and it is the more worthy of attention, as at St. Domingo (in the town of Cape François) it is asserted that a water-

barometer sank two inches and a half immediately before the earthquake of 1770. It is also related that, at the time of the destruction of Oran, a druggist fled with his family, because, observing accidentally, a few minutes before the earthquake, the height of the mercury in his barometer, he perceived that the column sank in an extraordinary manner. I know not whether we can give credit to this story; but, as it is nearly impossible to examine the variations of the weight of the atmosphere during the shocks, we must be satisfied with observing the barometer before or after these phenomena have taken place.

We can scarcely doubt that the earth, when opened and agitated by shocks, spreads occasionally gaseous emanations through the atmosphere, in places remote from the mouths of volcanoes not extinct. At Cumana it has already been observed that flames and vapors mixed with sulphurous acid spring up from the most arid soil. In other parts of the same province the earth ejects water and petroleum. At Riobamba a muddy and inflammable mass, called *moya*, issues from crevices that close again, and accumulates into elevated hills. At about seven leagues from Lisbon, near Colares, during the terrible earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755, flames and a column of thick smoke were seen to issue from the flanks of the rocks of Alvidras, and, according to some witnesses, from the bosom of the sea.

Elastic fluids thrown into the atmosphere may act locally on the barometer, not by their mass, which is very small, compared to the mass of the atmosphere, but because, at the moment of great explosions, an ascending current is probably formed, which diminishes the pressure of the air. I am inclined to think that in the majority of earthquakes nothing escapes from the agitated earth, and that when gaseous emanations and vapors are observed they oftener accompany or follow than precede the shocks. This circumstance would seem to explain the mysterious influence of earthquakes in equinoctial America on the climate, and on the order of the dry and rainy seasons. If the earth generally act on the air only at the moment of the shocks, we can conceive why a sensible meteorological change so rarely

precedes those great revolutions of nature.

The hypothesis according to which, in the earthquakes of Cumana, elastic fluids tend to escape from the surface of the soil, seems confirmed by the great noise which is heard during the shocks at the borders of the wells in the plain of Charas. Water and sand are sometimes thrown out twenty feet high. Similar phenomena were observed in ancient times by the inhabitants of those parts of Greece and Asia Minor abounding with caverns, crevices, and subterraneous rivers. Nature, in her uniform progress, everywhere suggests the same ideas of the causes of earthquakes, and the means by which man, forgetting the measure of his strength, pretends to diminish the effect of the subterraneous explosion. What a great Roman naturalist has said of the utility of wells and caverns is repeated in the New World by the most ignorant Indians of Quito, when they show travellers the guaicos, or crevices of Pichincha.

The subterranean noise, so frequent during earthquakes, is generally not in the ratio of the force of the shocks. At Cumana it constantly precedes them, while at Quito, and recently at Caracas, and in the West India Islands, a noise like the discharge of a battery was heard a long time after the shocks had ceased. A third kind of phenomenon, the most remarkable of the whole, is the rolling of those subterranean thunders, which last several months, without being accompanied by the least oscillatory motion of the ground.

In every country subject to earthquakes, the point at which, probably owing to a particular disposition of the stony strata, the effects are most sensibly felt, is considered as the cause and the focus of the shocks. Thus, at Cumana, the hill of the castle of San Antonio, and particularly the eminence on which stands the convent of St. Francis, are believed to contain an enormous quantity of sulphur and other inflammable matter. We forget that the rapidity with which the undulations are propagated to great distances, even across the basin of the ocean, proves that the centre of action is very remote from the surface of the globe. From this same cause no doubt earthquakes are not confined to certain

species of rocks, as some naturalists suppose, but all are fitted to propagate the movement. Keeping within the limits of my own experience, I may here cite the granites of Lima and Acapulco; the gneiss of Caracas; the mica-slate of the peninsula of Araya; the primitive thonschiefer of Tepecuacuilco, in Mexico; the secondary limestones of the Apennines, Spain, and New Andalusia; and, finally, the trappean porphyries of the provinces of Quito and Popayan. In these different places the ground is frequently agitated by the most violent shocks; but sometimes, in the same rock, the superior strata form invincible obstacles to the propagation of the motion. Thus, in the mines of Saxony, we have seen workmen hasten up alarmed by oscillations which were not felt at the surface of the ground.

If, in regions the most remote from each other, primitive, secondary, and volcanic rocks share equally in the convulsive movements of the globe, we cannot but admit also that within a space of little extent certain classes of rocks oppose themselves to the propagation of the shocks. At Cumana, for instance, before the great catastrophe of 1797, the earthquakes were felt only along the southern and calcareous coast of the Gulf of Cariaco, as far as the town of that name; while in the peninsula of Araya, and at the village of Maniquarez, the ground did not share the same agitation. But since December, 1797, new communications appear to have been opened in the interior of the globe. The peninsula of Araya is now not merely subject to the same agitations as the soil of Cumana, but the promontory of mica-slate, previously free from earthquakes, has become in its turn a central point of commotion. The earth is sometimes strongly shaken at the village of Maniquarez, when on the coast of Cumana the inhabitants enjoy the most perfect tranquillity. The Gulf of Cariaco, nevertheless, is only sixty or eighty fathoms deep.

It has been thought, from observations made both on the continent and in the islands, that the western and southern coasts are most exposed to shocks. This observation is connected with opinions which geologists have long formed respecting the position of the high chains

of mountains, and the direction of their steepest declivities; but the existence of the Cordillera of Caracas, and the frequency of the oscillations on the eastern and northern coast of Terra Firma, in the Gulf of Paria, at Carupano, at Cariaco, and at Cumana, renders the accuracy of that opinion doubtful.

In New Andalusia, as well as in Chile and Peru, the shocks follow the course of the shore, and extend but little inland. This circumstance, as we shall soon find, indicates an intimate connection between the causes which produce earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. If the earth was most agitated on the coasts, because they are the lowest part of the land, why should not the oscillations be equally strong and frequent on those vast savannahs or prairies, which are scarcely eight or ten toises above the level of the ocean?

The earthquakes of Cumana are connected with those of the West India Islands; and it has even been suspected that they have some connection with the volcanic phenomena of the Cordilleras of the Andes. On the 4th of February, 1797, the soil of the province of Quito suffered such a destructive commotion that near 40,000 natives perished. At the same period the inhabitants of the eastern Antilles were alarmed by shocks, which continued during eight months, when the volcano of Guadaloupe threw out pumice-stones, ashes, and gusts of sulphureous vapors. The eruption of the 27th of September, during which very long continued subterranean noises were heard, was followed on the 14th of December by the great earthquake of Cumana. Another volcano of the West India Islands, that of St. Vincent, affords an example of these extraordinary connections. This volcano had not emitted flames since 1718, when they burst forth anew in 1812. The total ruin of the city of Caracas preceded this explosion thirty-five days, and violent oscillations of the ground were felt both in the islands and on the coasts of Terra Firma.

It has long been remarked that the effects of great earthquakes extend much farther than the phenomena arising from burning volcanoes. In studying the physical revolutions of Italy, in

carefully examining the series of the eruptions of Vesuvius and Etna, we can scarcely recognize, notwithstanding the proximity of these mountains, any traces of a simultaneous action. It is, on the contrary, beyond a doubt that at the period of the last and preceding destruction of Lisbon the sea was violently agitated even as far as the New World, for instance, at the island of Barbadoes, more than twelve hundred leagues distant from the coast of Portugal.

Several facts tend to prove that the causes which produce earthquakes have a near connection with those which act in volcanic eruptions. The connection of these causes was known to the ancients, and it excited fresh attention at the period of the discovery of America. The discovery of the New World not only offered new productions to the curiosity of man; it also extended the then existing stock of knowledge respecting physical geography, the varieties of the human species, and the migrations of nations. It is impossible to read the narratives of early Spanish travellers, especially that of the Jesuit Acosta, without perceiving the influence which the aspect of a great continent, the study of extraordinary appearances of nature, and intercourse with men of different races must have exercised on the progress of knowledge in Europe. The germ of a great number of physical truths is found in the works of the sixteenth century, and that germ would have fructified, had it not been crushed by fanaticism and superstition. We learned at Pasto that the column of black and thick smoke which, in 1797, issued for several months from the volcano near that shore disappeared at the very hour when, sixty leagues to the south, the towns of Riobamba, Hambato, and Tacunga were destroyed by an enormous shock. In the interior of a burning crater, near those hillocks formed by ejections of scoræ and ashes, the motion of the ground is felt several seconds before each partial eruption takes place. We observed this phenomenon at Vesuvius in 1805, while the mountain threw out incandescent scoræ; we were witnesses of it in 1802, on the brink of the immense crater of Pichincha, from which, nevertheless, at that time,

clouds of sulphurous acid vapors only issued.

Everything in earthquakes seems to indicate the action of elastic fluids seeking an outlet to diffuse themselves in the atmosphere. Often, on the coasts of the Pacific, the action is almost instantaneously communicated from Chile to the Gulf of Guayaquil, a distance of six hundred leagues; and, what is very remarkable, the shocks appear to be the stronger in proportion as the country is distant from burning volcanoes. The granitic mountains of Calabria, covered with very recent breccias, the calcareous chain of the Apennines, the country of Pignerol, the coasts of Portugal and Greece, those of Peru and Terra Firma, afford striking proofs of this fact. The globe, it may be said, is agitated with the greater force in proportion as the surface has a smaller number of funnels communicating with the caverns of the interior. At Naples and at Messina, at the foot of Cotopaxi and of Tunguragua, earthquakes are dreaded only when vapors and flames do not issue from the craters. In the kingdom of Quito, the great catastrophe of Riobamba led several well-informed persons to think that that country would be less frequently disturbed if the subterranean fire should break the porphyritic dome of Chimborazo, and if that colossal mountain should become a burning volcano. At all times analogous facts have led to the same hypotheses. The Greeks, who, like ourselves, attributed the oscillations of the ground to the tension of elastic fluids, cited in favor of their opinion the total cessation of the shocks at the island of Eubœa, by the opening of a crevice in the Levantine plain.

The phenomena of volcanoes, and those of earthquakes, have been considered of late as the effects of voltaic electricity, developed by a particular disposition of heterogeneous strata. It cannot be denied that often, when violent shocks succeed each other within the space of a few hours, the electricity of the air sensibly increases at the instant the ground is most agitated; but to explain this phenomenon it is unnecessary to recur to an hypothesis which is in direct contradiction to everything hitherto observed respecting the struc-

ture of our planet and the disposition of its strata.—*Personal Narrative.*

Cornhill Magazine.

AJACCIO.

It generally happens that visitors to Ajaccio pass over from the Cornice coast, leaving Nice at night, and waking about sunrise to find themselves beneath the bare and frowning mountains of Corsica. The difference between the scenery of the island and the shores which they have left is very striking. Instead of the rocky mountains of the Cornice, intolerably dry and barren at their summits, but covered at their base with villages and ancient towns and olive-fields, Corsica presents a scene of solitary and peculiar grandeur. The highest mountain-tops are covered with snow, and beneath the snow-level to the sea they are as green as Irish or as English hills, but nearly uninhabited and uncultivated. Valleys of almost Alpine verdure are succeeded by tracts of chestnut wood and scattered pines, or deep and flowery brushwood—the “*macchi*” of Corsica, which yields shelter to its traditional outlaws and bandits. Yet upon these hill-sides there are hardly any signs of life; the whole country seems abandoned to primeval wildness and the majesty of desolation. Nothing can possibly be more unlike the smiling Riviera, every square mile of which is cultivated like a garden, and every valley and bay dotted over with white villages. After steaming for a few hours along this savage coast, the rocks which guard the entrance to the bay of Ajaccio, murderous-looking teeth and needles ominously christened *Sanguinari*, are passed, and we enter the splendid landlocked harbor, on the northern shore of which Ajaccio is built. About three centuries ago the town, which used to occupy the extreme or eastern end of the bay, was removed to a more healthy point upon the northern coast, so that Ajaccio is quite a modern city. Visitors who expect to find in it the picturesqueness of Genoa or San Remo, or even of Mentone, will be sadly disappointed. It is simply a healthy, well-appointed town of recent date, the chief merits of which are that it has wide streets, and is free,

externally at least, from the filth and rubbish of most southern seaports.

But if Ajaccio itself is not picturesque, the scenery which it commands, and in the heart of which it lies, is of the most magnificent. The bay of Ajaccio resembles a vast Italian lake—a Lago Maggiore, with greater space between the mountains and the shore. From the snow-peaks of the interior, huge granite crystals clothed in white, to the southern extremity of the bay, peak succeeds peak and ridge rises behind ridge in a line of wonderful variety and beauty. The atmospheric changes of light and shadow, cloud and color, on this upland country are as subtle and as various as those which lend their beauty to the scenery of the lakes, while the sea below is blue and rarely troubled. One could never get tired with looking at this view. Morning and evening add new charms to its marvellous sublimity and beauty. In the early morning Monte d'Oro sparkles like a Monte Rosa with its fresh snow, and the whole inferior range puts on the crystal blueness of dawn among the Alps. In the evening violet and purple tints and the golden glow of Italian sunset add a new lustre to the fairy-land. In fact, the beauties of Switzerland and Italy are curiously blended in this landscape.

The soil and vegetation of the country round Ajaccio differs very much from that which one is accustomed to on the Cornice. There are very few olive-trees, nor is the cultivated ground backed up so immediately by stony mountains; but between the sea-shore and the hills there is plenty of space for pasture-land, and orchards of apricot and peach trees, and orange-gardens. This undulating country, green with meadows and watered with clear streams, is very refreshing to the eyes of Northern people, who weary of the bareness and grayness of Nice or Mentone. It is traversed by excellent roads, recently constructed on a plan of the French Government, which intersect the country in all directions, and offer an infinite variety of rides or drives to visitors. The broken granite of which these roads are made is very pleasant for riding over. Most of the hills through which they strike after starting from Ajaccio are clothed with a thick brushwood of box, ilex, lentisc,

arbutus, and laurustinus, which stretches down irregularly into vineyards, olive-gardens, and meadows. It is indeed the native growth of the island; for wherever a piece of ground is left untilld, the "macchi" grow up, and the scent of their multitudinous aromatic blossoms is so strong that it may be smelt miles out at sea. Napoleon, at St. Helena, referred to this fragrance when he said that he should know Corsica blindfold by the smell of its soil. Occasional woods of holm oak make darker patches on the landscape, and a few pines fringe the side of inclosure walls or towers. The prickly pear runs riot in and out among the hedges and upon the walls, diversifying the colors of the landscape with its strange gray-green masses and unwieldy fans. In spring, when peach and almond trees are in blossom, and when the roadside is starred with asphodels, this country is most beautiful in its gladness. The macchi blaze with cistus flowers of red and silver. Golden broom mixes with the dark purple of the great French lavender, and over the whole mass of blossom wave plumes of Mediterranean heath and sweet-scented yellow coronilla. Under the stems of the ilex peep cyclamens, pink and sweet; the hedgerows are a tangle of vetches, convolvuluses, lupins, orchises and alliums, with here and there a purple iris. It would be quite impossible to describe all the rare and lovely plants which are found here in a profusion that surpasses even the flower-gardens of the Cornice, and reminds us of the most favored Alpine valleys in their early spring.

Since the French occupied Corsica they have done much for the island by improving its harbors and making good roads, and endeavoring to mitigate the ferocity of the people. But they have many things to contend against, and Corsica is still far behind the other provinces of France. The people are idle, haughty, umbrageous, fiery, quarrelsome, fond of gypsy life, and retentive through generations of old feuds and prejudices to an almost inconceivable extent. Then the nature of the country itself offers serious obstacles to its proper colonization and cultivation. The savage state of the island and its internal feuds have disposed the Corsicans to quit the seaboard for their mountain vil-

lages and fortresses, so that the great plains at the feet of the hills are unwholesome for want of tillage and drainage. Again, the mountains themselves have in many parts been stripped of their forests and converted into mere wildernesses of *macchi* stretching up and down their slopes for miles and miles of useless desolation. Another impediment to proper cultivation is found in the old habit of what is called free pasturage. The highland shepherds are allowed by the national custom to drive down their flocks and herds to the lowlands during the winter, so that fences are broken, young crops are browsed over and trampled down, and agriculture becomes a mere impossibility. The last and chief difficulty against which the French have had to contend, and up to this time with apparent success, is brigandage. The Corsican system of brigandage is so very different from that of the Italians, Sicilians, and Greeks, that a word may be said about its peculiar character. In the first place it has nothing at all to do with robbery and thieving. The Corsican bandit took to a free life among the *macchi*, not for the sake of supporting himself by lawless depredation, but because he had put himself under a legal and social ban by murdering some one in obedience to the strict code of honor of his country. His victim may have been the hereditary foe of his house for generations, or else the newly made enemy of yesterday. But in either case, if he had killed him fairly, after a due notification of his intention to do so, he was held to have fulfilled a duty rather than to have committed a crime. He then betook himself to the dense tangles of evergreens which we have described, where he lived upon the charity of country-folk and shepherds. In the eyes of those simple people it was a sacred duty to relieve the necessities of the outlaws, and to guard them from the bloodhounds of justice. There was scarcely a respectable family in Corsica who had not one or more of its members thus *alla campagna*, as it was euphemistically styled. The Corsicans themselves have attributed this miserable state of things to two principal causes. The first of these was the ancient bad government of the island: under its Genoese rulers no jus-

tice was administered, and private vengeance for homicide or insult became a necessary consequence among the haughty and warlike families of the mountain villages. Secondly, the Corsicans have been from time immemorial accustomed to wear arms in every-day life. They used to sit at their house-doors and pace the streets with musket, pistol, dagger, and cartouch-box on their persons; and on the most trivial occasion of merriment or enthusiasm they would discharge their firearms. This habit gave a bloody termination to many quarrels, which might have ended more peaceably had the parties been unarmed, and so the seeds of *vendetta* were constantly being sown. Statistics published by the French Government present a hideous picture of the state of bloodshed in Corsica even during this century. In one period of thirty years (between 1821 and 1850) there were 4,319 murders in the island. Almost every man was watching for his neighbor's life or seeking how to save his own; and agriculture and commerce were neglected for this grisly game of hide-and-seek. In 1853 the French began to take strong measures, and, under the Préfet Thuillier, they hunted the bandits from the *macchi*, killing between 200 and 300 of them. At the same time an edict was promulgated against bearing arms. It is forbidden to sell the old Corsican stiletto in the shops, and no one may carry a gun, even for sporting purposes, unless he obtains a special license. These licenses, moreover, are only granted for short and precisely measured periods.

In order to appreciate the stern and gloomy character of the Corsicans it is necessary to leave the smiling gardens of Ajaccio, and to visit some of the more distant mountain villages—Vico, Cavo, Bastelica, Bocognano or Corte, any of which may easily be reached from the capital. Immediately after quitting the seaboard we enter a country austere in its simplicity, solemn without relief, yet dignified by its majesty and by the sense of freedom it inspires. As we approach the mountains the *macchi* become taller, feathering, man-high above the road, and stretching far away upon the hills. Gigantic masses of granite, shaped like buttresses and bastions,

seem to guard the approaches to these hills; while, looking backward over the green plain, the sea lies smiling in a haze of blue among the rocky horns and misty headlands of the coast. There is a stateliness about the abrupt inclination of these granite slopes, rising from their frowning portals by sharp *arêtes* to the snows piled on their summits, which contrasts in a strange way with the softness and beauty of the mingling sea and plain beneath. In no landscape are more various qualities combined; in none are they so harmonized as to produce so strong a sense of majestic freedom and severe power. Suppose that we are on the road to Corte, and have now reached Bocognano, the first considerable village since we left Ajaccio. Bocognano might be chosen as typical of Corsican hill-villages, with its narrow street, and tall tower-like houses of five or six stories high, faced with rough granite, and pierced with the smallest windows and very narrow doorways. These buildings have a mournful and desolate appearance. There is none of the grandeur of antiquity about them; no sculptured arms or castellated turrets, or balconies or spacious staircases, such as are common in the poorest towns of Italy. The signs of warlike occupation which they offer, and their sinister aspect of vigilance, are thoroughly prosaic. They seem to suggest a state of society in which feud and violence were systematized into routine. There is no relief to the savage austerity of their forbidding aspect; no signs of wealth or household comfort; no trace of art, no liveliness and gracefulness of architecture. Perched upon their coigns of vantage, these villages seem always menacing, as if Saracen pirates, or Genoese marauders, or bandits bent on vengeance, were still forever on the watch. Forests of immensely old chestnut-trees surround Bocognano on every side, so that you step from the village streets into the shade of woods that seem to have remained untouched for centuries. The country-people support themselves almost entirely upon the fruit of these chestnuts; and there is a large department of Corsica called Castigniccia, from the prevalence of these trees and the sustenance which the in-

habitants derive from them. Close by the village brawls a torrent, such as one may see in the Monte Rosa valleys of Piedmont or the Apennines, but very rarely in Switzerland. It is of a pure green color, foaming round the granite boulders, and gliding over smooth slabs of polished stone, and eddying into still deep pools fringed with fern. Monte d'Oro, one of the largest mountains of Corsica, soars above, and from his snows this purest water, undefiled by glacier mud or the *débris* of avalanches, melts away. Following the stream we rise through the *macchi* and the chestnut woods, which grow more sparsely by degrees, until we reach the zone of beeches. Here the scene seems suddenly transferred to the Pyrenees; for the road is carried along abrupt slopes, thickly set with gigantic beech-trees, overgrown with pink and silver lichens. In the early spring their last year's leaves are still crisp with hoar-frost; one morning's journey has brought us from the summer of Ajaccio to winter on these heights. Snow-drifts stretch by the roadside, and one by one the pioneers of the vast pine-woods of the interior appear. A great portion of the pine-forest (*Pinus larix*, or Corsican pine, not larch, as Dr. Bennet has mis-called them in his book on the Mediterranean climate) between Bocognano and Corte has recently been burned by accident. Nothing can be more forlorn than the black leafless stems and branches emerging from the snow. Some of these trees are mast-high, and some mere saplings. Corte itself is built among the mountain fastnesses of the interior. The snows and granite cliffs of Monte Rotondo overhang it to the north-west, while two fair valleys lead downward from its eyrie to the eastern coast. The rock on which it stands rises to a sharp point, sloping southward, and commanding the valleys of the Golo and the Tavignano. When we remember that Corte was the old capital of Corsica, and the centre of General Paoli's government, we are led to compare the town with Innsprück, Meran, or Grenoble. In point of scenery and situation it is scarcely second to any of these mountain cities; but its poverty and bareness are scarcely less striking than those of Bocognano.

The whole Corsican character, with its stern love of justice, its furious revengefulness and wild passion for freedom, seems to be illustrated by the peculiar elements of grandeur and desolation in this landscape. When we traverse the forest of Vico or the rocky pasture-lands of Niolo, the history of the Corsican national heroes, Giudice della Rocca and Sampiero, becomes intelligible; nor do we fail to understand some of the mysterious attraction which led the more daring spirits of the island to prefer a free life among the macchi and pine-woods to placid lawful occupations in farms and villages. The lives of the two men whom we have mentioned are so prominent in Corsican history, and are so often still upon the lips of the common people, that we may perhaps be allowed to sketch their outlines in the foreground of the Salvator Rosa landscape which we have described. Giudice was the governor of Corsica, as lieutenant for the Pisans, at the end of the thirteenth century. At that time the island belonged to the republic of Pisa, but the Genoese were encroaching on them by land and sea, and the whole life of their brave champion was spent in a desperate struggle with the invaders, until at last he died, old, blind, and in prison, at the command of his savage foes. Giudice was the title which the Pisans usually conferred upon their governor, and Della Rocca deserved it by right of his own inexorable love of justice. Indeed, justice seems to have been with him a passion, swallowing up all other feelings of his nature. All the stories which are told of him turn upon this point in his character; and though they may not be strictly true, they illustrate the stern virtues for which he was celebrated among the Corsicans, and show what kind of men this harsh and gloomy nation loved to celebrate as heroes. While a young man, Giudice was attached to a very beautiful woman, who treated him much as Delilah treated Samson, and finally shut him up in prison and mocked him. Giudice effected his escape, gathered his friends together, and took his perfidious mistress captive. The revenge which he inflicted upon her for her want of faith is too terrible to mention here. But it

shows how passionately powerful was the sense of justice in his heart, how the remembrance of injury and wrong could drown all other feelings even for the woman that he loved. On another occasion, after a victory over the Genoese, he salted the eyes of his slain enemies and sent them in a barrel to Genoa, with a message that the captives in his hands should be released if their wives and sisters came to sue for them. The Genoese ladies embarked and arrived in Corsica, and to Giudice's nephew was intrusted the duty of fulfilling his uncle's promise. In the course of executing his commission the youth was so smitten with the beauty of one of the women that he dishonored her. Thereupon Giudice had him at once executed. Another story shows the Spartan justice of this hero in a less savage light. He was passing by a cowherd's cottage, when he heard some young calves bleating. On inquiring what distressed them, he was told that the calves had not enough milk to drink after the farm people had been served. Then Giudice made it a law that the calves throughout the land should take their fill before the cows were milked.

Sampiero belongs to a later period of Corsican history. After a long course of misgovernment the Genoese rule had become unbearable. There was no pretence of administering justice, and private vengeance had full sway in the island. The sufferings of the nation were so great that the time had come for a new judge or savior to rise among them. Sampiero was the son of obscure parents who lived at Bastelica. But his abilities very soon declared themselves, and made a way for him in the world. He spent his youth in the armies of the Medici and of the French Francis, gaining great renown as a brave soldier. Bayard became his friend, and Francis made him captain of his Corsican bands. But Sampiero did not forget the wrongs of his native land while thus on foreign service. He resolved, if possible, to undermine the power of Genoa, and spent the whole of his manhood and old age in one long struggle with their great captain, Stephen Doria. Of his stern patriotism and Roman severity of virtue the following story is a terrible illustration:—Sampiero, though a man of mean

birth, had married an heiress of the noble Corsican house of the Ornani. His wife, Vannina, was a woman of timid and flexible nature, who, though devoted to her husband, fell into the snares of his enemies. During his absence on an embassy to Algiers the Genoese induced her to leave her home at Marseilles and to seek refuge in their city, persuading her that this step would secure the safety of her child. She was starting on her journey when a friend of Sampiero arrested her, and brought her back to Aix, in Provence. Sampiero, when he heard of these events, hurried to France, and was received by a relative of his, who hinted that he had known of Vannina's projected flight. "E tu hai taciuto?" was Sampiero's only answer, accompanied by a stroke of his poniard that killed the lukewarm cousin. Sampiero now brought his wife from Aix to Marseilles, preserving the most absolute silence on the way, and there, on entering his house, he killed her with his own hand. It is said that he loved Vannina passionately; and when she was dead he caused her to be buried with magnificence in the church of St. Francis. Like Giudice, Sampiero fell at last a prey to treachery. The murder of Vannina had made the Ornani his deadly foes. In order to avenge her blood, they played into the hands of the Genoese, and laid a plot by which the noblest of the Corsicans was brought to death. First, they gained over to their scheme a monk of Bastelica, called Ambrosio, and Sampiero's own squire and shield-bearer, Vittolo. By means of these men, in whom he trusted, he was drawn defenceless and unprotected into a deeply wooded ravine near Cavro, not very far from his birthplace, where the Ornani and their Genoese troops surrounded him. Sampiero fired his pistols in vain, for Vittolo had loaded them with the shot downwards. Then he drew his sword, and began to lay about him, when the same Vittolo, the Judas, stabbed him from behind, and the old lion fell dead by his friend's hand. Sampiero was sixty-nine when he died, in the year 1567. It is satisfactory to know that the Corsicans have called traitors and foes to their country Vittoli forever. These two examples of Corsican patriots are enough; we need not add to theirs the history of Paoli—a milder and more

humane, but scarcely less heroic leader. Paoli, however, in the hour of Corsica's extremest peril, retired to England, and died in philosophic exile. Neither Giudice nor Sampiero would have acted thus. The more forlorn the hope, the more they struggled.

Among the old Corsican customs which are fast dying out, but which still linger in the remote valleys of Niolo and Vico, is the *Vócero*, or funeral chant, improvised by women at funerals over the bodies of the dead. Nothing illustrates the ferocious temper and savage passions of the race better than these *vóceri*, many of which have been written down and preserved. Most of them are songs of vengeance and imprecation, mingled with hyperbolical laments and utterances of extravagant grief, poured forth by wives and sisters by the side of murdered husbands and brothers. The women who sing them seem to have lost all milk of human kindness, and to have exchanged the virtues of their sex for Spartan fortitude and the rage of furies. While we read their turbid lines we are carried in imagination to one of the cheerless houses of Bastelica or Bocognano, overshadowed by its mournful chestnut-tree, on which the blood of the murdered man is yet red. The *Gridata*, or wake, is assembled in a dark room. On the wooden board, called *tola*, the corpse lies stretched; and round it are women, veiled in the blue-black mantle of Corsican costume, moaning and rocking themselves upon their chairs. The *Pasto* or *C. aforto*, food supplied for mourners, stands upon a side-table, and round the room are men with savage eyes and bristling beards, armed to the teeth, keen for vengeance. The dead man's musket and pocket-pistol lie beside him, and his bloody shirt is hung up at his head. Suddenly the silence, hitherto only disturbed by suppressed groans and muttered curses, is broken by a sharp cry. A woman rises: it is the sister of the dead man; she seizes his shirt, and holding it aloft with *Menad* gestures and frantic screams, gives rhythmic utterance to her grief and rage. "I was spinning, when I heard a great noise: it was a gunshot, which went into my heart, and seemed a voice that cried:—Run, thy brother is dying. I ran into the room above; I took the

blow into my breast; I said, 'Now he is dead, there is nothing to give me comfort. Who will undertake thy vengeance? When I show thy shirt, who will vow to let his beard grow till the murderer is slain? Who is there left to do it? A mother near her death? A sister? Of all our care there is only left a woman, without kin, poor, orphan, and a girl. Yet, O my brother! never fear! For thy vengeance thy sister is enough!

Ma per fà la to bindetta,
Sta siguru, basta anch ella!

Give me the pistol; I will shoulder the gun; I will away to the hills. My brother, heart of thy sister, thou shalt be avenged!" A *vóceru* declaimed upon the bier of Giammatteo and Pasquale, two cousins, by the sister of the former, is still fiercer and more energetic in its malediction. This Erinny of revenge prays Christ and all the saints to extirpate the murderer's whole race, to shrivel it up till it passes from the earth. Then, with a sudden and vehement transition to the pathos of her own sorrow, she exclaims:

Halla mai bista nissunu
Tumbà l'omi pe li canti?

It appears from these words that Giammatteo's enemies had killed him because they were jealous of his skill in singing. Shortly after, she curses the curate of the village, a kinsman of the murderer, for refusing to toll the funeral bells; and, at last, all other threads of rage and sorrow being turned and knotted into one, she gives loose to her raging thirst for blood:—"If only I had a son, to train like a sleuth-hound, that he might track the murderer! Oh, if I had a son! Oh, if I had a lad!" Her words seem to choke her, and she swoons, and remains for a short time insensible. When the Baccante of revenge awakes, it is with milder feelings in her heart. "O brother mine, Matteo! art thou sleeping? Here I will rest with thee and weep till day-break." It is rare to find in literature so crude and intense an expression of fiery hatred as these untranslatable *vóceri* present. The emotion is so simple and so strong that it becomes sublime by mere force, and affects us with a strange pathos when contrasted with the tender affection conveyed in such terms of en-

dearment as "my dove," "my flower," "my pheasant," "my bright painted orange," addressed to the dead. In the *vóceri* it often happens that there are several interlocutors: one friend questions and another answers, or a kinswoman of the murderer attempts to justify the deed, and is overwhelmed with deadly imprecations. Passionate appeals are made to the corpse: "Arise! Do you not hear the women cry? Stand up. Show your wounds, and let the fountains of your blood flow! Alas! he is dead; he sleeps; he cannot hear!" Then they turn again to tears and curses, feeling that no help or comfort can come from the clay-cold form. The intensity of grief finds strange language for its utterance. A girl, mourning over her father, cries:—

Mi l'hannu crucifissatu
Cume Ghiesu Cristu in croce.

Once only, in Viale's collection, does any friend of the dead remember mercy. It is an old woman, who points to the crucifix above the bier.

But all the *vóceri* are not so murderous. Several are composed for girls who died unwedded and before their time, by their mothers or companions. The language of these laments is far more tender and ornate. They praise the gentle virtues and beauty of the girl, her piety and helpful household ways. The most affecting of these dirges is that which celebrates the death of Romana, daughter of Dariola Danesi. Here is a pretty picture of the girl:—"Among the best and fairest maidens you were like a rose among flowers, like the moon among stars; so far more lovely were you than the loveliest. The youths in your presence were like lighted torches, but full of reverence; you were courteous to all, but with none familiar. In church they gazed at you, but you looked at none of them; and after mass you said, 'Mother, let us go.' Oh! who will console me for your loss? Why did the Lord so much desire you? But now you rest in heaven, all joy and smiles; for the world was not worthy of so fair a face. Oh! how far more beautiful will Paradise be now!" Then follows a piteous picture of the old bereaved mother, to whom a year will seem a thousand years, who will wander among relatives without affection, neighbors without

love; and when sickness comes will have no one to give her a drop of water, or wipe the sweat from her brow, or hold her hand in death. All that is left for her is to wait and pray for death, that she may join again her darling.

But it is now time to return from our long digression to Ajaccio itself, and to make some mention of the advantages which it offers as a winter health station to invalids. There are many who find the air of Cannes and Nice too dry and exciting, and who are surprised, when they expect a summer in the midst of February, to be greeted with winds far colder than the easterly blasts from which they fled in England. Such persons would probably benefit from a residence at Ajaccio, where, with a splendid southern sun, and a temperature dry as well as warm, there is no irritating harshness in the air, and no sharp cutting mistral. The beauty of the scenery, and the unending variety of the excursions round Ajaccio, render it a most desirable residence for those who delight in nature, and are able to take horse or carriage exercise. The accommodation, which has hitherto been indifferent, is rapidly improving, through the unremitting labors of the English physician, Dr. Ribton, and a German colleague, who are doing all in their power to render Ajaccio as comfortable as Cannes or Mentone. One great attraction to this place is the cheapness of lodging, food, and locomotion. During the last few winters Cannes and Mentone have become as dear as Nice, which means a little dearer than London or Paris. It is only by vigorous competition and by the multiplication of health stations in other parts that the preposterous overcharges of the Cornice hotels can possibly be beaten down.

Ajaccio does not, indeed, as yet offer many advantages of society and city life to foreigners. But visitors bring these with them; and in course of time begin to complain that they get too much of them. At present the attractions and ornaments of the town consist of a good public library, Cardinal Fesch's large but indifferent collection of pictures, two monuments to Napoleon, and Napoleon's house. It will always be the chief pride of Ajaccio that she gave birth to the great Emperor. Close to the harbor, in

a public square by the sea-beach, stands an equestrian statue of the conqueror surrounded by his four brothers on foot. They are all attired in Roman fashion, and are turned seaward, to the west, as if to symbolize the emigration of this family to conquer Europe. There is something ludicrous and forlorn in the stiffness of the group,—something even pathetic, when we think how Napoleon gazed seaward, westward, from another island, no longer on horseback, no longer laurel-crowned, an unthroned, unseated conqueror, on St. Helena. His father's house stands close by. An old Italian waiting-woman, who had been long in the service of the Murats, keeps it and shows it. She has the manners of a lady, and can tell many stories of the various members of the Buonaparte family. Those who fancy that Napoleon was born in a mean dwelling of poor parents will be surprised to find so much space and elegance in these apartments. Of course his family was not rich by comparison with the riches of French or English nobles. But for Corsicans they were well to do, and their house has an air of antique dignity. The chairs of the entrance saloon have been literally stripped of their coverings by enthusiastic visitors: the horse-hair stuffing underneath protrudes itself with a sort of comic pride, as if protesting that it came to be so tattered in an honorable service. Some of the furniture seems new; but many old presses inlaid with marbles, agates and lapis lazuli, such as Italian families preserve for generations, have an air of respectable antiquity about them. Nor is there any doubt that the young Napoleon led his minuets beneath the stiff girandoles of the formal dancing-room. There, too, in a dark back-chamber, is the bed in which he was born. At its foot is a photograph of the present Prince Imperial sent by the Empress Eugenie, who, when she visited the room, wept much—*pianse molto* (to use the old lady's phrase)—at seeing the place where such lofty destinies began. On the wall of the same room is a portrait of Napoleon himself as the young general of the Republic—with the citizen's unkempt hair, the fierce fire of the Revolution in his eyes, a frown upon his forehead, lips compressed, and quivering nostrils; also one

of his mother, the pastille of a handsome woman, with Napoleonic eyes and brows and nose, but with a vacant simpering mouth. Perhaps the provincial artist knew not how to seize the expression of this feature, the most difficult to draw. For we cannot fancy that Letizia had lips without the firmness or the fulness of a majestic nature.

The whole first story of this house belonged to the Buonaparte family. The windows look out partly on a little court and partly on narrow streets. It was, no doubt, the memory of this home that made Napoleon, when emperor, design schemes for the good of Corsica—schemes that might have brought him more honor than many conquests, but which he had no time or leisure to carry out. On St. Helena his mind often reverted to them, and he would speak of the gummy odors of the macchi wafted from the hill-sides to the sea-shore.

Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE FAILURE OF "NATURAL SELECTION" IN THE CASE OF MAN.

EVERY one now is familiar with the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, at least in its main principles and outlines: and nearly all men qualified to form an opinion are convinced of its substantial truth. That theory explains how races of animals vary as ages roll on, so as to adapt themselves to the changing external conditions which those ages bring about. At every given moment, in every given spot on the earth's surface, a "struggle for existence" is going on among all the forms of organic life, animal and vegetable, then and there alive; a struggle in which, as there is not room for all, the weaker and less adapted succumb, while the stronger and better adapted survive and multiply. As surrounding circumstances, climatic or geological, vary and are modified, corresponding variations (such as are always incidentally appearing among the offspring of all creatures) in the inhabitants of each district crop up, increase, spread, and become permanent. The creatures that are most in harmony with surrounding circumstances have a manifest daily and hourly advantage over those which are less in harmony: live when they die; flourish when they fade; endure through

what kills others; can find food, catch prey, escape enemies, when their feebler, slower, blinder brethren are starved and slain.* Thus the most perfect spe-

* "The grand feature in the multiplication of organic life is that of close general resemblance, combined with more or less individual variation. The child resembles its parents or ancestors more or less closely in all its peculiarities, deformities, or beauties; it resembles them in general more than it does any other individuals; yet children of the same parents are not all alike, and it often happens that they differ very considerably from their parents and from each other. This is equally true of man, of all animals, and of all plants. Moreover, it is found that individuals do not differ from their parents in certain particulars only, while in all others they are exact duplicates of them. They differ from them and from each other in every particular: in form, in size, in color, in the structure of internal as well as of external organs; in those subtle peculiarities which produce differences of constitution, as well as in those still more subtle ones which lead to modifications of mind and character. In other words, in every possible way, in every organ and in every function, individuals of the same stock vary.

"Now, health, strength, and long life are the results of a harmony between the individual and the universe that surrounds it. Let us suppose that at any given moment this harmony is perfect. A certain animal is exactly fitted to secure its prey, to escape from its enemies, to resist the inclemencies of the seasons, and to rear a numerous and healthy offspring. But a change now takes place. A series of cold winters, for instance, come on, making food scarce, and bringing an immigration of some other animals to compete with the former inhabitants of the district. The new immigrant is swift of foot, and surpasses its rivals in the pursuit of game; the winter nights are colder, and require a thicker fur as a protection, and more nourishing food to keep up the heat of the system. Our supposed perfect animal is no longer in harmony with its universe; it is in danger of dying of cold or of starvation. But the animal varies in its offspring. Some of these are swifter than others—they still manage to catch food enough; some are harder and more thickly furred—they manage in the cold nights to keep warm enough; the slow, the weak, and the thinly clad soon die off. Again and again, in each succeeding generation, the same thing takes place. By this natural process, which is so inevitable that it cannot be conceived not to act, those best adapted to live, live; those least adapted, die. It is sometimes said that we have no direct evidence of the action of this selecting power of nature. But it seems to me we have better evidence than even direct observation would be, because it is more universal, viz. the evidence of necessity. It must be so; for, as all wild animals increase in a geometrical ratio, while their actual numbers remain on the average stationary, it follows that as many die annually as are born. If, therefore, we deny natural selection, it can only be by asserting that in such a case as I have supposed the strong, the healthy, the swift, the well clad, the well organized animals in every respect, have no advantage over,—do not on the

cimens of each race and tribe, the strongest, the swiftest, the healthiest, the most courageous—those fullest of vitality—live longest, feed best, overcome their competitors in the choice of mates; and, in virtue of these advantages, become—as it is desirable they should be—the progenitors of the future race. The poorer specimens, the sick, the faulty, the weak, are slain or drop out of existence; are distanced in the chase, are beaten in the fight, can find no females to match with them; and the species is propagated and continued mainly, increasingly, if not exclusively, from its finest and most selected individuals—in a word, its *élite*.

This explains not only those extraordinary changes in the form and habits of the same animals which, when aided and aggravated by man's requirements and careful management, strike us so forcibly in domesticated races, but also those purely natural though far slower modifications which geological researches have brought to our knowledge. Mr. Wallace, in the admirable paper quoted below—which is a perfect model of succinct statement and lucid reasoning—has pointed out how this principle of natural selection has been modified, and in a manner veiled and disguised, though by no means either neutralized or suspended, in the case of MAN; so that neither history nor geology enable us to trace any changes in his external structure analogous to those which we find in such abundance and to such a remarkable extent in the case of the lower animals. He adapts himself, just as they do, to the

average live longer than, the weak, the unhealthy, the slow, the ill clad, and the imperfectly organized individuals; and this no sane man has yet been found hardy enough to assert. But this is not all; for the offspring on the average resemble their parents, and the selected portion of each succeeding generation will therefore be stronger, swifter, and more thickly furred than the last; and if this process goes on for thousands of generations, our animal will have again become thoroughly in harmony with the new conditions in which he is placed. But he will now be a different creature. He will be not only swifter and stronger, and more furry; he will also probably have changed in color, in form, perhaps have acquired a longer tail, or differently shaped ears; for it is an ascertained fact, that when one part of an animal is modified, some other parts almost always change as it were in sympathy with it."—Wallace "On the Origin of Human Races," *Journal of the Anthropological Society*, No. 5.

altered conditions of external nature, but he does it by mental, not by bodily modifications. As with them, so with him, the best adapted to surrounding circumstances, the most in harmony with the imperious necessities of life, surmount, survive, and multiply; but in his case the adaptation is made and the harmony secured by intellectual and moral efforts and qualities, which leave no stamp on the corporeal frame. As with them, inferior varieties and individuals succumb and die out in the eternal and universal "struggle for existence;" only, in the case of man, the inferiority which determines their fate is inferiority not of muscle, of stomach, or of skin, but of brain.

In man, as we now behold him, this is different. He is social and sympathetic. In the rudest tribes the sick are assisted at least with food; less robust health and vigor than the average does not entail death. Neither does the want of perfect limbs or other organs produce the same effect as among the lower animals. Some division of labor takes place; the swiftest hunt, the less active fish or gather fruits; food is to some extent exchanged or divided. The action of natural selection is therefore checked, the weaker, the dwarfish, those of less active limbs or less piercing eyesight, do not suffer the extreme penalty which falls on animals so defective.

In proportion as these physical characteristics become of less importance, mental and moral qualities will have increasing influence on the well-being of the race. Capacity for acting in concert, for protection and for the acquisition of food and shelter; sympathy, which leads all in turn to assist each other; the sense of right, which checks depredations upon our fellows; the decrease of the combative and destructive propensities; self-restraint in present appetites; and that intelligent foresight which prepares for the future, are all qualities that from their earliest appearance must have been for the benefit of each community, and would, therefore, have become the subjects of "natural selection." For it is evident that such qualities would be for the well-being of man; would guard him against external enemies, against internal dissensions, and against the effects of inclement seasons and impending famine, more surely than could any merely physical modification. Tribes in which such mental and moral qualities were predominant, would therefore have an advantage in the struggle for existence over other tribes in which they were less developed, would live and maintain their numbers, while the others would decrease and finally succumb.

Again, when any slow changes of physical geography, or of climate, make it necessary for an animal to alter its food, its clothing, or its weapons, it can only do so by a corresponding change in its own bodily structure and internal organization. If a larger or more powerful beast is to be captured and devoured, as when a carnivorous animal which has hitherto preyed on sheep is obliged from their decreasing numbers to attack buffaloes, it is only the strongest who can hold,—those with most powerful claws, and formidable canine teeth, that can struggle with and overcome such an animal. Natural selection immediately comes into play, and by its action these organs gradually become adapted to their new requirements. But man, under similar circumstances, does not require longer nails or teeth, greater bodily strength or swiftness. He makes sharper spears, or a better bow, or he constructs a cunning pitfall, or combines in a hunting party to circumvent his new prey. The capacities which enable him to do this are what he requires to be strengthened, and these will, therefore, be gradually modified by "natural selection," while the form and structure of his body will remain unchanged. So when a glacial epoch comes on, some animals must acquire warmer fur, or a covering of fat, or else die of cold. Those best clothed by nature are, therefore, preserved by natural selection. Man, under the same circumstances, will make himself warmer clothing, and build better houses; and the necessity of doing this will react upon his mental organization and social condition—will advance them, while his natural body remains naked as before.

When the accustomed food of some animal becomes scarce or totally fails, it can only exist by becoming adapted to a new kind of food, a food perhaps less nourishing and less digestible. "Natural selection" will now act upon the stomach and intestines, and all their individual variations will be taken advantage of to modify the race into harmony with its new food. In many cases, however, it is probable that this cannot be done. The internal organs may not vary quick enough, and then the animal will decrease in numbers, and finally become extinct. But man guards himself from such accidents by superintending and guiding the operations of nature. He plants the seed of his most agreeable food, and thus procures a supply independent of the accidents of varying seasons or natural extinction. He domesticates animals which serve him either to capture food or for food itself, and thus changes of any great extent in his teeth or digestive organs are rendered unnecessary. Man, too, has everywhere the use of fire, and by its means can render palatable a variety of animal and vegetable substances which he could hardly otherwise make use of, and thus obtains for himself a supply of food far

more varied and abundant than that which any animal can command.

Thus man, by the mere capacity of clothing himself, and making weapons and tools, has taken away from nature that power of changing the external form and structure which she exercises over all other animals. As the competing races by which they are surrounded, the climate, the vegetation, or the animals which serve them for food, are slowly changing, they must undergo a corresponding change in their structure, habits, and constitution, to keep them in harmony with the new conditions—to enable them to live and maintain their numbers. But man does this by means of his intellect alone; which enables him with an unchanged body still to keep in harmony with the changing universe.

From the time, therefore, when the social and sympathetic feelings came into active operation, and the intellectual and moral faculties became fairly developed, man would cease to be influenced by "natural selection" in his physical form and structure; as an animal he would remain almost stationary; the changes of the surrounding universe would cease to have upon him that powerful modifying effect which they exercise over other parts of the organic world. But from the moment that his body became stationary, his mind would become subject to those very influences from which his body had escaped; every slight variation in his mental and moral nature which should enable him better to guard against adverse circumstances, and combine for mutual comfort and protection, would be preserved and accumulated; the better and higher specimens of our race would therefore increase and spread, the lower and more brutal would give way and successively die out, and that rapid advancement of mental organization would occur, which has raised the very lowest races of man so far above the brutes (although differing so little from some of them in physical structure), and, in conjunction with scarcely perceptible modifications of form, has developed the wonderful intellect of the Germanic races.

But this is by no means the whole of the case. As we follow out the reflections suggested by this argument, an entirely new series of consequences and operations opens before us. We perceive that the law of "natural selection," and of "the preservation of favored races and individuals in the struggle for existence," has become in the course of man's progress not only thus modified, as Mr. Wallace points out, and directed to one part of his organization (the brain) alone, but positively suspended, and in many instances almost

reversed. It even dawns upon us that our existing civilization, which is the result of the operation of this law in past ages, may be actually retarded and endangered by its tendency to neutralize that law in one or two most material and significant particulars. The great wise, righteous, and beneficent principle which in all other animals, and in man himself, up to a certain stage of his progress, tends to the improvement and perfection of the race, would appear to be forcibly interfered with and nearly set aside; nay, to be set aside pretty much in direct proportion to the complication, completeness, and *culmination* of our civilization. We do not assert that if our civilization were purely and philosophically ideal—perfect in character as well as splendid and lofty in degree—this result would follow, or would continue; but it certainly does follow now, and it delays and positively *menaces* the attainment of that ideal condition. Our thesis is this: that the indisputable effect of the state of social progress and culture we have reached, of our high civilization, in a word, is to counteract and suspend the operation of that righteous and salutary law of "natural selection" in virtue of which the best specimens of the race—the strongest, the finest, the worthiest—are those which survive, surmount, become paramount, and take precedence; succeed and triumph in the struggle for existence, become the especial progenitors of future generations, continue the species, and propagate an ever improving and perfecting type of humanity.

The principle does not appear to fail in the case of *races* of men. Here the abler, the stronger, the more advanced, the finer, in short, are still the favored ones, succeed in the competition; exterminate, govern, supersede, fight, eat, or work the inferior tribes out of existence. The process is quite as certain, and nearly as rapid, whether we are just or unjust; whether we use carefulness or cruelty. Everywhere the savage tribes of mankind die out at the contact of the civilized ones. Sometimes they are extinguished by conquest and the sword; sometimes by the excessive toil which avaricious victors impose upon the feeble vanquished; often by the diseases which the more artificial man brings

with him, and which flourish with fearful vigor in a virgin soil; occasionally they fade away before the superior vitality and prolific energy of the invading race, in lands where there is not room for both; in some cases before the new and unsuitable habits which civilization tries to introduce among them; not unfrequently, it would seem, from some mysterious blight which the mere presence of a superior form of humanity casts over them. But, in every part of the world and in every instance, the result has been the same; the process of extinction is either completed or actively at work. The Indians of the Antilles, the Red man of North America, the South Sea Islanders, the Australians, even the New Zealanders (the finest and most pliable and teachable of savages), are all alike dying out with sad rapidity—in consequence of the harshness, or in spite of the forbearance and protection, of the stronger and more capable European. The negro alone survives—and, but for the observation of what is now going on in our sugar islands and in the United States, we should say, seems likely to survive. He only has been able to hold his own in a fashion, and to live and flourish side by side with masterful and mightier races, though in a questionable relation and with questionable results. But the exception is a confirmation of the general law. The negro is not only strong, docile, and prolific, but in some respects he is better adapted to surrounding conditions than his European neighbor, conqueror, or master; in certain climates he, and not the white man, is "the favored race;" and for many generations, perhaps for ages, in the burning regions about the equator, a black skin may take precedence of a large brain, and be a more indispensable condition of existence; or possibly the brain may grow larger without the skin growing any whiter. The principle of "natural selection" therefore—of the superior and fitter races of mankind trampling out and replacing the poorer races, in virtue of their superior fitness—would seem to hold good universally.

So probably it does also, and always has done, in the case of *nations*; and the apparent exceptions to the rule may be due only to our erroneous estimate of the true elements of superiority. In

the dawn of history the more cultivated and energetic races conquered the weaker and less advanced, reduced them to slavery, or taught them civilization. It is true that in the case of the Greeks and Romans the coarser organization and less developed brain of the latter easily overpowered and overshadowed probably the finest physical and intellectual nature that has yet appeared upon the earth; but the Greeks, when they succumbed, had fallen away from the perfection of their palmier days. They were enervated and corrupt to the very core; and the robust will and unequalled political genius of their Roman conquerors constituted an undeniable superiority. They triumphed by the law of the strongest; though their strength might not lie precisely in the noblest portion of man's nature. Intellectually the inferiors of the Greeks whom they subdued, they were morally and *volitionally* more vigorous. The same may be said of those rude Northern warriors who at a later period flowed over and mastered the degenerate Roman world. They had no culture, but they had vast capacities; and they brought with them a renovating irruption of that hard energy and redundant vitality which luxury and success had nearly extinguished among those they conquered. They were then "the most favored race," the fittest for the exigencies of the hour, the best adapted to the conditions of the life around them; they prevailed, therefore, by reason of a very indisputable, though not the most refined sort of superiority. With the nations of modern history the same rule has governed the current of the world, though perhaps with more instances of at least apparent exception. Each nation that has dominated in turn, or occupied the first post in the world's annals, has done so by right of some one quality, achievement, or possession—then especially needed—which made it for the time the stronger, if not intrinsically the nobler, among many rivals. Intellect, and intellect applied alike to art, to commerce, and to science, at one period made the Italians the most prominent people in Europe. There was an undeniable grandeur in the Spanish nation in its culminating years, towards the close of the fifteenth

century, which gave it a right to rule, and at once explained and justified both its discoveries and its conquests. No one can say that France has not fairly won her vast influence and her epochs of predominance by her wonderful military spirit, and the peculiarity of her singularly clear, keen, restless, but not rich, intelligence. England owes her world-wide dominion and (what is far more significant, and a greater subject for felicitation) the wide diffusion of her race over the globe, to a daring and persistent energy with which no other variety of mankind is so largely endowed. And if in modern conflicts might has sometimes triumphed over right, and the finer and kinder people fallen before the assaults of the stronger, and the events of history run counter to all our truer and juster sympathies, it is probably because, in the counsels of the Most High, energy is seen to be more needed than culture to carry on the advancement of humanity; and a commanding will, at least in this stage of our progress, a more essential endowment than an amiable temper or a good heart. At all events, it is those who in some sense are the **strongest** and the fittest who most prevail, multiply, and spread, and become in the largest measure the progenitors of future nations.

But when we come to the case of individuals in a people, or classes in a community—the phase of the question which has far the most practical and immediate interest for ourselves—the principle fails altogether, and the law is no longer supreme. Civilization, with its social, moral, and material complications, has introduced a disturbing and conflicting element. It is not now, as Mr. Wallace depicts, that intellectual has been substituted for physical superiority, but that artificial and conventional have taken the place of natural advantages as the ruling and deciding force. It is no longer the strongest, the healthiest, the most perfectly organized; it is not men of the finest *physique*, the largest brain, the most developed intelligence, that are "favored" and successful "in the struggle for existence"—that survive, that rise to the surface, that "natural selection" makes the parents of future generations, the continuators of a picked and perfected race.

It is still "the most favored," no doubt, in some sense, who bear away the palm, but the indispensable favor is that of fortune, not of nature. The various influences of our social system combine to traverse the righteous and salutary law which God ordained for the preservation of a worthy and improving humanity; and the "varieties" of man that endure and multiply their likenesses, and mould the features of the coming times, are not the soundest constitutions that can be found among us, nor the most subtle and resourceful minds, nor the most amiable or self-denying tempers, nor even the most imperious and persistent wills, but often the precise reverse—often those emasculated by luxury and those damaged by want, those rendered reckless by squalid poverty, and those whose physical and mental energies have been sapped, and whose *morale* has been grievously impaired, by long indulgence and forestalled desires.

The two great instruments and achievements of civilization are respect for life and respect for property. In proportion as both are secure—as life is prolonged and as wealth is accumulated—so nations rise, or consider that they have risen. Among wild animals the sick and maimed are slain; among savages they succumb and die; among us they are cared for, kept alive, enabled to marry and multiply. In uncivilized tribes the ineffective and incapable, the weak in body or in mind, are unable to provide themselves food: they fall behind in the chase or in the march; they fall out, therefore, in the race of life. With us, sustenance and shelter are provided for them, and they survive. We pride ourselves—and justly—on the increased length of life which has been effected by our science and our humanity. But we forget that this higher average of *life* may be compatible with, and may in a measure result from, a lower average or *health*. We have kept alive those who, in a more natural and less advanced state, would have died; and who, looking at the physical perfection of the race alone, had better have been left to die. Among savages the vigorous and sound alone survive; among us the diseased and enfeebled survive as well: but is either the physique or the intelligence

of cultivated man the gainer by the change? In a wild state, by the law of natural selection only, or chiefly, the sounder and stronger specimens were allowed to continue their species; with us, thousands with tainted constitutions, with frames weakened by malady or waste, with brains bearing subtle and hereditary mischief in their recesses, are suffered to transmit their terrible inheritance of evil to other generations, and to spread it through a whole community.

Security of property, security for its transmission, as well as for its enjoyment, is one of our chief boasts. Thousands upon thousands who never could themselves have acquired property by industry, or conquered it by courage, or kept it by strength or ingenuity, and who are utterly incompetent to use it well, are yet enabled by law to inherit and retain it. They are born to wealth, they revel in wealth, though destitute of all the qualities by which wealth is won, or its possession made a blessing to the community. In a natural state of society they would have been pushed out of existence, jostled aside in the struggle and the race, and left by the way to die. In civilized communities they are protected, fostered, flattered, married, and empowered to hand down their vapid incapacities to numerous offspring, whom perhaps they can leave wealthy too. In old and highly advanced nations, the classes who wield power, and affluence, and social supremacy as a consequence of the security of property, do not as a rule consist—nay, consist in a very small measure—of individuals who have won, or could have won, those influences for themselves—of natural "kings of men;" the *élite* lots in life do not fall to the *élite* of the race or the community. Those possessions and that position, which in more simply organized tribes would be an indication and a proof either of strength, of intelligence, or of some happy adaptation to surrounding exigencies, now in our complicated world indicate nothing—at least in five cases out of six—but merit or energy or luck in some ancestor, perhaps inconceivably remote, who has bequeathed his rank and property to his successors, but without the qualities which won them and warranted them. Yet this property

and rank still enable their possibly unworthy and incapable inheritors to take precedence over others in many of the walks of life, to carry off the most desirable brides from less favored though far nobler rivals, and (what is our present point) to make those brides the mothers of a degenerating, instead of an ever improving race.

But even this by no means presents the whole strength of the case. Not only does civilization, as it exists among us, enable rank and wealth, however diseased, enfeebled, or unintelligent, to become the continuators of the species in preference to larger brains, stronger frames, and sounder constitutions; but that very rank and wealth, thus inherited without effort and in absolute security, tend to produce enervated and unintelligent offspring. To be born in the purple is not the right introduction to healthy energy; to be surrounded from the cradle with all temptations and facilities to self-indulgence, is not the best safeguard against those indulgences which weaken the intellect and exhaust the frame. No doubt *noblesse oblige*, and riches can buy the highest education, bating that education by surrounding circumstances which is really the only one that tells very effectually on the youthful plant. No doubt, too, there are splendid and numerous exceptions—instances in which rank is used to mould its heir to its duties, and in which wealth is used to purchase and achieve all that makes life noble and beneficent. But we have only to look around us, and a little below the surface, and then ask ourselves whether, as a rule, the owners of rank and wealth—still more the owners of wealth without rank—are those from whose paternity we should have most right to anticipate a healthy, a noble, an energetic, or a truly intellectual offspring—a race fitted to control and guide themselves as well as others, to subdue the earth as well as to replenish it, to govern, to civilize, to illustrate, to carry forward, the future destinies of man?

And if it is not from the highest and most opulent, assuredly it is not from the lowest and most indigent. The *physique* and the *morale* of both the extreme classes are imperfect and impaired. The *physique* of the rich is injured by indul-

gence and excess—that of the poor by privation and want. The *morale* of the former has never been duly called forth by the necessity for exertion and self-denial; that of the latter has never been cultivated by training and instruction. The intellects of both have been exposed to opposite disadvantages. The organizations of neither class are the best in the community; the constitutions of neither are the soundest or most untainted. Yet these two classes are precisely those which are, or are likely to be, preponderatingly, the fathers of the coming generation. Both marry as early as they please and have as many children as they please,—the rich because it is in their power, the poor because they have no motive for abstinence;—and as we know, scanty food and hard circumstances do not oppose but rather encourage procreation. Malthus's "prudential check" rarely operates upon the lower classes; the poorer they are, usually, the faster do they multiply; certainly the more reckless they are in reference to multiplication. It is the middle classes, those who form the energetic, reliable, improving element of the population, those who wish to rise and do not choose to sink, those in a word who are the true strength and wealth and dignity of nations,—it is these who abstain from marriage or postpone it. Thus the imprudent, the desperate,—those whose standard is low, those who have no hope, no ambition, no self-denial,—on the one side, and the pampered favorites of fortune on the other, take precedence in the race of fatherhood, to the disadvantage or the exclusion of the prudent, the resolute, the striving and the self-restrained. The very men whom a philosophic statesman or a guide of some superior race would select as most qualified and deserving to continue the race, are precisely those who do so in the scantiest measure. Those who have no need for exertion, and those who have no opportunities for culture, those whose frames are damaged by indulgence, and those whose frames are weakened by privation, breed *ad libitum*; while those whose minds and bodies have been hardened, strengthened and purified by temperance and toil, are elbowed quietly aside in the unequal press. Surely the "selection" is no

longer "natural." The careless, squalid, unaspiring Irishman, fed on potatoes, living in a pig-stye, doting on a superstition, multiplies like rabbits or ephemera:—the frugal, foreseeing, self-respecting, ambitious Scot, stern in his morality, spiritual in his faith, sagacious and disciplined in his intelligence, passes his best years in struggle and in celibacy, marries late, and leaves few behind him. Given a land originally peopled by a thousand Saxons and a thousand Celts, —and in a dozen generations five-sixths of the population would be Celts, but five-sixths of the property, of the power, of the intellect, would belong to the one-sixth of Saxons that remained. In the eternal "struggle for existence," it would be the inferior and less favored race that had prevailed,—and prevailed by virtue not of its qualities but of its faults, by reason not of its stronger vitality but of its weaker reticence and its narrower brain.

Of course it will be urged that the principle of natural selection fails thus utterly because our civilization is imperfect and misdirected; because our laws are insufficient; because our social arrangements are unwise; because our moral sense is languid or unenlightened. No doubt, if our legislators and rulers were quite sagacious and quite stern, and our people in all ranks quite wise and good, the beneficent tendencies of nature would continue to operate uncounteracted. No constitutions would be impaired by insufficient nutriment and none by unhealthy excess. No classes would be so undeveloped either in mind or muscle as to be unfitted for procreating sound and vigorous offspring. The sick, the tainted, and the maimed, would be too sensible and too unselfish to dream of marrying and handing down to their children the curse of diseased or feeble frames; —or if they were not self-controlled, the state would exercise a salutary but unrelenting paternal despotism, and supply the deficiency by vigilant and timely prohibition. A republic is *conceivable* in which paupers should be forbidden to propagate; in which all candidates for the proud and solemn privilege of continuing an untainted and perfecting race should be subjected to a pass or a competitive examination, and those only should be suffered to transmit their

names and families to future generations who had a pure, vigorous, and well-developed constitution to transmit;—so that paternity should be the right and function exclusively of the *élite* of the nation, and humanity be thus enabled to march on securely and without drawback to its ultimate possibilities of progress. Every damaged or inferior temperament might be eliminated, and every special and superior one be selected and enthroned,—till the human race, both in its manhood and its womanhood, became one glorious congregation of saints, sages and athletes:—till we were all Blondins, all Shakespeares, Pericles, Socrates, Columbuses and Fénelons. But no nation—in modern times at least—has ever yet approached this ideal; no such wisdom or virtue has ever been found except in isolated individual instances; no government and no statesman has ever yet dared thus to supplement the inadequacy of personal patriotism by laws so sapiently despotic. The face of the leading peoples of the existing world is not even set in this direction—but rather the reverse. The tendencies of the age are three especially; and all three run counter to the operation of the wholesome law of "natural selection." We are learning to insist more and more on the freedom of the individual will, the right of every one to judge and act for himself. We are growing daily more foolishly and criminally lenient to every natural propensity, less and less inclined to resent, or control, or punish its indulgence. We absolutely refuse to let the poor, the incapable, or the diseased die; we enable or allow them, if we do not actually encourage them, to propagate their incapacity, poverty, and constitutional disorders. And, lastly, democracy is every year advancing in power, and claiming the supreme right to govern and to guide:—and democracy means the management and control of social arrangements by the least educated classes,—by those least trained to foresee or measure consequences,—least acquainted with the fearfully rigid laws of hereditary transmission,—least habituated to repress desires, or to forego immediate enjoyment for future and remote good.

Obviously, no artificial prohibitions or restraints, no laws imposed from above and from without, can restore the prin-

ciple of "natural selection" to its due supremacy among the human race. No people in our days would endure the necessary interference and control; and perhaps a result so acquired might not be worth the cost of acquisition. We can only trust to the slow influences of enlightenment and moral susceptibility, percolating downwards and in time permeating all ranks. We can only watch and be careful that any other influences we do set in motion shall be such as, where they work at all, may work in the right direction. At present the prospect is not reassuring. We are progressing fast in many points, no doubt, but the progress is not wholly nor always of the right sort nor without a large *per contra*. Legislation and philanthropy are improving the condition of the masses, but they are more and more losing the guidance and governance of the masses. Wealth accumulates above, and wages rise below; but the cost of living augments with both operations, till those classes—the stamina of the nation—which are neither too rich nor too poor to fear a fall, find marriage a hazardous adventure, and dread the burden of large families. Medical science is mitigating suffering, and achieving some success in its warfare against disease; but at the same time it enables the diseased to live. It controls and sometimes half cures the maladies that spring from profligacy and excess, but in so doing it encourages both, by stepping in between the cause and its consequence, and saving them from their natural and deterring penalties. It reduces the aggregate mortality by sanitary improvements and precautions; but those whom it saves from dying prematurely it preserves to propagate dismal and imperfect lives. In our complicated modern communities a race is being run between moral and mental enlightenment and the deterioration of the physical constitution through the defeasance of the law of natural selection;—and on the issues of that race the destinies of humanity depend.

The Saturday Review.

DEAN MILMAN.

To say that Dean Milman was no common man would be only to say what is true of any voluminous writer, especially

if that writer has employed himself in many branches of literature. The phrase would be applicable, indeed, to one who has attained to a distinguished position in his profession, whatever that calling may be, and even to one whose name is familiar to the readers of contemporary biography, newspapers, or "Men of our Time," and perhaps to the novelist who returns thanks for "English Literature" at public dinners. But what makes Dean Milman especially remarkable is that he epitomizes and sums up and exhausts all that English education, under its highest and best conditions, can do. It may be said that he had every chance. He had; and the lesson of his career is to show that the best conditions of English education and life can produce very much indeed. In that sense he is a representative man, a representative of the highest English culture. And we must say that, if this our culture can produce a tree of this fruitage, of this quantity and quality of fruit, we may be pardoned for thinking that we in England can hold our own when we give our best men every chance, and our culture has its full development.

Henry Hart Milman was born of a family just above the middle ranks. His father, the first baronet, a favorite Royal physician, a man of refinement, with the manners and bearing of a courtier, was likely to give his sons, as he had every chance of procuring for them, a favorable start in English life. The youngest of them was sent to a famous scholar of those days. The Burneys, father and son, of Greenwich, had a school of the like of which no private academy of these days gives the least notion. Burney was a scholar of that sound, rich, full-bodied type, when England had scholars. Burney held his own—*tentamen de metris Æschylæis* Burney—with Porson, the great Cambridge scholar, and with Elmsley, the great Oxford scholar. Burney followed on the Bentley school and the Dawes school, and such men as Blomfield, Monk, and Butler of Shrewsbury followed him. "Dr. Burney of Greenwich" was Milman's first schoolmaster. From Burney's care Milman was transferred to Eton, from Eton to Oxford. At Oxford he took the highest classical honors, became Fellow of Brasenose, got the Newdegate—and

a famous Newdegate too, the Apollo Belvedere—got the Latin Verse, got the two Essays, preached the Bampton Lecture, became a University Professor, succeeded to two Crown livings in succession, one of which was endowed with a Westminster prebend, and died Dean of St. Paul's. This is a complete career. It is a perfect cycle, and exhaustive. Milman had every opportunity, and he used every opportunity, and every opportunity carried him to the very first rank. Any one of these incidents of an academical and clerical life would distinguish a man; Milman won all these distinctions.

We have spoken only of his external life, his positions and distinctions and place among men. Now let us see what he did. He was a scholar, a critic, a poet, an historian, a dramatist. Possibly it may be said, and it might be said with truth, that to be really and truly a man of letters, a man must have all these elements of excellence in him, just as Leonardo was poet, painter, sculptor, writer, engineer, and the rest of it. No doubt of it, there ought to be this completeness in an artist, in the highest sense of the term; only we so seldom find the combination. Dean Milman went very far indeed to fulfil it. We do not say that in every work, or that in every branch of creative art, he was the very first name that we know, but he stood in the first rank of all his pursuits. We have said that his prize-poem was the best of its contemporaries. His Bampton Lecture—scarcely one of the newspaper historians of the week remembers it—was rather juvenile, and, if our memory serves us, began in a scenic sort of way with a tableau of the Apostolic company. But all this was characteristic. The richness of Milman's mind flowered early and flowered gorgeously. His line was at the first entirely dramatic. Poetry seemed to be his gift; but it was dramatic poetry. The *Martyr of Antioch* is a beautiful poem; the *Fall of Jerusalem* is a fine drama. *Fazio* is about the one modern tragedy which keeps the stage, which actors appreciate and audiences like. To have done this, and no more than this, would have been to have earned fame. And to appreciate the sort of genius which Milman had, we may say that he lived, as perhaps in a sense we

all live, on the confines of two generations and two sets of principles. The great man is he who thankfully uses the past, and finds it to be his work to create in some cases, in others to accommodate himself to, the new men and new things. This was at any rate what Milman did. He exhausted the old-fashioned, solid, eighteenth-century literature and principles, which however had made him to be what he was. He has done much to make our nineteenth-century modes of thought. We suppose that he was brought up under Tory traditions, and imbued with courtly and George III. views, as befitted the son of George III.'s physician. But he became the friend of Lord Lansdowne and the Russells and the Holland House people, and his chosen friendships were with Cornwall Lewis and Bunsen, and with all that was liberal and advancing. He was an Oxford Professor and a Bampton Lecturer on the one hand, and on the other the critical school claim him as their English pioneer. It seems that he used the post and the place he had, upon which to build; he was not so much on the look-out for innovation, but he rather took in daylight from every quarter where he could open a new window, or tear down a blocked-up and ancient obstacle to the sun and air of heaven. He was a Quarterly Reviewer all his life, a pillar of the house of Murray. But he seasoned the great Tory organ with strange salt, and led Tories and Churchmen and Oxford into new and strange lands. We are old enough to remember him lecturing, as Poetry Professor at Oxford, on the Sakontala and Sanscrit poetry. But all this time Milman, the poet and dramatist, was only settling down, finding out himself—unconsciously, perhaps, acquiring materials, principles, and growth. Keats somewhere says of a tree that in a dreary-nighted December it does not remember its green summer felicity. If this be true—and neither we nor Keats know much about a tree's consciousness or unconsciousness—we may add to it, that a man never forecasts his own complete future. A sort of accident seems to have directed Milman to his real *métier*—to that career which stamps him one of our great men, which has established his European reputation, and which has produced works that belong to standard English

literature. We have said that he was a pillar of the house of Murray. Hitherto he had been a successful man at Oxford, a more than usually successful poet—though somewhat damped out by the growing reputation of the Wordsworth, shortly to be expanded into the Tennyson, school—a prolific and diligent reviewer, a first-rate playwright. Still, all this was excellence, but not pre-eminence. His poetry was good, but not immortal. Indeed, the author of “Belshazzar” and “Samor” may be said to have written unreadable if respectable poems. The sappy growth of Milman’s mind was destined to harden into the toughest fibre.

An apparent accident brought out the real greatness and true genius of Milman. It happened that old John Murray started a series, the *Family Library*, on a very discursive plan, which was indeed no plan at all. To Milman was committed the *History of the Jews*; a safe domestic padding manual was probably intended. What appeared astonished the world, and probably the writer too. He had read a good deal, and his learning forced itself from him. And he had thought a good deal, and what he thought he said. The *History of the Jews* was thought to be unscriptural, and very likely Milman had read the Père Simon and Astruc, and certainly Niebuhr, and probably a vast heap of unconnected and contradictory German speculation on the Bible. He had read books of this sort, but certainly not to follow them. But they had developed the critical faculty in Milman, and he made no allowance for the fact that he was twenty years ahead of his English readers. To call Milman’s *History of the Jews* a rationalistic book is to show that you have never read it. Its chief offence was in calling Abraham a Sheik or an Emir. But Murray’s shop did more for Milman than instigating this good but not very first-rate book. Murray wanted a new edition of Gibbon, and Milman undertook to edit and annotate it. Reading Gibbon, the editor read over Gibbon’s authorities. He saw Gibbon’s excellences and faults, his beauties, his learning, and his literary profligacy. Milman felt that he too had the historian’s temper and gifts and acquirements. He became an historian, and to those who know his

History of Christianity and his *History of Latin Christianity*—the *Times* reviewer speaks of only one of these works, and knows so much about it as to compare it with Dr. Burton—eulogy is impertinent. To those who know nothing about them we cannot in this place give an account of these gigantic works. Only an historian, or one given to historical studies, can understand what these books mean. There is one English writer utterly, we believe, unknown—Mr. Greenwood, the author of the *Cathedra Petri*—who in our times has trodden the same path, but with a distant and faltering or rather lumbering step. To have gone through such studies as Milman has in these great and, we believe, immortal works mastered, to compare evidences, to reconcile contradictions, to resolve doubts, to hold an even balance, to detect prejudice, and further, to suspect prejudice at every step—this is what the historian has to do. What he writes is only the merest instalment of what he has gone through in order to write, not so much, but so little. Milman is an historian with, as we have said, an historian’s temper; and that temper ought to be critical, or a man is not an historian. The really important thing about Milman’s great historical works is their impartiality. He is not himself, in habit of mind or thought, disposed to the thaumaturgic view of facts. But he makes allowance for it, accepts it, reasons on it calmly and without ill temper. He never laughs nor sneers. When forced into contemptuousness, he is pitiful; when scornful, he is not insolent. And if he is a critic, he shows his critical honesty by impugning not only views opposed to his own, but the views of those with whom he might be supposed to sympathize. He dissents from and ably criticises Strauss; he dissents from Ewald; he dissents from and despises the Tübingen school; he dissents from Bunsen, and reminds him that to make bricks wholly of straw is perhaps a worse fate for an historian than to have to make them only of mud. Dr. Colenso he does not condescend to mention by name, but his notice of the speculations of “a recent writer” who assigned the Pentateuch to Samuel is not likely to be forgotten.

But all this is scholar’s work. Milman has gained a hold on English households,

as well as taken his place with Gibbon, Grote, Thirlwall, and Palgrave. He was a deeply religious man. With no sympathies whatever with, and perhaps some impatience, and it may be scorn of, some religious schools among us, the author of those familiar hymns, "When our heads are bowed with woe," "Bound upon the accursed tree," and "Ride on, ride on in Majesty," and the more subjective composition "Brother, thou art gone before us" (from the *Martyr of Antioch*), has established a household name and has secured popular love. And it must be remembered that Milman was among the first to create this taste. Our hymnographers are now many. Every Church and every congregation sings hymns. But it was Milman—we are not forgetting either Heber or Keble—who was one of the first to cast an early seed on those fields which Trench and Neale, and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, have so fully cultivated. We say nothing of the graceful contributions to pure scholarship with which Milman has enriched our literature—his *Horace*, an *édition de luxe*, his translation from the Agamemnon and the Bacchæ, and his various scattered classical prolusions. These are valued by a certain class of scholars—a class, we fear, rapidly diminishing from us.

Having had so much to say of the author, we have left ourselves little space to say anything, or at least we must now say much too little, of the man. A scholar does not much affect miscellaneous gatherings, but when the late Dean did go into society he adorned it by rare personal accomplishments. He was one of the very best talkers of his age. First-rate talkers are very rare; but Milman's amazing memory, his stores of erudition and learning on the one hand, and of anecdote and personal recollection on the other, made him first among the first *causeurs*. And he was a just and honest talker. He appreciated other people's good things while he was profuse with his own. The vice of professed conversationalists is not so much their vanity as their selfishness. To these paltry feelings the Dean of St. Paul's was a perfect stranger. He could certainly afford from his superiority to be just, and it was not in him to be jealous. He was in all these social relations a

genial and popular man, and in his own family the most lovable of human creatures. For a certain sort of popularity he had no gifts. He was no speaker; he had not the very least of platform tastes; with a superb scorn he disdained the arts which win fame at public meetings, and in a certain sense he was not a good preacher. He was too refined, too much habituated to limitations, too sensitive and too careful, to be able to fling out those broad statements which must be hazarded by the popular preacher. But in a certain sort of preaching he was first-rate. His *éloge* on the Duke of Wellington—we doubt whether it is published—struck us, as we were fortunate enough to hear it, as equal to the best of the French models of pulpit eloquence.

If these elements do not form the substance of immortality, such would be hard to find in human nature and human life. To complete and round this career it only remains to add that Dean Milman's life was crowned with an euthanasia. He had all that life could give, and he had contributed largely to the instruction of mankind, and to the good of the Church; not in one direction only, for it must not be forgotten that the scheme for the completion and decoration of St. Paul's, which is sure some day or other to be completed, is owing to his septuagenarian zeal and activity. He died in the ripeness of his age, in the mature perfection and complete retention of his faculties, with few of the sufferings of mortality. He often used, in a strange pathetic way, to deprecate that life in death, or rather death in life, which results from paralysis; and in his sermon on Wellington's funeral he said how merciful was the dispensation granted to the Great Duke that he had been spared that terrible end which Johnson, because he so dreaded it, so wonderfully painted:

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dottage
flow,

And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Though struck down by paralysis, he died calmly and peacefully, without experiencing the terrible consequences of paralysis. And so Dean Milman has gone to his rest, a complete and noble man. In the words of the anthem which on Thursday was sung over all that is

mortal of him—and why was not one of his own hymns sung over his grave?—His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore!

—♦♦♦—
The Saturday Review.

OLD GIRLS.

It is a little difficult to disentangle the varied influences which tell on ourselves and on the world in which we live, and still harder perhaps to sort them when fairly disentangled in any definite order of value, but we are inclined on the whole to think that the most powerful of our social influences is that of the Old Girl. Husbands and wives, old men and maidens, tell of course in some way on the general mass of thoughts and impulses, of lives and characters, around them; but their action is, from the very nature of their domestic position, their personal aims, and their business distractions, limited and indirect. Without a home, without the ties of a family, unfettered at last by matrimonial aims, relieved by a genteel competence from the cares of business, the Old Girl, on the other hand, bears down upon life with a singleness of aim and a directness of purpose which bids one expect great things. And no doubt the Old Girl has done great things. She has built Bath. She has created Tupper. She has invented the popular preacher. The sensational novel arose at her call. The unwritten code of feminine society is a monument of her legislation. Platonic affection is the highest reach of her fancy. She has taken Evangelicalism captive and darts at it through a month of Exeter Hall. She has seized Ritualism, and dragged smooth-shaven directors to the feet of their "Mother Superior." And, but the other day, she took the form of Miss Becker, and with a wild slogan of "Woman's Rights," drove a host of revising barristers like chaff before the wind. It is impossible to pass with the usual smile of good-humored contempt before a force such as this; we long instinctively to know more about it, to examine its various elements, to watch it in its origin, its developments, its end. There is a wide gulf, we see at once, between the Old Girl and the Fading Flower. The feverish mobility, the half-despairing yet

passionate desire to attract, the strange medley of poetry and prose, of sentiment and worldliness, that amused us in the earlier stage, is gone. Life has fairly settled down into a calm monotony. The Old Girl looks out over the level sands of existence as the colossal forms of Egyptian sculpture look over the desert, with the same grand immobility, with a patience of cards and crochet almost as divine as theirs. A faint echo, indeed, of the passions of the past ripples up every now and then to die at her feet. Sometimes there is a lover, old as herself, dying down as she dies into the peace and rest of things, yet jostling against her at intervals to wake the old memories, to renew the old offers. And then the voice and the look and the touch will bring about a slight attack of "*la seconde jeunesse*," a dim trouble of heart, a shy pleasant quickening of pulse, a tear, a headache, ere they pass away. But they do pass away. Year after year, it may be, the appeal is renewed, and the pulse quickens, and the tear drops, but the Old Girl remains an Old Girl still. She muses over it sometimes in moments of renewed calm, and wonders how it all can be. There was a time, she owns, when the very uncertainty was pleasant, when the mere freedom of choice was delightful, when there was a strange sense of power in having a lover at her feet, in the faith that, though rejected, a year would bring him to the same feet again. He is there still, but the old pleasure is gone. She recalls, with a strange bewilderment of heart, how near she has been more than once to that impossible "Yes"—near enough even to devise little plots for the discovery whether she were loved for her own love's sake—and how the little plots all proved her wooer true, and how the "Yes" remained impossible still. Again and again she has brought herself to the brink, and has peeped over and run away. She cannot conquer this trouble, this panic, this overpowering dismay at the thought of change. Life has fixed her in its grooves, has settled her into habits and places and times, has crystallized her tastes and sentiment, her likings and dislikings, her hopes and fears. Years have brought knowledge, and with it a fear that casteth out love. Is it possible to trust that

sober, middle-aged, unromantic wooer so completely, now that passion has ceased to blind? Is it likely that two people whose lives have taken their own peculiar mould will be able to fuse their lives into one? And, after all, is it worth while to incur such risks for what must be a pale passionless friendship? There are moments when the woman's heart wakes up in the Old Girl, and she almost hates the good-tempered, commonplace suitor as he pleads his faithfulness, as he promises her a constant affection and esteem. Why didn't he force her into happiness when something more was possible than affection and esteem? But it is only for a moment, and again the heart settles down into peace. The passionate longing dies into the dreamy chant of the Lotos-eater:

Let what is broken so remain,
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again,
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain.

And so the Old Girl settles down to Egyptian immobility and her work-table. The only trace of the past that the outer world can see about her is that her dress, like that of the clergy, manages somehow to lag a little behind its day. She employs the same milliners, she patronizes the same bonnet-shop; if she falls back on the friendly aid of a little rouge or kohl, it is precisely the same kohl and rouge that her butterfly niece uses. But somehow the general effect lags, as we said, about a twelvemonth behind. There is nothing else, however, to remind men of the past. No one is more busy with the present. No one is so full of its fun and its follies, no one so well up in the last novel and the latest scandal, as the Old Girl. Not that she is really very scandalous or romantic. What she really wants is occupation; and the occupation that life gives to others in a thousand cares of children and butchers' bills she has to make for herself. And so she flings herself with an intense energy into the chaos of little things. Little engagements, little pleasures, minute particles of business, the tiniest tittle-tattle, all are so many weapons against the dreary inactivity of her life. She seasons and spices it well with little outbreaks of temper, with moods and fancies and glooms and humors, in

the hope of relieving its tastelessness. She gilds it over with thin layers of literature, of art, of poetry; she brightens it now and then with a delicate gourmandise. It is amusing to hear the Old Girl discuss the merits of an *entrée*, and laugh at the tender maiden who dislikes Madeira. Above all, she fights against the lovelessness of her life. She caricatures the affection she has missed by a succession of pets. There is a sly humor in the way in which she comforts a love-lorn Ophelia by the story of her sorrow over her favorite tabby, and how a gracious Providence brought her through it. There is a charming irony in the legacy of her last lapdog to the wooer who has wooed her for half a century. But her sympathies are far from stopping short at tabbies and lapdogs. She pours out her passion for pets on the scapegrace nephew in the Guards, and on the meek curate at the Parsonage. She turns the one into a *roué*, and the other into a clerical fop. On the clergy indeed the Old Girl delights to show forth her power. Sometimes she likes to snub them. We once knew an Old Girl who took up her abode at a bishop's house with the simple design of persecuting young deacons. It was delightful to watch her as she caught them in the freshness of their zeal, lured them into the revelation of their hopes and plans, and then informed them that she had heard all this a hundred times before, and never knew much good come of new brooms. It was the very helplessness of these young Levites that made the game so perfectly diverting as she induced them to read the pious little tracts she wrote for Paternoster Row, or to chat with her on the lawn, or to take her down to dinner, and then in the very moment of their highest ecstasies entertained an arch-deacon by breaking them on the wheel. Sometimes the Old Girl prefers to rout the clergy up. She sees that they do their duty. She looks in on the sick cases to make sure they have been attended to. She tastes the port wine and the soup that the curate has left. She takes notes during the sermon, and sends in the morning a score of doubtful passages, with a request that the preacher will be good enough to reconcile them with certain texts which she has kindly

annexed. She watches over the orthodoxy of his vestments, and circumvents a dawning tendency towards preaching in a surplice by the seasonable gift of a new silk gown. The most eminent example of this sort of clerical supervision which we remember to have met with was Mrs. Hannah More. Those who have read the biography of that very eminent and typical Old Girl will remember the terror she diffused throughout the clergy of the West; how fox-hunting ceased and port wine retired beneath the table; how she made circuits of the churches that she might catechise the preacher in the vestry; how, when her clerical victim barricaded himself in his study, she called up the servants and prayed for his conversion in the hall. Hannah Mores have rather gone out of fashion just now, or rather they have walked over into the opposite camp. The "Mother Superior" is the Old Girl of the new movement. The fussiness, the kindness, the severity, the humors, the pettiness, the eccentricities, the real good sense and warm-heartedness of Old Girlhood receive their consecration under the veil and the poke-bonnet. A host of little services, of little bells tinkling at odd moments, invest with an air of piety the waste of a day. Scandal becomes obedience when the sister is pledged to reveal all to the motherly ear; despotism becomes discipline when it is hallowed into a rule; prudery becomes purity when it retires from the world into its cell. This is not perhaps the highest aim of woman, or the sublime consummation which at first sight it seems to be; but at any rate it is better than mere unrelieved tittle-tattle, or the bitter bigotry that fights for the last trick over the card-tables of Cheltenham or Bath.

But, after all, extremes like these are but the fringe of Old Girlhood—extremes into which it plunges when it is roused into an activity that is not its own. Kind, good-tempered, a little sentimental, a little prosaic, the really characteristic atmosphere of an Old Girl is the atmosphere of rest. The ample form, the yet ampler folds of her silken robe, give a promise of largeness and toleration and good-humor which the energetic woman of married life can seldom afford. Schoolboys run to her

for taffy; school-girls pour into that sympathizing breast the raptures and despairs of their earliest love; and weary men, tired of the stress and racket of life, somehow like to come there too, to leave behind them all the movement and ambition of their existence without, and to find at any rate in one circle the quietude and repose which they find nowhere else. It is the memory of such pleasant resting-places in the journey of life that makes us whisper our *Requiescat in pace* over the grave of the Old Girl.

BARON VON BEUST.

As an embellishment to this number of the *ECLECTIC*, we present our readers with an excellent portrait of the Austrian Premier.

No man in Europe, during the past two years, has held a position before the world at once so prominent, so important, and so difficult, and no other individual genius has had so powerful an influence in evoking order from the chaos into which European politics were thrown by the convulsions of 1866.

Austria, humiliated to the dust by the disaster at Sadowa, her very existence threatened by the advance of the victorious Prussians and the chronic discontent of her heterogeneous population, the imperious demand of the Hungarians for a separate government, and of the people for a more liberal *régime* needed a hand at the head of affairs as wary and skilful as that of Prince Kaunitz in a former crisis, and at the same time one whose name and antecedents would be the pledge of a larger recognition of the tendencies of the age. This head of affairs was found in the person of Baron Von Beust. Hurling from the helm of the Saxon government in 1866, at the imperious bidding of his great Prussian adversary, his career seemed to have been brought to a sudden end. But, by one of those unexpected revolutions of fortune of which we find so many instances in the recent history of Germany, the dismissed and humiliated Prime Minister of Saxony had been drawn from his brief retirement to occupy a much prouder position, having been called upon to preside over the political regeneration of the

Austrian Empire. To realize how ably and successfully he has conducted that regeneration we have but to look at the Austria of to-day. We find her stronger, more consolidated, and better prepared for war than at any previous time since 1814, her military system completely reorganized, and her soldiers armed with a gun equal to the famous Zund-nadel-gewehr, and her securities rating higher in the markets of the world than ever before.

Hungary, indeed, has succeeded in her demand for a separate monarchy; but no one can doubt that Austria is strengthened rather than weakened thereby, and internal discord has been disarmed and mollified by a policy so liberal as almost to excite alarm.

But by far the most important step taken by the Premier, whether as regards Austria herself or the future of ecclesiasticism in Europe, was the recent abolition of the Papal Concordat, and his cool defiance of the "thunders of the Vatican."

Followed as it has been almost immediately by the revolution in Spain, it deprives the Pope of the support of the two most Catholic countries in the world, and puts almost an entirely new aspect upon the question of the Temporal Sovereignty. It may be considered the death-blow to the influence of the Pope in Central Europe.

All these reformatory measures are to be attributed to Von Beust alone. His ascendancy over the mind of the Emperor is complete, and the Reichsrath invariably acquiesces in his recommendations.

The Baron, now about fifty years of age, is a tall and slender gentleman of distinguished and imposing appearance. He is thus described by a recent German writer:

"His features are most intellectual, and generally lit up with a faint "diplomatic" smile, which, when it becomes more pronounced and radiant, is truly charming and irresistible. His eyes, though covered with their lids more than they used to be, are as bright and piercing as ever. His forehead is mag-

nificent—high, broad and full. His finely chiselled mouth is often quivering slightly with the sardonic expression so peculiar to men of intense nervous activity, engaged in an incessant struggle with formidable obstacles and difficulties.

"A physiognomist, even without knowing the man's name, would read in Baron Von Beust's face an iron will, extraordinary energy, tenacity of purpose based on strong convictions, and disdain of difficulties and dangers; and his attitude, his gestures, his whole style of speaking, will strongly confirm this impression. Chat with Beust for fifteen minutes, and you will no longer wonder at the extraordinary ascendancy which he gained last fall, in a few interviews, over the mind of the Emperor Francis Joseph—an ascendancy which, even now, is so great that the Minister, despite the undisguised hostility of the ultramontane party and the feudal aristocracy, stands firmer in his official position than any of his predecessors ever did."

The political opinions of so eminent an authority, upon the consolidation of the small German States under the hegemony of Prussia, are, or should be, of weight. He says:

"This idea of unity has a strange fascination for the German people; but, examine it more closely, and you will find that its romantic charm will not outweigh its advantages. Large states of a pronounced military character are not very favorable to the development of political liberty. Look towards the East and West, and you will see that I am right. Increased taxation, extraordinary military burdens, and constant jealousies, entanglements, and prospects of foreign wars, are some of the disadvantages with which the idea of German unity, as understood at this juncture, is fraught."

It is difficult so far to discount the future as to assign his true position to a contemporary, but we may safely say that Von Beust will rank high as a statesman and reformer in the history of the nineteenth century.

POETRY.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE RIVER.

THE YOUTHS.

O WINTER, O white winter, wert thou gone
No more within the wilds were I alone,
Leaping with bent bow over stock and stone;
No more alone my love the lamp should burn,
Watching the weary spindle twist and turn,
Or o'er the web hold back her tears and yearn.

O winter, O white winter, wert thou gone!

THE MAIDENS.

Sweet thoughts fly swifter than the drifting
snow,
And with the twisting thread sweet longings
grow,
And o'er the web sweet pictures come and go;
For no white winter are we long alone.

THE YOUTHS.

O stream, so changed, what hast thou done to me,
That I thy glittering ford no more can see
Wreathing with white her fair feet lovingly?

See in the rain she stands; and, looking down
With frightened eyes upon thy whirlpools brown,
Drops to her feet again her girdled gown.

O hurrying, turbid stream, what hast thou done?

THE MAIDENS.

The clouds lift, telling of a fairer day,
When through the thin stream I shall take my way,
Girt round with gold, and garlanded with May.

What rushing stream can keep us long alone?

THE YOUTHS.

O burning Sun! O master of unrest!
Why must we, toiling, cast away the best,
Now when the bird sleeps by his empty nest?

See, with my garland lying at her feet,
In lonely labor stands mine own, my sweet,
Above the quern, half-filled with half-ground
wheat.

O red taskmaster, that thy flames were done!

THE MAIDENS.

O love, to-night across the half-shorn plain,
Shall I not go to meet the yellow wain,
A look of love at end of toil to gain?

What flaming sun can keep us long alone?

THE YOUTHS.

To-morrow, said I, is grape-gathering o'er;
To-morrow and our loves are twinned no more.
To-morrow came, to bring us woe and war.

What have I done, that I should stand with these,
Harkening the dread shouts borne upon the
breeze,

While she, far off, sits weeping 'neath her trees?

Alas! O kings, what is it ye have done?

THE MAIDENS.

Come love, delay not, come and slay my dread;
Already is the banquet-table spread,
In the cool chamber flower-strewn is my bed.

Come, love; what king can keep us long alone?

THE YOUTHS.

O city, city, open thou thy gate;
See with life snatched from out the hand of fate,
Still on this glittering triumph must I wait.

Are not her hands stretched out to me? her eyes,
Are they not weary as each new hope dies,
And lone before her still the long road lies?

O golden city, fain would I be gone!

THE MAIDENS.

Ah! thou art happy amid shouts and songs,
And all that unto conquering men belongs;
Night hath for me no fear, and day no wrongs.

What brazen city gates can keep us lone?

THE YOUTHS.

O long, long road, how bare thou art, and gray;
Hill after hill thou climbest, and the day
Is ended now, O moonlit endless way!

And she is standing where the rushes grow,
And still with white hand shades her anxious
brow,
Though 'neath the world the sun has fallen now.

O dreary road, when will thy leagues be done?

THE MAIDENS.

O tremblest thou, gray road, or do my feet
Tremble with joy thy flinty face to meet
Because my love's eyes soon mine eyes shall greet?

No heart thou hast to keep us long alone.

THE YOUTHS.

O wilt thou ne'er depart, thou heavy night?
When will thy slaying bring on the morning
bright,
That leads my weary feet to my delight?

Why lingerest thou, filling with wandering fears
My lone love's tired heart; her eyes with tears,
For thoughts like sorrow for the vanished years?

Weaver of ill thoughts, when wilt thou be gone?

THE MAIDENS.

Love, to the East are thine eyes turned, as mine,
In patient watching for the night's decline?
And hast thou noted this gray widening line?

Can any darkness keep us long alone?

THE YOUTHS.

O day! O day! is this a little thing
That thou so long unto thy life must cling
Because I gave thee such a welcoming?

I called thee king of all felicity,
I praised thee that thou broughtest joy so nigh,—
Thine hours are turned to years; thou wilt not
die.

O day so longed for, would that thou wert gone!

THE MAIDENS.

The light fails, love; the long day soon shall be
Naught but a pensive, happy memory,
Blessed for the tales it told to thee and me.

How hard it was, O love, to be alone.

WILLIAM MORRIS

TORRENT HYMN.

I.

THE Torrent fills the air
With a terrible voice of prayer:

"God the Lord!
From the hollow of thy hand,
In the darkness of the land

I was pour'd;
And in solitude I beat
Round thy dimly shining feet

On the scour,
While thou standest looking down
Upon multitude and town

From afar;
While the black lake broodeth still,
Hark! the voices of the hill

How they die!
And I answer deep and loud,
To the passing thunder-cloud,
With a cry!

Lo! the seasons of the year,
Glide below thee with no fear,
While still thou leanest here

On thy sword—

Yea, stilly night and day thou dost gaze on sea
and shore,

On thy feet the rainbow hovers and my troubled
waters roar,

While below thee, in the valleys, men adore and
implore

God the Lord!"

II.

Full clear the Torrent saith
To the heart that hearkeneth:

"God the Lord!
Who shall meet thee in Thy might,
Who stay thee if thou smite

With thy sword?
In a solitary place
Where the silence of thy face

Dwells like snow,

Thou abidest night and day,
And the troubled waters play
Down below;
There is stillness in thy skies
And the wonder of thine eyes
None may sound,
On thy face there is no change,
While thy shadow falleth strange
All around;
Yea, from silent height to height
Goes the murmur of thy might,
And the people name thy light
And thy word;

And stilly evermore thou abidest out of reach,
On thy feet the rainbow flutters, and my waters
boil for speech,
While from valley unto valley mortals preach and
beseech
God the Lord!"

—Spectator.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

LITTLE tongues that chatter, chatter—⁴
Little feet that patter, patter
With a ceaseless motion all the day—
Little eyes that softly lighten—
Little cheeks that flush and brighten—
Little voices singing at their play—

In my memory awaken
Thoughts of one who has been taken—
Of a little heart that beats no more—
Of a little voice that's ringing,
'Mid the angels sweetly singing
Songs of gladness on a distant shore!

— *Ambers's Journal.*

TEARS.

WOULD some kind angel give me tears—
It seems a little thing,
A child's first need—I would not ask
The gems that crown a king.

The glad peace-bringers after storm
Are drops the sun smiles through;
The healer of the parching rose
Is but a bead of dew.

Yet what am I, an atom sole
In heaven's creative plan,
That I should ask the tenderest gut
God ever gave to man.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

WRECKED

O SOUL, storm-driven on the shoreless sea,
Which thought of man ne'er fathoms, nor can
bound,
No helper seeing through the darkness round,
But borne alone towards dread immensity—
Is this proud reason's glorious destiny?
So drifts the wreck on ocean's great profound,
While winds pursue, and restless waters sound,

The noblest form reduced their toy to be:
 No sovereign hand controls the ready helm,
 No cheerful voices rise above the wave.
 Not thus forsaken, though the billows whelm,
 Is he whom Christ hath walked the seas to
 save:
 Above the stormiest day the clouds shall break,
 And the worn spirit in His presence wake.

W. S.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

I.

HAST thou not heard it, the universal music?
 The throbbing harmony, the old eternal rhyme?
 In the wild billows roaring,
 In the mad torrent pouring,
 And keeping with the stars its beat and march
 sublime?
 Hast thou not heard it when the night was silent,
 And nothing stirred but winds amid the trees,
 And the star-orbits, strings of harps celestial,
 Seemed quivering to the rush of melodies?

II.

If in thy soul there pulse not some faint respon-
 sive echo
 Of that supernal everlasting hymn,
 Thou'rt of the low earth, lowly,
 Or livest life unholy,
 Or duldest spiritual sense by carnal grossness
 dim.
 Hear it, oh Poet, hear it! Oh, Preacher, give it
 welcome!
 Oh Loving Heart, receive it, deep in thine in-
 most core,
 The harmony of Angels, Glory, for ever Glory,
 Glory and Peace and Joy, and Love for ever-
 more!

LONDON LYRICS.

THE FACES.

A TERROR is in the city,
 By night and by day,
 And whenever that terror passes
 I tremble and pray,
 And the eye of my soul closes swiftly
 To shut it away.

Not the sneer of the worldling,
 The smirk of the saint,
 Not the poor lost women
 With their smile of paint,
 But faces, and ever faces,
 With a warning faint.

Faces, and ever faces,
 They pass on the stream,—
 Piteous human faces,
 Like things in a dream;
 Morning and night, and most awful
 In the gas-light gleam.

Faces, terrible faces,
 With a tale unsaid,

Fixed human faces
 Whence the light has fled,
 Faces, and ever faces,
 Where the soul is dead.

Faces, lost pale faces,
 Of the rich or the poor,
 Faces of hearts where meanness
 Hath eat to the core,
 Faces—the signs of spirits
 That muse no more.

The sadness of these faces
 Is sad beyond belief,
 Meaner than the shrill sorrow
 Of the harlot or the thief;
 The gladness of these faces
 Is sadder than their grief.

Oh, there seems hope for evil,
 Though bloodiest crime befall,—
 But life that hath neither beauty
 Nor foulness—it is so small!
 Alas, for the frozen spirits
 That do not stir at all!

They gather the gold and raiment,
 They buy and they pay;
 But, ah! at the glimpse of their faces
 I tremble and pray,
 And the eye of my soul closes quickly
 To shut them away.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Earthly Paradise. Boston: Roberts Bros. Mr. MORRIS, by his previously published book, "The Life and Death of Jason," placed his name definitely on the roll of poets, in an age by no means poor in good poetry. The volume now before us, containing the earlier half of a work of far larger scheme than the former, attests still more strongly the fertility of its author's genius, his independence and individuality of manner, and will be sure to extend, as it certainly will confirm, his reputation. The bulk of the book—a thick octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, to be followed by another of like proportions—may, it is possible, deter some who like their poems small, and are impatient of whatever cannot be read through and be done with in half an hour. And it cannot be denied that the poetic compendiousness, the concentration and castigation of style, of which the Laureate has given us so many admirable examples, have much to recommend them, but the "Earthly Paradise" appeals to a class of readers willing to give time to the enjoyment of poetry, who, when they have a new book on hand, are in no hurry to get through with it, but like to loiter over its pages, putting it down and taking it up again. For vividness and luxuriance in this kind Mr. Morris may be compared with Spenser, rather than any other English poet; although we do not find in his work other qualities of Spenser, his moral fervor, his subtlety and superabundance. Mr. Morris's language is direct, flowing, and unlabored, uniting in a rare degree simplicity with what we may call distinction. It is not easy to describe the charm of a style which is picturesque without artifice,

striking without emphasis, various without inequality; which, though copious, is never redundant, and resembles the pleased loquacity of one wholly taken up with what he is talking about, and talking always about beautiful things. Accepting as he does the part of teller of tales, whose one task is to deal with delightful subjects in a delightful manner, Mr. Morris shuts himself out from some of the most fertile fields of poetry. He forswears speculation and reflection, refrains from touching, whether to solve or to restate, the questions nearest the hearts of his contemporaries, the moral and social problems with which so much modern poetry has occupied itself. In some prefatory stanzas of singular melody he leaves to others the "slaying of monsters," the active or moral function of the poet,—

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"—

and claims for himself, "as the idle singer of an empty day," the work of renewing for us some of the old-world enchantments by which pleasure may be bestowed if pain cannot be abated. He thus recalls poetry to the sphere of true fine art proper, in which it has simply, along with music, painting, and the rest, to add to the sum of human happiness in the contemplation of enjoyable things. The "Earthly Paradise" is written from the stand-point of a paganism that is frankly afraid of death, and eager to make the most of life and its blessings, foremost among which it reckons the artistic gratification of the higher senses. This fear of death is allowed to play a somewhat oppressive part in the poem; not, of course, the coward's passion, but the ever-present dread of oblivion and extinction comes continually forward as a motive to action, or darkener of delight. It may, for some, impair the charm of the book, that over all the pleasant places into which the author leads us, there should hang this cloud.

But when we come to the stories, they are simply irresistibly charming. Nothing can be further removed from the spirit of the age than the modesty and simplicity with which they are all told.

This is the unpretentious way in which the greatest poem of modern times is introduced:

"Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," says the simple argument, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people."

Of the twelve poems, which are all unrivalled, *The Love of Alcestis* perhaps contains most poetic gems.

King Admetus gains the favor of the god Apollo, who keeps his flocks for him in the disguise of a shepherd, and eventually assists the king to win Alcestis to wife.

The description of Apollo is one of which old Homer might be proud.

The God would sometimes sit beside the board moody and silent,

"Or sometimes midst the hottest of the mirth,
Within the King's hall would he seem to wake

As from a dream, and his stringed tortoise take
And strike the chords unbidden, till the hall
Filled with the glorious sound from wall to wall,
Trembled and seemed as it would melt away,
And sunken down the faces weeping lay
That erewhile laughed the loudest; only he
Stood upright, looking forward steadily
With sparkling eyes as one who can not weep,
Until the storm of music sank to sleep."

Finally, King Admetus is sick unto death, and receives the promise of Apollo that if he can find any one to die willingly in his stead, he may yet live. This Alcestis does, and the King is restored to health, lives many years, and is finally forgotten.

"But Time, who slays so many a memory,
Brought hers to light, the short-lived loving Queen;
And her fair soul, as scent of flowers unseen,
Sweetened the turmoil of long centuries.
For soon, indeed, Death laid hand on these,
The shouters round the throne upon that day.
And for Admetus, he, too, went his way,
Though if he died at all I cannot tell;
But either on the earth he ceased to dwell,
Or else, oft born again, had many a name.
But through all lands of Greece Alcestis' fame
Grew greater, and about her husband's twined
Lived, in the hearts of far-off men enshrined.
See I have told her tale, though I know not
What men are dwelling now on that green spot
Anigh Bobels, or if Phere still,
With name oft changed perchance, adown the hill
Still shows its white walls to the rising sun.
—The gods at least remember what is done."

As a word-painter, Mr. Morris is unrivalled. Take, for instance, this of Ultima Thule from the *Doom of King Acrisius*:—

"Then o'er its desert icy hills he passed,
And on beneath a feeble sun he flew,
Till, rising like a wall, the cliffs he knew
That Pallas told him of: the sun was high,
But on the pale ice shone but wretchedly:
Pale blue the great mass was, and the cold snow;
Gray tattered moss hung from its jagged brow.
No wind was there at all, though ever beat
The leaden tideless sea, against its feet."

We lay aside this *Earthly Paradise* with infinite regret, and we know of no book which we look for with so much pleasure as the forthcoming concluding volume.

Mr. Morris has already written over fifty thousand lines, and the concluding volume will probably contain twenty thousand more. If they are equal to the great reputation which he has acquired, and show none of that decension which is almost always remarked in very prolific writers, he has laid hands on posterity.

A Book about Boys. Boston: Roberts Bros. Mr. Hope, the author of this book, and also of a book about *Dominies*, is a teacher of eminence in England, and bids fair to establish no little reputation as a sagacious and honest if somewhat truculent writer.

Both of his works show great but intensely practical ability and wide culture, and we believe have met with a considerable degree of success. If he be not seduced by that reception, and refrains from joining the army of "book-makers," we shall be happy to say to Mr. Hope that he has done good service to boys in particular and to the cause of education in general.

He understands boys thoroughly, has studied them carefully and sympathizingly, and what is better still, appreciates them. Not your "good boys," not your namby-pamby, despicable and ut-

terly contemptible mother's darlings or "perfect little gentlemen" (which things are an abomination), but the boys who are joyous, hearty and boisterous, who run races, fight battles, get into difficulties, and come home occasionally with clothes torn and mud-bespattered, who would much rather play a game of ball than listen for an hour to a sing-song sermon, and who laugh at mother's fears for their long tramp through the snow. These, and such only, find a hearty sympathizer and an able and fearless champion.

Mr. Hope commences by saying that he believes in boys. So do we—we have always believed in boys, and our experience of them is that they are not at all likely to allow themselves to be ignored; they are what may be considered a self-evident proposition (shall we say opposition?), and we also believe of them what Mark Twain said of women, "that mankind would be almighty scarce without them."

Mr. Hope has, unfortunately, adopted that antagonistic, tit-for-tat style which is peculiarly exasperating to critics, and we could very well excuse him from "taking stock" of his abilities and presenting us with the invoice; but we can well afford to overlook greater faults than these when an author treats a new subject in such a masterly, concise, and liberal manner, that we are perfectly certain we would have written the same thing at some future time had we not been anticipated.

The manner in which he execrates Mrs. Henry Wood, and others of that type, who attempt to ventilate their ignorance on other subjects than those of the ordinary paper-cover novels, is enough to sharpen the pen of every fierce critic, and to awaken a direful impatience as he snuffeth the battle afar off.

We have treated this subject briefly and in rather a flippant manner, but really *A Book about Boys* is deserving of thoughtful consideration.

Great responsibilities rest upon whoever has aught to do with boys, particularly mothers, and serious mistakes are made by them; and surely if anything can conduce to the removal of these errors, and to the establishment of a right standard, Mr. Hope's book can and must.

We should like to see it in the hands of every parent, and should like better still to see it molding their opinions and bearing fruit in their actions.

Bain's Mental Science. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This work, though designed and prepared as a text-book for the use of high-schools and colleges, is deserving of attentive perusal by students and thinkers everywhere. Compiled by the author himself from a series of works which are considered the ablest and most authoritative exposition of the science of psychology, combining the demonstrated truths of all his predecessors with a method and generalization of his own, Bain may be considered the Bacon of Metaphysics, and no one who would be conversant with the most advanced truths of Mental Science can afford to leave his works unread.

Educators in particular will find this book of peculiar usefulness.

We have not had the time for that careful examination and comparison which a work on so abstruse a subject must necessarily require. We promise ourselves the pleasure of doing so more

at leisure, but so far as our investigations have extended, we can certify to its exceptional value.

A most lucid and exhaustive history of the controversy on Free-will and Necessity, with copious citations from the principal authorities from Plato to J. S. Mill, will be found in the concise chapter on that subject, and is probably the most interesting in the book.

Smoking and Drinking. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. These essays have already appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and were thence transcribed into many other papers and periodicals all over the country. Collected as they are, however, in their present convenient form, the sphere of their usefulness cannot fail to be largely increased. They are written by James Parton, which is but another way of saying they are valuable. He never writes anything which is not valuable; but these treatises are deserving of especial recognition. We believe that in no work in the English language are these subjects treated so exhaustively, so lucidly, and so scientifically as in these three short papers. Much evidence of an experimental nature is collated with the results of practical experience, and as much light, probably, is thrown upon the scientific aspects of the subject as our present knowledge, or rather our present ignorance, of Pathology will permit.

If all drunkards, or even moderate drinkers, could be brought to see alcohol as Mr. Parton sees it, or even to read these papers understandingly, our social crusaders would soon find themselves without a war-cry.

The Atlantic Almanac. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. of this city send us the *Almanac* for 1869. It is fully up to its usual standard, and, besides the ordinary monthly calendar, contains much valuable miscellaneous reading matter and beautiful illustrations in colors. Whoever has the *Almanac* for 1868 will not be likely to dispense with this one, and whoever has not would do well to invest fifty cents for it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Life of Napoleon III. By JNO. S. C. ABBOTT. Boston: Russell.

Occupations of a Retired Life. By EDWARD GARRETT. Boston: Littell & Gay.

I will, and other Stories. New York. P. S. Wynkoop & Son.

Tablets. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Bros.

SCIENCE.

Effects of the Earthquakes.—Among the more fearful incidents of the recent succession of earthquakes in South America, the following is said to have occurred at Arica: As the earth opened and yawned, there came up hundreds of mummies, which stand in long lines facing the sea, every one of the skeletons in perfect preservation, the

hands doubled up and supporting the chin, the knees drawn up, and the feet supporting the fleshless body! The spot where these mummies now stand was an old cemetery, some ninety years ago, it is said, and these skeletons are doubtless the fabled Incas and Indians, who either buried themselves alive or were interred in this manner. They correspond exactly to the old mummies of the Incas to be seen in the museum at Lima. A Peruvian gentleman, who was in Arica at the time of its destruction, says: "No one who did not witness it can form any idea of its horror. Groans and outcries, falling buildings and shivered timbers, the air so filled with dust and ashes, so choked with the fine dirt of the adobe buildings, and so strong with an electric smell, similar to the strongest brimstone, that the only way people could breathe or escape at all was by throwing themselves flat on the ground and burying the face flat in the very earth which groaned and opened around them. Parents crying out for their young children; wives screaming to their husbands; and a blinding cloud of dust and brimstone, and the crash of tumbling houses, the roar of the terrible incoming sea, and the shrieks of the wounded dying in the falling ruins. In Moqua the ground opened, and as it closed again instantly it caught the ill-fated people, leaving them partly projected from the earth." What horrible deaths must these have been!

A NEW pretender to the French throne, and to the name Napoleon III., has arisen in a poor schoolmaster, living in the small Saxon town of Wernsdorf, who claims to be the legitimate grandson of Napoleon I. If his statements are trustworthy, Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, fell in love with a young Hungarian countess, during a journey which he made in Hungary in the year 1830, and as she sternly refused to become his mistress he finally resolved to marry her. They were married at a village church, near the city of Debreszyn, by the regular village priest; this marriage, the Saxon pretender asserts, was perfectly legitimate, inasmuch as, according to the laws governing the members of the Imperial house of Austria, the Duke of Reichstadt was already of age at that time, so that no exception whatever could be taken to the union. How he, the heir of an imperial name and of a throne, got to Saxony and became there a poor schoolmaster, the pretender refuses as yet to explain. He only says that the Duke of Reichstadt was compelled to leave his young wife a few days after the wedding had taken place, and that he was unable to take her with him to the Court of Vienna. There are certain circumstances, above all things the strict surveillance which the Court of Vienna kept over the Duke of Reichstadt, that renders the whole story of the pretender somewhat improbable; but several diplomats at the courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden, before whom a full statement of the facts has been laid, have stated that, in their opinion, the schoolmaster will succeed in making out his case.

Church Bells and their Uses in Hawaii.—The natives of Kona, Hawaii, have recently raised a new bell upon a tower, which they have erected,

attached to one of their churches. The first use which they made of their new bell was to toll forty-eight funeral strokes in honor of the burial of some old conch-shells which had been blown for the past forty-eight years for the purpose of assembling the people to church, and were buried with due solemnity. In a few years these conch-shells would have ranked among the choicest historical relics of the natives.

The Geology of the Ancients.—In a work which deals with the geological attempts of the Greeks, from the earliest ages down to the epoch of Alexander, Dr. Julius Schwarcz arrives at the following conclusions:—(1) The Greeks were acquainted with all four classes of volcanic action, earthquakes, thermal springs, solfataras, volcanoes proper. (2) The Greeks also observed and investigated the phenomena of alluvial activity. (3) The changes taking place in the organic world did not form a part of the study of the Greeks, for they had arrived at no idea of a "genus" or "species," nor even of the distinctions of animal and vegetable kingdoms. The whole life of the universe appeared to them as the life of an organism, ever fluctuating, without any such pivots as the divisions and subdivisions of our modern zoological and botanical classifications. Their idea of the origin of animals was that genesis was not yet finished, but was going on in the days of Pericles, even in the formation of new stars. (4) They knew and understood the real organic origin of fossils; it was only in the time of Aristotle that such remains were attributed to "peculiar species of animals living underground." (5) The doctrine of the gradual degeneration of mankind, common to most Greek sages, may have originated from the misinterpretation of the huge fossil skeletons of Pachyderms, discovered in Greece, and held to be the remains of men of gigantic size. (6) Perhaps the highest idea which seems to have been actually arrived at by Aristarchus in the third century before Christ—if not at a far earlier, i.e. Babylonian period—was the Heliocentric idea, that "those stars which do not err, and the sun, remain immovably at rest;" and that "in the circumference (orbit) of a circle the earth is moving around the sun, the latter being placed in the centre of the orbit."

New Kind of Photographs.—A species of toy photograph has recently received some notice. It is obtained by coating paper or glass with a layer of some phosphorescent substance, and then sensitizing and exposing it to light in the usual way. A photograph thus taken is invisible in daylight, but in the dark becomes perceptible: shining with a greenish or purplish phosphorescent light, which produces a very odd and mysterious effect.

Moncrieff Gun Carriage.—This remarkable and novel arrangement of gun carriage has just been tried at Shoeburyness, in presence of the Ordnance Select Committee, with very satisfactory results. The principle of the invention is that the whole momentum of the recoil of the gun should be absorbed in lifting a heavy balance weight, the gun itself at the same time descending in a cycloidal curve under protection of the parapet. Having descended, the gun is held by a self-acting pawl until it is loaded, by gunners

perfectly protected from fire, and the work stored up in the balance weight during the recoil is then sufficient to raise it to the firing position, above the parapet, its ascent being regulated by a friction break. The exposure of the gunners when the guns are placed *en barbette* on the ordinary system, and the weakening of the parapets when pierced by embrasures, are thus equally avoided, and the labor of training the gun is at the same time reduced to a minimum. Captain Moncrieff has further devised optical means by which the aiming of the piece may be effected without the exposure of a man to hostile fire.

Railways for Steep Inclines.—Amongst the modes of obtaining increased grip or adhesion to enable steam power to be employed on steep inclines, it has been suggested that the wheels of the locomotive or traction engine should be allowed to run on a road formed in the ordinary manner, whilst the wheels of the wagons only run on the rails. The tractive force necessary to draw a given load on rails is thirteen times less than on common roads, and conversely the adhesion or grip of a given engine on a common road must be about thirteen times greater than on rails. M. Larmangat has submitted a plan based on this principle to the French Emperor. It is not impossible that, in cases where the expense of a more perfect system would preclude its adoption, this simple expedient of a composite road may be useful.

Young Lobsters.—The young lobster, as soon as born, makes away from its parent, rises to the surface of the water, and leaves the shores for deep water, where it passes the earliest days of its existence in a vagabond state, for a period of from thirty to forty days. During this time it undergoes four different changes of shell, but on the fourth it loses its natatory organs, and is therefore no longer able to swim on the surface of the water, but falls to the bottom, where it has to remain for the future; according, however, to its increase of size, it gains courage to approach the shore, which it had left at its birth. The number of enemies which assail the young embryos in the deep sea is enormous; thousands of all kinds of fish, molluscs, and crustacea are pursuing it continually to destroy it. The very changing of the shells causes great ravages at these periods, as the young lobsters have to undergo a crisis which appears to be a necessary condition to their rapid growth. In fact, every young lobster loses and remakes its crusty shell from eight to ten times the first year, five to seven the second, three to four the third, and from two to three the fourth year. However, after the fifth year, the change is only annual, for the reason that, were the changes more frequent, the shell would not last long enough to protect the ova adhering to the shell of the female during the six months of incubation. The lobster increases rapidly in size until the second year, and goes on increasing more gradually until the fifth, when it begins to reproduce, and from this period the growth is still more gradual.—*Land and Water.*

Great Glacier of New Zealand.—The Westland Observer has an account of a visit paid recently by the chief officers of the Geological Department to the great glacier on the west side of Mount

Cook. The foot of the glacier, which is but thirteen miles from the sea, is 1,900 feet wide. Neither the glacier nor the immense field of snow which feeds it is visible from the river until within a quarter of a mile of it, when the stupendous mass of snow and ice at once breaks upon the view. Below the glacier a recent moraine extends for several hundred yards, consisting of *débris* of the rock, twenty feet deep, underlaid by ice and snow, through which considerable streams of water run, which are rendered visible in round holes, caused by the giving way of the ice and by cracks in the surface. On the southern side there has recently been a great fracture of the ice and breach of the rock, which had fallen in immense masses. The party ascended on the northern side, where the snow or ice formed rounded hills, undisturbed by any cracks or fissures. The glacial matter is porous, and presents tolerable footing; it is of a gray color, full of small dirt, with occasional stones, fallen from the surrounding hills. The great peculiarity of this glacier is not only its immense size, but the fact of its descending to so low a level—640 feet above the sea level—instead of ending, as is usually the case, at an altitude of some 3,000 or 4,000 feet, close to the limit of perpetual snow, among Alpine vegetation. Here the green bush extends some thousands of feet above the glacier, on the steep sides of the range in which the glacier has cut the deep narrow gorge. Not a single alpine plant rewarded the research of the party, and the temperature on the glacier was scarcely below that on the flat beneath. With some ceremony the party named it the Victoria Glacier. The height of the peak is found to be 12,362 feet.

Palestine Exploration.—The following statement by Lieut. Warren is not very promising: "In studying the Holy Land it was most disappointing to find a dearth of evidence as to sites of places, and the more the matter was looked into the more difficult it became. There were points which were known beyond contradiction, such as Jaffa, Jerusalem, and others; but when details were sought there was the most conflicting evidence. All parties agreed that the Temple stood somewhere in a rectangular spot, called by the names of Haram and Moriah, and that the Mount of Olives was on the whole or part of a hill indicated on the map. It was probable, too, that the valley of the Kedron could be traced; but about all other points there were controversies; and if he made use of biblical names in speaking of places, he did so because they were generally-received names, and not because they were established as such. The explorers must be content, he feared, to be baffled and perplexed for a long time to come before they could bring out Jerusalem as it was; for, startling as it might appear, they had not yet a single fixed point from which to commence. For instance, though the Temple was known to be on a particular space (the Moriah Area), yet there was space there for three such sites; and Mount Sion was put to the north of Moriah by some and to the west by others of authority."

Earthquakes in England.—Earthquakes, to a reader of history, appear to have been very frequent; and statements of "convulsions," "swallowing up," and "hills removed" are by no means

rare. But Dean Conybeare writes that there has not been a shock of earthquake in England sufficient to throw down a church tower. The humbler classes in the country, as well as those immediately above them, are too often disposed to attribute many phenomena to the agency of earthquakes. The great landslip of Dowlands and Bindon, S. E. Devon, Dec. 25, 1839, took place after a wet season. Great slips occurred on the Jura and other places, each having resulted from known causes in the same locality. Deans Buckland and Conybeare happened to be near at the time; their explanations were without effect upon the assembled wonderers. Their science was ridiculed; local history was treated as a fable.

The Snow Problem on the American Pacific Railroad.—It was reported last winter that the sheds built by the Pacific Railroad Company to protect their track from the deep snows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were crushed by the weight of snow that fell upon them, and that some other method of protection would have to be devised. It seems, however, by a letter in the *San Francisco Bulletin*, that this plan of shielding the track has not been abandoned. The Company are now engaged in erecting sheds over the cuttings and the other exposed points. They are of heavy timber framework, with pointed gable roofs, and look as if they could withstand almost any pressure of snow. Nearly forty miles of the track will have to be thus covered, and the quantity of timber required will be enormous. Not less than 22 saw-mills, most of them worked by steam, are run night and day, employing nearly 2,000 men; and yet they do not work up to the needs of the Company. In a few weeks 28 mills will be running. It is estimated that it will require no less than 800,000 feet of lumber to construct a mile of sheds. So great is the demand, that the country on both sides of the track is being rapidly denuded of its forests.—*Eng. paper.*

The Onion a Disinfectant.—According to the observations of an American writer (J. B. Wolff), the onion is a disinfectant. He states that in the spring of 1849, he was in charge of 100 men on shipboard, with the cholera raging among them. They had onions, which a number of the men ate freely, and those who did so were soon attacked, and nearly all died. As soon as this discovery was made their use was forbidden. After mature reflection, Mr. Wolff came to the conclusion that onions should never be eaten during the prevalence of epidemics, for the reason that they absorb the virus, and communicate the disease; and that the proper use for them is sliced and placed in the sick-room, and replaced with fresh ones every few hours. It is a well-established fact, he observes, attested by his own personal knowledge, that onions will extract the poison of snakes. Some kinds of mud will do the same. After maintaining the foregoing opinion for eighteen years, he remarks: "I have found the following well attested: Onions placed in the room where there is small-pox will blister and decompose with great rapidity; not only so, but will prevent the spread of the disease. I think as a disinfectant they have no equal, when properly used; but keep them out of the stomach."

Color of the Clouds.—The varied colors which

the clouds assume at various times, especially sunrise and sunset, are explained by Mr. Sorley on the principle that the clear, transparent vapor of water absorbs more of the red rays of light than of any other, while the lower strata of the atmosphere offer more resistance to the passage of the blue rays. At sunrise and sunset the light of the sun has to pass through about 200 miles of atmosphere within a mile of the surface of the earth, in order to illuminate a cloud a mile from the ground. In passing through this great thickness the blue rays are absorbed to a far greater extent than the red, and much of the yellow is also removed. Hence clouds thus illuminated are red. When the sun is higher above the horizon, the yellow light passes more readily, and the clouds become orange, then yellow, and finally white. Clouds in different parts of the sky, or at different elevations, often show these various colors at the same time.

The Italian correspondent of the Times writes that the railway over Mont Cenis makes steady progress in public esteem, that the trains fill well, keep time admirably, and bid fair, now that people are getting over their groundless fears, to supersede all other modes of carriage.

A scheme is proposed for constructing a tunnel under the Irish Sea between the North Coast of Antrim and the opposite point of Mull of Cantyre, the object being to bring the chief commercial centres of Ulster into speedy communication with Glasgow. The estimated cost of the undertaking is set down at £3,150,000.

VARIETIES.

Life Insurance and Banking.—*The New National Life.*—"Is the thing to be done?" is the first question. If yes, then "how to do it" is the next. To do the right thing is always well; but to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, and in the very best right way, is better. We talk of insuring our lives, but we don't. The great mystery of life—its beginning and its ending—will never be less a mystery than it now is. But we insure not our lives, but our fortunes—not uncertain years, but *certain money*. We are well and prosperous to-day, but who knows of to-morrow? Wife and little ones are happy in abundance while we live; but when the one great grief comes to them, let us not make it doubly bitter by adding poverty to desolation. What a duty it is, and how delightful, to save something of our earnings or to spare something more of our abundance to insure comfort and a home to the loved ones. It is not only insurance, but it is *investment*—it is banking; it is lending money, year by year, and little by little, on bond and mortgage, that will roll up a handsome principal to be paid to us when we are old, or to our families to-morrow, if, perchance, the "silver cord should be sundered or the bowl be broken at the fountain." Who wouldn't do it? There is no young man of twenty-one who cannot spare \$13.25 a year to secure \$1,000, and no father of thirty who could so wisely appropriate \$165.50 a year to secure \$10,000 to those to whom the accidents of business may leave nothing else. But Brother Forethought, at thirty-five, says: "I am

making money now, but at fifty-five I may be on the shady side of fortune as well as years, and \$20,000 then will give me a handsome farm and all the independence of a millionaire. What will it cost? Why an annual payment of only \$771.00, which also secures the \$20,000 at any moment the grim messenger may come. But if Brother Forethought is satisfied that he can provide for his home and its treasures while he lives, yet would still have tender care for his household when no Forethought can help them, he may pay \$528.00 a year, and his family will receive \$20,000 at his decease, and also a return of every dollar of the premium that has been paid. This large sum will be secured without any cost except the loss of interest on the yearly payments of \$528.

But—continuing in the family—let us take another case. Brother Rapid has more dash, takes larger risks, and sometimes makes more money than Brother Forethought, but, calmly thinking the matter over, he admits that his brilliant plans may come to grief some day,—that his ready wits may be dulled, and age may bring want and dependence in addition to all its other cares. He thinks \$1,000 a year would make him comfortable, and an annual payment of \$516, for twenty years, secures it, and also \$10,000 besides on the day of his decease, if it comes to-morrow.

We have indicated above only a few of the distinguishing features of Life Insurance, or rather Life Investments, as we have found them stated in the tables of the National Life Insurance Company. To any necessary extent such a company is better than a Savings Bank. It may not only secure a moderate profit *now*, but what is better, a moderate fortune in the future.

But we have spoken of insurance as *banking*, and it has become a most important form of it. The business of some insurance companies is now larger than that of the largest banks. The sums insured become immense. Risks amount to hundreds of millions, and investments in bonds and mortgages to tens of millions. The highest financial sagacity and experience are required to conduct these vast moneyed operations. Even honest errors in judgment would not only break the fortunes but the hearts of multitudes. We have not a word to say against any good life insurance company. May they all be blessed according to their deserts; but we are glad to see another good and great one in the field, with men of well-known wealth and ability at the head of it. To enable it to accomplish the greatest good all over the country, Congress chartered it, and it is called "The National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America." Jay Cooke and his partners in New York and Washington, and C. H. Clark, President of the First National Bank of Philadelphia, and their friends, have invested a million dollars as a capital "to make assurance doubly sure." The officers will bring their successful business experience and mature judgment to bear upon this INSURANCE DEPARTMENT OF BANKING, and men who have managed their previous business so well will be certain to apply the same principles with equal success in a new but similar field. In Mutual Life companies, it is supposed that the accumulated premiums furnish a sufficient guarantee to the policy-holder, but the National Life adds a million dollars of capital, and offers some peculiarly fa-

vorable inducements. Instead of the expectation of future dividends, it makes a large present reduction of rates, so that the smallest sum of money may secure the largest possible amount of insurance. We can see no reason why this new Company is not entitled to the highest degree of public confidence.

Bull-Fights Introduced into France.—The Emperor of the French, wishing to civilize his people, has introduced bull-fights into France. A grand spectacle of the kind was given recently at Havre, at which twelve bulls, tortured with burning darts and spear-thrusts, but with horns covered with india-rubber balls, were encouraged to rush at "matadors," "picadors," "chulos," and the rest of the performers for whom civilized Europe has not even names. Bloodshed was carefully avoided, the only attractions being torture to the beasts and risk of life to the men; but all the correspondents report that after a bull or two had been led away, the spectators began to hunger for slaughter. It is not believed that the Emperor intends to reintroduce combats of gladiators, as that might involve a loss of subjects who would make good soldiers.

The Funeral of King Theodoros.—The body of King Theodoros had been removed to the hut of the Italian Pietro, in the compound of the English captives, and handed over to the priests. Dr. Lumsdaine examined the wound to ascertain whether or not it was self-inflicted, and the body was then wrapped first in a fine cotton cloth, then in a rich gold and silken kinkob, and lastly in a coarse cloth. A grave was dug in the outer cloister of the church, but the tools were inefficient, the ground was hard, and it was very shallow. All the chiefs had permission to attend their old master to his last resting-place, but only a very few came, and the body was carried on an old bedstead from the hut to the church. There was a small guard of the 33d to keep order, but no honors whatever were shown by the English to their brave enemy, and his body was placed in the grave, the stones were filled in, and the surface strewn with straw, without any ceremony. Afterwards the priests muttered some prayers while the few mourners stood round them. It was a bleak, chilly afternoon, and an hour or two before, a hail-storm had swept over the fortress.—*Macmillan.*

Hair-washes.—It is only right to refer to a source of possible disease which is peculiarly widespread just now, and against which the public should be cautioned. At the present time there is quite a rage for the use of hair "washes" or "restorers," which, whilst the charge of their being "dyes" is indignantly repudiated, yet in a short time "restore" the color of the hair. The active agent in these washes is, of course, lead. In the majority of cases, probably, a moderate use of such a lotion would be unattended with mischief; but it is worth remembering that palsy has been known to be produced by the long-continued use of cosmetics containing lead. But of the thousands of persons who are now applying lead to their scalps, there will doubtless be some with an extreme susceptibility to the action of the poison, and these will certainly run no inconsiderable risk of finding the "restoration" of their hair attended by loss of power in their wrists.—*Lancet.*

A Singular Phenomenon.—One of the strangest phenomena ever witnessed has occurred along the shore on Lake Ontario, in the towns of Sodus and Williamson. For three weeks previous to last Friday, the water of the lake has been unusually warm—so warm, indeed, that very many persons resorted thither for the purpose of bathing, remaining in the water an hour or more at a time without experiencing sensations of chilliness. On Friday, however, a sudden change occurred—the temperature of the water falling nearly twenty degrees within three hours. And now comes the strangest part of the story. The fish, great and small, as the cold increased, seemed possessed with a desire to get ashore, and came leaping and tumbling against the banks in hundreds and thousands. Large quantities were taken with spears and nets, and the shores of the lake were lined with dead fish. Whether the fish were numbed by the increasing coldness, and instinctively sought the shore, where the water was of less depth, let the naturalist say; we will not pretend to explain. The water of Lake Ontario is now colder by several degrees than it has been for several years at this season, and naturally excites considerable comment and discussion.—*Lyons Republican.*

The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland.—The Roman Catholic hierarchy consists of four archbishops, whose sees are in Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, and twenty-four bishops. The bishops are nominated by the Pope, generally out of a list of names submitted to him by the bishops of the province and the clergy of the vacant diocese. In case of expected incapacity from age or infirmity, the bishop names a coadjutor, who is usually confirmed by the Pope. Every diocese has a dean and an Archdeacon, the former appointed by the Cardinal Protector at Rome, the latter by the bishop; but these dignities are without jurisdiction or emolument. The whole of the clergy are supported solely by the voluntary contributions of their flocks. The Episcopal emoluments arise from the parish in which the bishop officiates, from marriage licenses, and from the cathedraicium, an annual sum varying from £2 to £10, paid by each incumbent in the diocese. The 2,425 civil parishes in Ireland are amalgamated into 1,070 ecclesiastical parishes or unions, being 440 livings less than in the Established Church. The parochial clergy are nominated exclusively by the bishop. The number of priests in Ireland in 1854, was 2,291, of whom 1,222 were educated at Maynooth College. Their incomes arise from fees on marriages, baptisms, and deaths, on Easter and Christmas dues, and from incidental voluntary contributions, either in money or labor. All the places of public worship are built by subscriptions, legacies, and collections. There are numerous monasteries and convents; the latter are supported partly by sums, usually from £300 to £500, paid by those who take the vows in them, and partly by the fees for the education of the daughters of respectable Roman Catholics. The friars and nuns also devote themselves to the gratuitous education of the poor. Candidates for clerical ordination, formerly under the necessity of obtaining their education in continental colleges, are now educated at home. The principal clerical colleges, are the Royal College of St. Patrick,

Maynooth, supported by diocesan burses, legacies, grants of public moneys, and by pensions from the students; the Catholic University, Dublin; the Colleges of St. Patrick, Carlow, St. Jarlath, Tuam, All Hallows, and Clonliffe, near Dublin, by voluntary contributions.

There is now at St. Petersburg the richest Chinese library in the world. It consists of 11,607 volumes, 1,168 wood engravings, and 276 manuscripts. The books are on all sorts of subjects, and among them there are several rare works, one or two of which are unique, there being no copies of them in even the largest libraries in China. The library was collected by M. Skatchoff, now Consul-General in Peking, during a residence of fifteen years in the Chinese Empire. Recently M. Skatchoff offered to sell it for 1,400*l.* to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg and the Russian Academy of Sciences, but both institutions were compelled to decline the offer for want of funds.

The Future of Chemistry.—In the course of an address to the students of the University of Edinburgh, Sir James Simpson gave a splendid sketch of the future of chemistry, and indeed of most of the sciences. "There may come a time," he said, "when our patients will be asked to breathe or inspire most of their drugs, instead of swallowing them; or at least when those drugs will be changed into pleasant beverages, instead of disgusting draughts and powders, boluses, and pills."

Sagacity of Wasps.—Mr. Louis Winters, a sculptor and mason of Stoke Newington, has at present an interesting natural curiosity in his house. About two months ago he observed, on the banks of the Thames, at Kew, a small wasp's nest. This he carefully secured, after stupefying the insects by the fumes of wetted gunpowder. Removing the nest, then about the size of an ordinary apple, to his house, he placed it in a glass case inside the outer wall of the building, through which he bored a small hole for ingress and egress, and carved the figure of a beehive on the outside. The wasps took kindly to their new abode, especially as several gardens and nurseries adjoin the house. They have subsequently increased wonderfully in numbers, and have enlarged the nest until it is nearly a foot in diameter. It is calculated that the present number of wasps must be at least several thousands. The glass case, which is usually covered and darkened, permits the unflagging diligence of the little architects to be closely watched. But the most interesting feature of the community within is their persistent and systematic attention to ventilation. In this respect they are a model to human householders. During the recent hot weather from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the hole of egress, and whilst leaving space for entrance or exit, created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During the cooler weather of the past fortnight only two wasps at a time have been usually thus engaged. The utmost harmony and industry appear to pervade this strange and crowded establishment of

interesting but much-maligned little creatures.—*Christian Times.*

New Wonders in Preparation.—Once more the engineers are at work persuading the world that nothing is impossible. Three huge projects are before us—the long-discussed scheme of a sub-channel railway; another of a tunnel from Portpatrick, in Wigtownshire, to Donaghadee in Ulster; and a third, for opening a road beneath the waves, across the Firth of Forth, between the two Queensferryes. There is considerable daring in all these ideas, but most of all, of course, in the first. Men have dreamed of it, literally, for ages; but the notion makes progress. It was once scouted as impracticable; it is now doubted principally on account of the tremendous expenditure which every one except the enthusiastic proposers foresee. In fact, in our generation, which beholds the Suez Canal deepening daily, whatever its future fortunes may be, sees a railway carried over the Alps, and watches while Mount Cenis is being bored through its centre, physical obstacles appear less formidable than they did to the engineers of even a few years ago. The plan laid down is to strike off from an existing line at Lydd—that once flourishing port of Kent, ruined by shingle, and now only a village—and dip under the sea, by easy gradients, at the bold headland of Dungeness, excavating thence, with pauses for the fixing of shafts, to Cape Gris Nez, near Calais, a distance of twenty-six miles. The fascination of the thought consists in the obstacles to its practical development.

Fall of a Mountain.—A Whole Village Destroyed.—The hill of Antelao, which hangs over several villages of Cadore, and was always an object of terror to the villagers, gave way on the evening of the 27th July, when several of the inhabitants had retired to rest. It is supposed that the great heat of the weather melted the snow on the mountain, and that the water washed away the small support of the masses of overhanging rock. In a brief space eleven persons were buried under the ruins of their houses, and more than sixty families rendered homeless.

Antipodean Poetry.—It may be amusing to give the following passage from a paper which circulates only amongst the clergy and educated classes in Australia:

"Australians, we have a weight to bear,—
That in this land of gold
An act most foul, most terrible,
It makes your blood run cold,
To think that our beloved Prince,
So gentle, good, and kind,
Should in the act of benevolence
Be shot behind."

Court Journal.

Recent Excavations at Cassaro, in Sicily, have disclosed the remains of what must have been a very extensive Syracusan colony. The external wall, the greater portion of which has been traced, was nearly 7 ft. thick, and 6,000 ft. in circumference. The town appears to have been divided into four quarters, in one of which the vestiges of a fine temple have been discovered.

The Legion of Honor.—In the course of a discussion in the French Legislative body on some of the estimates for special services of the War Depart-

ment, a member, the Count de la Tour, drew attention to the extraordinary increase of expenditure on account of the Legion of Honor. It appears that the cost of the institution was in 1858 4,197,900f.; within the last ten years it has reached 18,425,000f. The difference arises from the pensions granted to the recipients of the military medal created since that time by the present Emperor, and to the members of the Legion of Honor belonging to the army. M. de la Tour calculates that the medallists of the army are 40,000, and the members of the Legion of Honor 34,000, of whom 3,700 are officers and 900 commanders, and if the civilians decorated with the order be added the number of Legionaries is 63,000. M. de la Tour suggests that the regulation adopted by the Government in 1852, but which has not been observed, should be enforced—namely, that the nominations should be restricted, and that no one should in future be decorated except when there are two vacancies by death or degradation.

A Revolution in Fashion.—The empire of short dresses in Paris has been established by sacrifices worthy of the great principles it represents. The adherents to the new order of things were so numerous that the Court dressmaker could hardly find time to make them all fit to appear at the ball of M^{me}. de Pourtales, the other night, which may be described as the coronation festival. The Duchess de Castries did not receive her dress till one in the morning, and another lady had to wait till half-past two. This did not, however, make them too late for the ball, for the last cotillon was danced at five A.M.

Mr. Longfellow left on Friday for the Isle of Wight, on a visit to Mr. Tennyson. Subsequently he will proceed to Switzerland and Italy, and he is expected to return to London in the May of next year.

Italian Ministers of State.—No country runs through her supply of public men quicker than Italy. During 20 years she has used up 19 prime ministers, of whom four—namely, Cavour, La Marmora, Ricasoli, and Rattazzi were twice in office. The consumption in the other departments has been in proportion. During the period referred to Rattazzi has been minister eight times, Cavour six times, La Marmora five, Ricasoli four, Boncompagni, Visconti-Venosta, Debrario, Jaun, Paleocassa, Petitti, and Della Rovere twice or three times each.

Remarkable Restoration of Sight.—At a recent meeting of some of the gentlemen interested in a charity called the "Jewish Blind" a remarkable case was brought under the notice of the president, Sir Benjamin Phillips. A woman (stone blind) has been in receipt of a pension for about eight years. During a heavy storm that prevailed some weeks since she became suddenly aware, as she expressed it, of "a glimmer of light," and from that time to the present her vision has improved daily; perfect eyesight is now restored to her. The poor woman expresses herself as having been "greatly shocked" at the thunder and lightning.

A few days back, just as the Emperor and Empress had left one of the rooms of the Palace of Fontainebleau, in which they usually sit, an im-

mense chandelier suspended from the ceiling fell with such force as to break in the flooring.

The Emperor and two friends were driving on Monday in Fontainebleau forest, and saw an old woman and her donkey-cart upset. The Emperor jumped down, put on the wheel, put the old woman in the cart, and gave her 100 fr. to buy grease for the wheels.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* furnishes the following theatrical statistics:

"There are at the present time in Great Britain 166 theatres, 33 of which are in London, 6 are in Liverpool and 3 in Glasgow, as well as 14 circuses in various parts of the kingdom. Of the metropolitan theatres 8 have been totally destroyed by fire during the past 27 years, namely, Astley's, the Garrick Theatre, Leman street, Whitechapel, the Olympic, Pavilion, Covent Garden, Surrey, Standard, and Her Majesty's Theatre. During the past year 122 new pieces were produced at the London theatres, and 21 Christmas burlesques and pantomimes. The drama of 'Megs's Diversion,' by Mr. H. T. Craven, had a run of 330 successive nights; and on the 22d of November Mr. F. C. Burnand's burlesque of 'Black-eyed Susan' reached the 300th night of performance. 'The Flying Scud' was performed for 200 nights, and the drama of 'The Great City,' as well as the farce of 'My Turn Next,' each ran for 100 nights. There are 40 music halls in London, and the artists thereof comprise 171 sentimental singers, 170 comic singers, 12 Irish comic, and 117 serio-comic performers. There are also 75 comic duetists, 101 parties of so-called 'negro delineators,' 43 single, duetto, or troupes of dancers, 108 single or associated gymnasts and acrobats, 10 jugglers, balancers, &c., 6 dog and monkey troupes, 9 comic trios quartets, ballet companies, &c., and 16 wizards and ventriloquists."

Aloes to Destroy Bugs.—A correspondent of the *London Cottage Gardener* recommends bitter aloes to destroy the aphids and other insects. The receipt is, to mix half an ounce of aloes with a gallon of warm water, and apply it to the infected plants, by means of a syringe or watering can, and he says, "before half an hour you will have clean plants." The correspondent states that he gave this application to his rose trees and cucumber plants last season, and it not only cleansed the plants at the time, but there was not one in all the season after; and it does not injure foliage in the least. It is also well known that a solution of aloes is fatal to the common bed-bug. As it is a cheap drug, we recommend its trial by our readers.

Bad Breath.—If when the face is brought near another's the lips are kept firmly closed there is no bad breath, that which comes from the nose being not perceptibly disagreeable.

Much of the disagreeable odor of a late meal may be avoided if the teeth and mouth are well rinsed with warm water, and the tooth-brush is passed across the back part of the tongue.

In some persons, a fetor of breath and of the feet alternate. In others, both are present at the same time.

A fetid effluvia arises usually, if not always, from three causes; first, it is hereditary, being connected with a scrofulous taint; second, it arises

from a want of personal cleanliness; third, it attends a disordered stomach. The second and third suggest their own remedies. The first is a grievous and mortifying misfortune to all sensitive minds, but it may be remedied to a very considerable extent, by persistent habits of strict personal cleanliness, by large out-door activities, personal regularities, and the temperate use of plain substantial food, carefully avoiding all gross and rancid articles of diet, suet, cheese, pies, puddings, smoked and fried meats, fish and the like, using often and efficiently the vapor or warm bath, with soap and plentiful friction.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.—During one of the college vacations, he and his brother returned to their father's, in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and then it was again tinkered—but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel with great composure hung it on the next tree; and putting on a grave countenance, said, "It hangs very well now; I am perfectly satisfied."

"The Germans boast of being a scientific people. Shall Germany lag behind Sweden and France in carrying out the greatest exploit that remains to be effected in the exploration of the earth? With the view of inducing the advance of Germany in this matter, I have contracted an amount of debt—to me considerable—and have equipped a German Arctic expedition, which will put to sea from Bergen, in sixty degrees north longitude, on the 25th inst. [Telegrams announcing the sailing of the expedition have already been published.] This is the first naval enterprise of the kind originating in Germany, and it has been a gratification to me to do everything in my power to promote a work which, with God's help, will once more show that Germans are able to do great things with small means, and that German sailors are efficient and able, as well as those of other nations.

"Germany has long been anxious to achieve by sea famous deeds commanding respect, and while I hereby announce the accomplished fact of a German Arctic expedition, I appeal with confidence to the German people for its kind sympathy and support. The subscriptions for the fleet and the naval estimates of the North German Confederation have shown the readiness of Germany to make sacrifices for the maritime department. Austria is sending out a new expedition to Eastern Asia. Our brave sailors thirst for action, and nothing is wanting but the will of the nation to assist them in obtaining their desire. The assent and support already shown from all sides to this German enterprise by sea prove that it is wished to have it energetically carried out, and to recognize the duty of addressing this appeal to a nation always prompt to help, in order to request both its moral and material support."

